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FOLK-SONG AND AMERICAN MUSIC

(A PLEA FOR THE UNPOPULAR POINT OF VIEW)

By DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THAT type of musical æsthetic which insists much on the importance of the racial and national differences dividing human kind into groups, and of the special features, technical and expressive, characterizing the music of these various groups, is constantly challenging our American music to disavow what it calls a featureless cosmopolitanism, and to achieve individuality by idealizing some primitive popular strain, whether of the Indians, of the negroes, of the British colonizers, or of our contemporary "rag-time." In so doing, it usually accepts uncritically certain assumptions. It is apt to assume, for instance, that interpretative truth is assured by geographical propinquity. The chant of the Indian "expresses" the modern American because the habitat of both is west of the Atlantic Ocean. It often assumes that characteristic turns of idiom, such as certain modal intervals or rhythmic figures, are of intrinsic value as making music "distinctive." You can make a tune "American" by "ragging" its rhythm, as you make a story American by inserting "I guess" or "I reckon" at frequent intervals. It often mistakes the conception of the average for that of the ideal type, and supposes that the man in the street represents the best taste of America. Above all, it condemns any attempt at universalizing artistic utterance as "featureless cosmopolitanism" or "flabby eclecticism", and suggests that the musician who speaks, not a dialect but a language understood over the civilized world (as Tschai-kowsky did, for example, to the disgust of the Russian nationalists), has "lost contact", as the phrase goes, "with the soil." In the

interest of clear thinking all these assumptions stand in need of criticism.

It is hardly possible even to state the first without recognizing the large measure of absurdity it contains. That the crude war dances and chants of the red aborigines of this continent should be in any way representative of so mixed a people, compounded of so many European strains, as we who have exterminated and displaced them, is a thought more worthy of savages who believe that the strength of their enemy passes into them when they eat him, than of our vaunted intelligence, fortified by ethnological science. We should hardly entertain it if we were not misled by the interest that attaches to anything unusual or outlandish, and tempted by certain idiomatic peculiarities of these monotonous strains to exploit their "local color." This may very well be done now and then for an artistic holiday, as MacDowell has done it in his Indian Suite; but if a folk-music is to enter vitally into art it must bring with it something more than quaintness or distinctive idioms, it must be genuinely expressive of the temperament of the people using it; and of the complex American temper Indian music can never be thus representative.

Somewhat similar considerations apply to the British folk-songs, which, introduced by our pioneering grandfathers, have in remote regions like the Kentucky mountains survived uncontaminated by modernisms, and have recently been rediscovered and widely acclaimed. Here again the piquancy of unfamiliar idiom and a simplicity that falls agreeably on over-stimulated ears has aroused an enthusiasm that overshoots its mark. By all means let us enjoy these fresh songs, and even embody them in our music if we find it an interesting experiment. But can we expect that they will have any far-reaching interpretative value for us, that they will express our national temper? That they are not even native to the soil is a minor objection to them, for we are importations ourselves. But that they are, with all their charm, British through and through, makes it unlikely that they can adequately reflect a nation which, though partly British, is also partly almost everything else.

The case of rag-time is rather more subtle. Here is a music, local and piquantly idiomatic, and undeniably representative of a certain aspect of American character—our restlessness, our insatiable nervous activity, our thoughtless superficial "optimism", our fondness for "hustling", our carelessness of whither, how, or why we are moving if only we can "keep on the move." If this were the whole of us, if the first impression which foreigners get of

us, summed up for them oftentimes in our inimitably characteristic "Step lively, please", were also the last, and there was nothing more solid, sweet or wise in America than this galvanic twitching, then indeed rag-time would be our perfect music. But every true American knows that, on the contrary, this is not our virtue but our vice, not our strength but our weakness, and that such a picture of us as it presents is not a portrait but a caricature. And similarly, as soon as we examine rag-time at all critically we discover its essential triviality. Its melodies are commonplace, its harmonies cheap, shoddy and sentimental. Even its rhythm is a clever formula rather than a creative form, a trick for giving ordinary movement a specious air of animation. It is, in fact, as a writer in the *London Times*¹ points out, "a debased imitation of genuine negro song, just as the popular Gaiety favorites of the late eighties, 'Enniscorthy' and 'Ballyhooley', were debased imitations of a certain class of Irish folk-song." A few lines later this same writer falls into the pitfall always yawning for the theorist about rag-time, asks if the American composer will arrive who can extract gold from this ore, states coolly that "Rag-time represents the American nation", and of course ends up with an edifying reference to an art "really vital because it has its roots in its own soil." Does he consider that "Ballyhooley" "represents the Irish nation"? Would he advise Sir Charles Stanford to write a symphony upon it? Only an American journalist could be more naïve, and here is one that is. "The important point", he says, "is that rag-time, whether it be adjudged good or bad, is original with Americans—it is their own creation."² This beggars comment.

II.

So far our results are mainly negative. We have discovered fallacies in several assumptions too commonly and easily made. We have set a lower estimate on purely geographical considerations than is often set. We have tried to distinguish between what in a popular strain is merely quaint or piquant because of peculiarities of idiom, and what is more profoundly true in expression to a national or racial temper; and while admitting the superficial charm of such idioms and of the "distinctiveness" to which they minister, we have insisted on the far deeper import of interpretative truth. We have glanced at the danger of confounding

¹*Times*, London, February 8, 1913.

²Quoted by Mr. Charles L. Buchanan in an admirably sane article on "Rag-Time and American Music" in *The Opera Magazine*, February, 1916.

appeal to the majority with appeal to good taste, which is always outvoted, or of supposing that "originality" is of any importance in comparison with merit. From these criticisms certain positive principles thus tend to emerge. It becomes evident that there is a certain gradation of values in the qualities which a folk-music may possess. Distinctiveness of idiom is a merit, but a less vital one than interpretative power; higher than either is beauty, suitability to enter into music that may bear comparison with the best music of the world. Is there any body of folk-song available to Americans that possesses any or all of these merits in a higher degree than the types we have examined?

We seem to discover such a richer vein in the songs of the negroes—not the debased forms found in rag-time and the "coon-songs" of the minstrel shows, but the genuine old plantation tunes, the "spirituals" and "shouts" of the slaves. In idiomatic individuality, to begin with, both of harmonic interval and rhythmic figure, these songs will compare favorably with those of any European nation. With many of these they share, indeed, odd modal intervals of great antiquity, such as the lowered seventh scale-step in major and the raised sixth-step in minor. Like

The Angels' Done Changed My Name

From "Jubilee Songs"

I — went to the hill - side, I went to pray, I

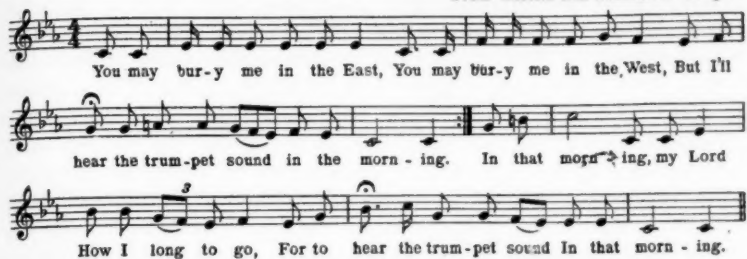
know the an - gels done changed my — name, Done changed my name for the

com - ing day, Thank God the an - gels done changed my ' name.

Scottish tunes they make frequent use of the incomplete or pentatonic scale, omitting the fourth and seventh steps. A peculiarity in which they are almost unique is a curious oscillation between a major key and its relative minor, especially at cadences, so that one gets a haunting sense of uncertainty that enhances tenfold their plaintiveness. In "The Angels Done Changed My Name" are exemplified the lowered seventh step—at "I went to pray"—and the pentatonic scale; in "You May Bury Me in the East" the raised sixth step—to the word "trumpet"—and

You May Bury Me in the East

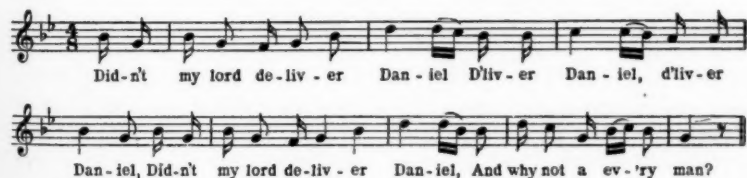
From "Jubilee and Plantation Songs"



the major-minor cadence. The last line begins unmistakably in E flat, and ends equally unmistakably in C minor, and gets from that veering in the wind, so to speak, a peculiar flavor which we should recognize anywhere as "Negro." It is noteworthy that both these songs have to be harmonized strongly and simply with the staple triads—it is impossible to harmonize them otherwise. In other words they are the product and expression of a primitive but pure and strong tonal sense, refreshingly free from the effeminate chromatic harmonies—the "barber-shop chords"—of rag-time. The one compares with the other as the fervent childish poetry of the lines here, "Thank God the angels done changed my name," or "I'll hear the trumpet sound in that morning" compares with the slangy doggerel of the cabarets.⁽¹⁾

It is often stated that the chief rhythmic characteristic of the negro music is the so-called "Scotch jerk", the jump away from the normally accented note to another, thrice exemplified in the third line of "The Angels Done Changed My Name", and imitated in rag-time. A more typical instance of it is "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel," which also further illustrates major-

Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel?



¹For example:

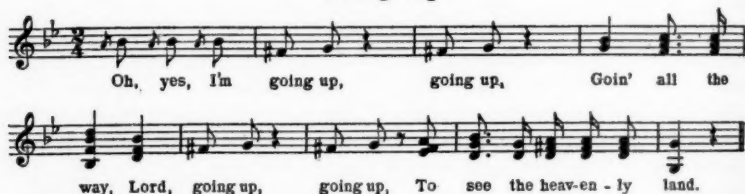
"They got a fiddler there
 That always slickens his hair,
 An' folks he sure do pull some bow."

from "The Memphis Blues", in which Mr. H. K. Moderwell assures us we shall find "characteristic verse of a high order."

minor idiom in its constant see-saw between G minor and B flat major. It is pointed out that the slaves had a strong sense of time, that the overwhelming majority of their songs are in duple or march time, with very few in the more graceful but less vehement triple measure, and that in their "shouts" or religious dances they rocked themselves into paroxysms of rhythmic excitement, one group clapping the metre while the others sang and scuffled with a "jerking, twitching motion which agitated the entire shouter and soon brought out streams of perspiration."⁽¹⁾ No doubt the jerk evidences their love of strong accentuation; but it must be noted that accentuation is a purely local thing, affects the metre rather than the rhythm, and may be assumed and put off by a tune (as in the "ragging" of a standard melody) without changing its essential curve.

Far more significant, therefore, than their half-barbaric fondness for the jerk is the grasp shown by negroes over the larger and nobler reaches of rhythm, their feeling for the phrase as a whole and ability to impress upon it a firm and yet varied profile. The second half of "You May Bury Me in the East", with its bold festooning of outline, even more strikingly the tune "Going Up",

Going Up



with its piquant silences and its even-paced insistence on "going all the way, Lord", show a unity in their variety, a certain "all-of-a-piece-ness", compared with which even "Didn't My Lord Deliver Daniel" seems scrappy, and the ordinary rag-time effusion pitifully poverty-stricken. There is plenty of internal evidence, too, that these happy results are attributable to genuine musical imagination, and not to luck in the servile following of felicitous word-patterns. Indeed, the frequency with which unimportant words are accented and important ones slurred over shows that, as is so often the case with great melodists like Schubert, the words were regarded more or less as convenient pegs to hang the melodies on, and the specifically musical faculty did not easily brook interference. "The negroes keep exquisite time",

¹The Nation, May 30, 1867.

writes one of the editors of "Slave Songs in the United States", the best of the collections, "and do not suffer themselves to be daunted by any obstacle in the words. The most obstinate hymns they will force to do duty with any tune they please, and will dash heroically through a trochaic tune at the head of a column of iambs with wonderful skill." The sense of independent tone-pattern, which when possessed by individual geniuses in supreme degree gives us the immortal melodies of a Beethoven or a Brahms, waxes and wanes in these childlike tunes, sometimes falling back into platitude, but sometimes advancing to a real distinction and beauty.

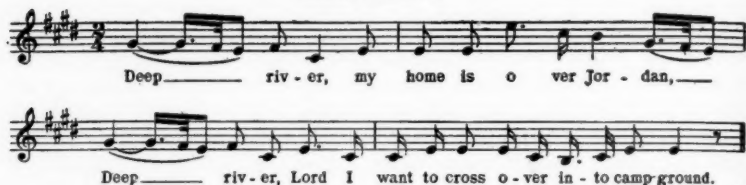
Whether this beauty is of the kind we have desiderated as the highest quality folk-song can have, rendering it "suitable to enter into music that may bear comparison with the best music of the world", is a further question, and one which brings us at length to the highly controversial matter of the kind of treatment that the composer should give folk-material in incorporating it into his more finished art. The variations of taste concerned here are so subtle that probably unanimity of judgment, even if it be desirable, will never be attained. Yet it is certain that treatment of some sort there must be. The mere collecting, collating, and setting forth of folk-songs, attractively arranged for instruments or even orchestrated, such as we have seen much of from all countries in recent years, is no more musical art than a pile of bricks is a building, or a series of anecdotes literature. So far as it tends to content the public with such potpourris, the fad for folk-song is positively injurious to taste, in something the same way that our modern floods of petty journalism are injurious to the capacity for sustained reading. Moreover, even on their own level such medleys are apt to be unsatisfactory; for the tunes themselves are so definite, brief, and complete, and the transitional passages between them are therefore so obtrusively transitional, that the net effect is that of the ill-baked bread pudding from which we eat nothing but the raisins. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Twenty-Four Negro Melodies", despite incidental attractions, are on the whole an example of this bad model.

Far worse, however, are those "improvements" of folk-song which consist in a general prettifying of its homely simplicity with all the refinements and luxuries of sophisticated musical technique—as if a country maiden should conceal her healthy color under layers of rouge. Strange that composers skilful enough to use them should not recognize the inappropriateness of Wagnerian chromatics and Debussyan whole-tone scale

harmonies, to say nothing of all sorts of rich dissonantal trappings, to tunes as diatonic as "God Save the King" and as square-cut as the "Hymn of Joy." One would think that the sense of humor, which revels in incongruity in music as in other things, would keep them from doing it and us from taking it so seriously. It would be invidious to name examples, but they can be discovered by the discerning; for not even the negro complexion is proof against this brand of talcum powder.

The kind of change that is both legitimate and necessary may perhaps be best suggested by another example, "Deep River."

Deep River



Here we have, in the first phrase, that free and firm moulding of rhythmic pattern which is often so surprising in these songs, so that we might look far in the best composers without finding its peer in deliberate, calm beauty. But just as our hearts are responding to the wave of emotion thus generated it strikes, so to speak, a dead wall, falls shattered, and has to begin over again, without being able to recover the lost momentum. The imagination is vital as far as it goes, but its span is short, it lacks sustained power and cumulative force. What is needed in the composer who would deal with such material, then, in addition to a tact that enters into its spirit, is a synthetic imagination capable of rounding out its incompleteness, of tracing the whole of the curve it suggests, of developing into full life what it presents only as a germ.

How difficult such a truly creative treatment is, only those fully know who have tried it; how rare, musical literature testifies. To add a measure to a folk-song is almost like adding a cubit to one's stature, and for the same reason—that addition is not what is requisite, but organic growth. That it is possible we see in Brahms's masterly treatment of German student songs in his "Academic Festival Overture"; that it can be applied to negro melodies we have been shown especially by Dvořák. In his "New World" Symphony and his "American" Quartet and Quintet he assimilated a peculiar idiom so perfectly that there is

not a note, even in the highly complex harmonies toward the end of the symphony, that does not take its place in the scheme unobtrusively. While the harmonic idiom preponderantly of simple triads dictated by the material is maintained with an unerring sense of style, these commonest of all chords are so deftly managed that they never become commonplace. The twin pitfalls of platitude and sophistication are avoided with equal success. The same felicity is attained in the construction. However brief the themes, they do not sound trivial or unconvincing, because we feel they have reached their natural growth. Above all, the same sympathy and power that are shown in these technical matters so control the conception as a whole that these works form a true idealization of negro feeling, in its moods both of half-barbaric dance and of naïvely pathetic sentiment.

Dvořák's example suffices then by itself to show that the negro music, in the hands of a master, is capable of two of the three qualities we demanded of any folk-song—idiomatic distinctiveness and capacity for organized beauty. Does he also demonstrate in it the third—adequacy to interpret the American temper? Something closely kindred to that temper and easily endeared to it there certainly is in the restless rhythmic energy, the unceasing motion and quick changes of these scherzos, the vigor and dispatch of these allegro movements. Like similar syncopations and other rhythmic peculiarities that we find in those of our composers who have more than their share of our national nervous energy, such as Chadwick and Whiting, the negro rhythms have a crispness and buoyancy that is somehow appropriate to our clear skies and self-helpful society. They give at least a far fairer portrait of us than the caricature of rag-time. In its more sentimental moods, too, negro music has an unsophistication, an unreserved naïveté, that reminds us of similar traits in the traditional conception of our fellow-countrymen. It thus seems to express more of our national temperament, and to leave less of it unexpressed than would on the whole any other body of folk-song.

Yet the very attempt to formulate these considerations forces us to realize how hopelessly inadequate they are as an account of the possibilities of America in music. The picture they give of the national type may do something like justice to it as it existed in earlier times and simpler surroundings, as it appears, for instance, in the pages of Mark Twain or Bret Harte, and as it is symbolised in the person of Uncle Sam; but the modern American is a being quite other, far more complex, far more cosmopolitan,

the American not of nineteenth century New England but of the twentieth century "melting pot." He is wholly incommensurate not only with negro music or any folk-music, but with even individual composers like Dvořák in whom emotion far outruns intellectual subtlety. No folk-music, let us repeat, no individual composer, no school of composers, can "express" America. The age of such simplicities is past, if it ever existed. Whether we like it or not, we have to take our age and our country as they are; they are an age of rapidly accelerating intercommunication of all peoples and a country in which the internationalism that thus slowly results is being hastened by actual admixture on a heretofore unprecedented scale. Such a condition doubtless has its bad as well as its good aspects; but if those who bemoan our "featureless cosmopolitanism" and advocate an impossible parochialism as the only remedy would try rather to see how a wider outlook and a larger sympathy may deepen our art and make it more truly human by laying less stress on local, national, or even racial types, and more on the untrammelled expression of the greatest possible variety of individuals, music would fare better. "National literature:" wrote Goethe to Eckerman in 1827, "the term has no longer much meaning to-day; the time for universal literature is come, and each ought to work to hasten its advent." Signs are not wanting that the condition thus discerned by the wisest men a century ago is now gradually getting itself acknowledged in general practice.

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Granville Bantock.

A BRIEF SURVEY OF THE WORKS OF GRANVILLE BANTOCK

By HERBERT ANTCLIFFE

GRANVILLE BANTOCK is the arch-experimentalist amongst British composers, and for that reason the merit from the purely artistic point of view of his compositions is a frequent and worthy subject of debate. This position he has now held for a long period, though during that period there have been times when the experiments of others have for the moment claimed greater attention. That he early acquired a remarkably full command of all the ordinary resources of modern melodic and harmonic technique goes without saying. His methods of using them have always been individual without being eccentric, and in this way he has had no small share in the work of extending them. His freedom from eccentricity has militated against his recognition as a progressive, for whereas his own countrymen have their attention drawn to the use of their technique by such composers as Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Reger, Schoenberg, and even by Holbrooke, Stravinsky and Florent Schmitt, they do not notice it in the works of Bantock. He never sacrifices beauty or expressiveness to his desire—a very keen one—to extend the technique of his art, nor is that desire ever made obvious except to the student and the critic. Yet he does not hesitate to use the little pointers which indicate the modernist, such as the succession of ninths in the orchestral suite *From the Scottish Highlands*, the free chordal structure of *Atalanta in Calydon*, the use of the whole-tone scale in *The Vanity of Vanities*, and others which occur in almost every work he has written in the last twenty years or more. His command of simple chords is equally as great, though he has not provided anything like the prelude to *Das Rheingold*. Chiefly he is one who thinks and who expresses his thoughts in intricate detail, and is the one almost more than any other composer of the day, whose works justify their complexity.

In the choice or creation of themes and motives he shows a decided preference for those constituted from the Common Chord. Naturally, in the wide range of his subjects he has frequently employed some of a very different character from this,

and has used every kind of progression from that of the chromatic scale to that of wide-stretched intervals of strange harmonic effect.

His variety of instrumentation and orchestration is almost as wide. In this his tendency is generally towards complexity and bigness, but he has set many examples of simple writing for comparatively small bodies of players. Not infrequently he has reverted to the eighteenth century method of using the wind instruments as a group of soloists with a background of string work. Of the influences which were obvious in his earlier works naturally that of Wagner was the strongest, but Mozart and Grieg also appear to have made a deep impression upon him, the latter's influence being very noticeable in the ballet music he wrote for a five-act drama, *Rameses II*, which now forms a very effective orchestral suite.

Before turning to the works themselves one may also refer to the variety of literary subjects in which he has found inspiration. There was a time when everybody regarded Bantock as essentially an orientalist in his music. This phase seems to have started with *The Fire Worshippers*, the libretto of which is framed on Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh*, as are so many works of previous composers. It declined, if it did not cease, with Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyam*, a poem little less British than the other. The choice of these eastern subjects arose partly from his natural inclination towards the life and thoughts of the countries from which they came and partly from a deliberate aim at finding subjects which would aid him in extending his descriptive powers and evolving a wider musical idiom. Bantock stands for the same breadth and freedom in music that has for centuries been the heritage of the English speaking races in literature and of the British peoples in all matters. He is not a great imperialistic singer, as are Elgar and Stanford; these two have several times expressed the Empire spirit much more effectively than Bantock is ever likely to do. But he is something more. He is the musical representative of that type of Englishman who explores and conquers, who utilises what is old and what is new, and revitalises all by making it his own without taking from it its own individuality. The Empire of music covers not only every phase of human emotion, but every inspiring source of emotion. Bantock has expressed many of the old ones, and has introduced the world of art, and particularly of British art, to new phases and new inspirations over which he has planted the British flag of his own music and that of his disciples.

Like most British composers, he has been unable to resist the attraction of the authorised version of the Bible, with its finely rounded phrases; and, though not owing any allegiance to Christianity, he has taken from it the words for two big works, *Christus* (of which but part, *Christ in the Wilderness*, is published) and *Vanity of Vanities*, and several smaller ones. Of the works of modern British poets from Blake and Burns onward he has employed a large number. For his part-songs in particular he has used poems by most of the great British poets as well as by many smaller ones. Burns, Scott, Blake, Southey, Shelley, Tennyson, Hood and Meredith are only some of them. His own friend and secretary, H. Orsmond Anderton, has written many verses for him, and to none has he turned more frequently or with greater success than to those of Mrs. Bantock (Helen F. Schweitzer). *A Pageant of Human Life*, one of his recent experiments in choralism, is to words by Sir Thomas More. *Zeus, Lord of Heaven*, from Æschylus, and *Stranger, thou art standing now*, with its sequence, *Now for a Brighter Boast than all*, from Sophocles, are settings for male voices. Whitman, most popular of poets with the younger schools, appears only once, in *Sea Wanderers*.

Browning and Swinburne figure in larger works. The poems of the former have supplied words for thirteen lyrics for tenor and orchestra, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, and the popular *Cavalier Songs*, and have inspired the "Orchestral Drama with a Prologue, *Fifine at the Fair*". To Swinburne he turned for the words of his first Choral Symphony, *Atalanta in Calydon*. Latterly the folk-songs of the Hebrides as collected and arranged by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser have attracted his attention, and he has arranged some of them chorally besides basing his Hebridean Symphony upon them, and at the present time he is engaged on an opera also based upon them. Other orchestral works based on literature are *Dante and Beatrice*, the "Overture to a Greek Tragedy" (*Edipus at Colonus*) and music to *Elektra*, both from Sophocles, and *The Pierrot of the Minute*, after Ernest Dowson's poem. There is also the uncompleted scheme of twenty-four symphonic poems on Southey's *Curse of Kehama*.

* * *

That the composer of *The Fire Worshippers*, *Omar Khayyam*, *Atalanta in Calydon*, *The Vanity of Vanities*, and the equally large and important orchestral works by which he is known, who obtained his education at one great music school and is now the

head of another, is the product of the Competitive Musical Festival movement is a fact that is not obvious. Yet at least so far as his choral work is concerned it is undeniable. Much of his best choral writing is based on his experiences of choirs whose vital force springs from the desire to compete at these festivals. For great as the longer works already mentioned are, they are in many cases superior only in size to the part-songs, of which he has written about a hundred. The spirit is the same, and the technique is the same.

While it cannot be said that the longer works would not have been written but for the shorter ones, there is no doubt that they are fashioned on schemes of vocal writing of which the part-songs form sketches. Original in feeling and idea though the earlier choral works are, they are based on a technic and style that link them with the past. It was not until he had discovered the possibilities of the combination of human voices, and particularly of English voices as exemplified in these festivals, that Bantock evolved a technic of writing that has a reciprocal effect on its models. Bantock has done much for the festivals, but he could not have done it had the festivals not done much for him.

It is in his choral works more than in anything else that Bantock has shown his development as a national British composer. His earlier works show little or no presage of his predilections and powers as a choral writer. Even *Omar Khayyam* owes as much to its orchestration as to its choral writing. Gradually in his part-songs a new method unfolded itself, blossoming somewhat suddenly in *Atalanta in Calydon*, *The Vanity of Vanities* and in the smaller *A Pageant of Human Life*.

His part-songs cover a fairly long period and an immense variety of styles and call as well for an almost equal variety of resources. Many of them are arrangements of Scottish folk-songs, a class of melody which seems lately to exercise over him a remarkable fascination. These range from simple harmonisations for three treble voices of such melodies as *Flowers o' the forest, Ye Banks and Braes*, etc., to the elaborate modal setting in six parts of the weird and monotonous Hebridean *Death Croon*. Some of them have the suggestion of the Choral Variation, which is so popular with certain younger composers of the same school. Others are the merest harmonisations of the melody, with only such variety as the words of the song make obviously appropriate.

That they have formed useful studies to himself as well as to the choral bodies for whom they are intended is evident. It

is impossible to be constantly associating one's efforts with traditional melody without partaking of its influence. Not that the majority of them are studies in the ordinary acceptation of the term. *The Death Croon*, for instance, the melody of which is taken from Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides", is a remarkable example of how much variety may be given to a monotonous tune without loss of its characteristic form and colour. The original melody is given to the contralto part throughout, sometimes as a solo, at other times full, and accompaniments of long sustained chords are hummed by Soprano, Mezzo-soprano, Tenor, Baritone and Bass voices in chorus. The effect is weird, extremely weird, but it is wonderfully beautiful and pathetic. This, of course, is a comparatively recent work.

This influence is constantly evident in the many original part-songs for all combinations of voices which Bantock has written. In these is an infinite variety of sentiment and treatment, though only a few of them rank among his finest conceptions and impressions. The first to make any sensation in choral circles was the brilliant and gorgeous setting in eight parts of Blake's *The Tyger*. Shelley's *On Himalaya*, a comparatively simple four-part setting, aroused a like enthusiasm, and was taken up by many competitive festivals. Later came the delicate *Nocturne* and *Music, when soft voices die*, and the sober but profoundly beautiful and expressive *They that go down to the Sea*, written in commemoration of the loss of the great ocean liner "Titanic".

In the meantime came many others, and particularly to be noted are those for male voices, a class of work that has been neglected by both choirs and composers in England. Bantock has done much to encourage its practice by his *Kubla Khan*, the three Greek choruses, *Zeus, Lord of Heaven! Stranger, thou art standing now*, and *Now for a Brighter Boast*, Blake's *War Song*, Meredith's *Lucifer in Starlight* and many others. The monotony generally regarded as inevitably connected with male voice choruses is usually, (and particularly in those mentioned), but not always avoided.

For female voices alone he has not provided so many works as for male voices, nor do those he has written usually rank so high. Delicacy is the outstanding characteristic of these works, and it would be difficult to imagine anything excelling in this respect *The Happy Isle*, in seven parts, or *To the Muses*, in four parts. From these it is a natural transition to his greater works, of which *Atalanta in Calydon* was the first, and so far remains the most important alike in technical experiment and in inspiration.

Bantock is more than commonly susceptible to suggestions from others, and the inception of *Atalanta in Calydon* came as the result of a suggestion made by Mr. J. A. Rodgers, an enthusiastic chorus-master and critic.

I have dreamed sometimes, said Mr. Rodgers in a paper on *The New Choralism*, of a wonderful choir for which an unborn composer will write a miraculous work. The choir will be of some 200 voices, all supreme artists, perfect timists, chosen with an ear to varying qualities of tone—robust and light tenors, high baritones, thick mellow basses, a few male altos carefully chosen, strong-toned contraltos, bright and smooth sopranos, and perhaps a few boys' voices of flute-like tone. Half a score of different timbres would then furnish a palette which would provide a composer with many novel and beautiful combinations. The chorus would be used in many ways—staccato and legato, closed and open tone, all degrees of intensity, combined and contrasted; vowel-chords and words, humming and nasal tone, head and chest voices—the choir would indeed be an orchestra in mezzotints. Such a choir singing a work specially written for them by some Elgar or Bantock, would provide a novelty in the musical world.

As soon as the suggestion was made it was accepted, suitable words occurring readily to the composer, and the inspiration being immediate. As an experiment in new methods, conceived and carried out at white heat, it has been wonderfully successful. In its most daring innovations its inspiration rarely or never flags.

Four odes from Swinburne's great work are set in the manner of the four movements of a Symphony, but for entirely unaccompanied voices. In the first, sung by male voices alone, the part-writing is in fourteen parts, and in the third, for female voices alone, in twelve parts. In the bigger movements, however, where the voices are combined, the writing is in only twenty parts, not in twenty-six. The method adopted is that of dividing the complete chorus into three main sections, each representing, approximately, a corresponding section (wood, brass and strings) of the orchestra. Almost every possible means of vocal expression is employed separately or in combination with others. To hear the different parts of the choir describing in word and tone "laughter" and "tears" respectively at the same time is to realise how little the possibilities of choral singing have as yet been grasped by the ordinary conductor and composer. Such combinations are extremely effective when properly achieved, but they are very difficult to achieve.

Besides making demand for a chorus which will allow not less than ten voices for each part, and describing the position in which each choir is to be placed on the platform, the composer

makes certain proposals as to varied coloured lights for illuminating the hall or the stage during performance of the work. This idea of associating colour and music is not by any means new, nor is it confined to any class or country, but Bantock's method is individual, in that the colouring is of the whole stage and is steadfast. About the time in which he was engaged on *Atalanta in Calydon* Bantock also composed the longest of his male-voice choruses, *Kubla Khan*, to the poem of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. To the published version of this among a number of other notes relative to the poem is one by A. C. Swinburne in which he says that "in reading it we seem wrapt into that Paradise revealed by Swedenborg, where music and colour and perfume were one, where you could hear the hues and see the harmonies of heaven". Susceptible as Bantock is to the slightest suggestion of this kind, it is not improbable that this note is the origin of the proposed colour scheme of the Symphony.

The colours proposed are Green for the first Ode, suggestive of Spring; a dim misty Grey for the second, relating to the creation of man; White changing to rosy Pink is allotted to the third, which tells of the bridal of Fate and Death; and for the last, describing the powers and limitations of man, Red is suggested.

The work as a whole is obviously and avowedly intended rather for the future than for the period of its composition, and the colour suggestions have not yet been proved except in the crude and embryonic manner of the music-hall stage. As a choral work pure and simple, however, its possibilities have several times been proved, and some very fine performances have been given. Before the composer's ideas can be properly carried out in their entirety, even apart from anything except the music, choral singing and choral organisation will have to proceed far beyond their present standpoint.

After this supreme effort in choralism something of a related but different type naturally appeared. This was *The Vanity of Vanities*, also called a choral Symphony for unaccompanied voices. It is actually a series of seven movements, each written for a single massed choir in twelve parts. Though the words are the very familiar passage on the vanity of life from the Book of Ecclesiastes, the work has neither the mysticism nor the ecstasy of its predecessor. In many respects it is a retrograde step, and the only sections which as technical experiments will compare with *Atalanta in Calydon*, are the first, which is very orchestral in manner; the second, which is a study in humming tones, and the fourth, in which by the use of modal intonation and response

some remarkably original and effective results are attained. No restrictions as to the size or quality of the choirs to sing it are placed upon its performance, nor are there any suggestions as to lighting or other extraneous matter. Neither does it seem to be the outcome of the same high inspiring force. It is, in fact, a concession to the ordinary large choirs, and appears to have been written more from practical than ideal inspiration.

Of smaller works dating from this period of choral activity the most important is a Choral Suite in eight short movements, *A Pageant of Human Life*. In this parts are provided for Children's voices, but otherwise there is no experimenting with vocal timbre. The work is dedicated to Dr. Walford Davies, and is to words by Thomas More (1478-1535). It is in a more or less archaic manner and, owing something to Dr. Davies' *Everyman*, is another example of Bantock's power of assimilating ideas acquired from others.

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The orchestra has claimed an increasingly large share of Bantock's activities as a composer. Notwithstanding that he was at one time a very successful orchestral conductor, there was a long period during which orchestral composition was practically laid aside. His huge scheme for a cycle of twenty-four Symphonic poems based on Southey's *Curse of Kehama* indicates clearly his preference in his early days for that medium. Only two numbers of this cycle, *Processional* and *Jaga-Naut*, came to fruition, the latter being produced in London in February, 1898. The general preference shown for the Overture to *The Fire Worshippers* over the remaining parts of the work suggests that his elders and patrons at the time felt that the orchestra was his *métier*. Other early orchestral works, some of which he seems to have withdrawn or to have incorporated in larger and later ones, were overtures on the subjects of *Eugene Aram*, *Belshazzar*, *Thalaba*, *The Witch of Atlas*, etc. The chief characteristics of these efforts were a piquancy of orchestration and a picturesqueness of idea, both of which owed something to his predecessors, and particularly to Wagner and Grieg.

He is naturally a writer of Programme Music, though very far from being a mere descriptive writer. According to Prof. Niecks he "conceives that the right kind of Programme Music is inspired by broad, human emotions, and the great thoughts of literature," and that "the object of a programme composer is

to convert the literary idea into musical expression". In his earlier works these principles were not closely followed, for both *Processional* and *Jaga-Naut* are full of the pomp and glitter of the Eastern pageant to which they have reference. In them the composer shows something of the original character of his thoughts, and an uncommon command of orchestral resources. He had not at the time he wrote them acquired the perfect control of musical form which he now has, and in this matter, as well as in other details, he was still under the direct influence of others. The obvious effects of several kinds of drums, including the Oriental hand drum, triangle, tambourine and other percussion instruments, are freely used. They are never commonplace, however, and some remarkable rhythmic effects result from the manner of their employment.

He was already experimenting in the matter of tonality, though not to any serious degree. An interesting little instance occurs in the opening bars of *Jaga-Naut*, where a figure consisting of four consecutive whole-tones is used. The *Dance of the Yoguees*, which forms part of the same work, is a movement in quintuple time. This is made up not of alternations of two and three-pulse measures, as is usually done, but of two two-pulse measures separated by a single pulse measure.

It was by his *Helena*, a series of twelve variations on an original theme dedicated to his wife, that he first achieved a commanding position as a composer for the orchestra. In the dedication the composer explains the nature of these variations as succinctly as possible. He says "they are intended as an expression of my thoughts and reflections on some of your moods during a wearisome absence from each other." The theme is characterised by the first three notes (adopting the German lettering) *H. F. B.*, the initials of Mrs. Bantock. In some of the variations there is little trace of the original theme, though the shape and rhythm are seldom entirely absent.

The work is most notable for its emotional content and for the masterly handling of the form and of the orchestral tissue. There is little that is extraordinarily original, and still less that is ultra-modern, and the tonality, in spite of the character of the theme, is generally clearly defined. The openings of the sixth (*poco agitato*) and eighth (*con moto affettuoso*) have no definite tonality, but as a rule the first few chords of each variation leave no doubt as to the key intended.

In the matter of tone quality the most striking is the tenth variation, in which an Eastern effect is produced by the arpeggio

drone on the double basses (divided) and 'cellos and the regular pulse of the tambourine. A short single bar figure in the melody enhances this. The previous variation closes with a short solo for kettle drums which is most effective.

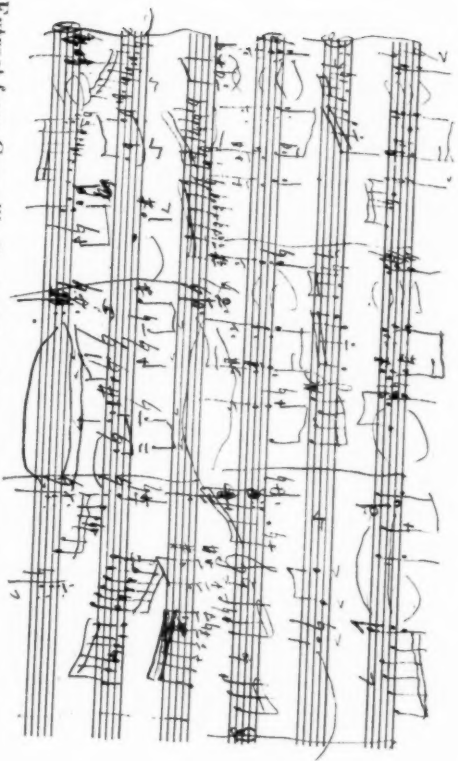
His next orchestral work of first-rate importance was *Dante and Beatrice*, described as a "Poem for Orchestra," and dedicated to Sir Henry J. Wood. In this is to be found a practical application of the principles referred to by Prof. Niecks. The score is headed by a quotation from Dante—"L'amor che muove il sole e l'altre stelle", ("The love that moves the sun and all the stars"). Apart from this and the title, however, the composer has given no clue to the feelings or thoughts which prompted him, nor to the interpretation he desires to be placed upon the music.

In the matter of musical structure the work is closely linked with its great predecessors. There is more imitation and immediate repetition than in the two *Kehama* works, and the thematic development is remarkable for its economy of material and the incisiveness of its phrasing. The two principal themes are well contrasted, but many of the subsidiary themes are made up of fragments of these, or are derived from their melodic or rhythmic forms.

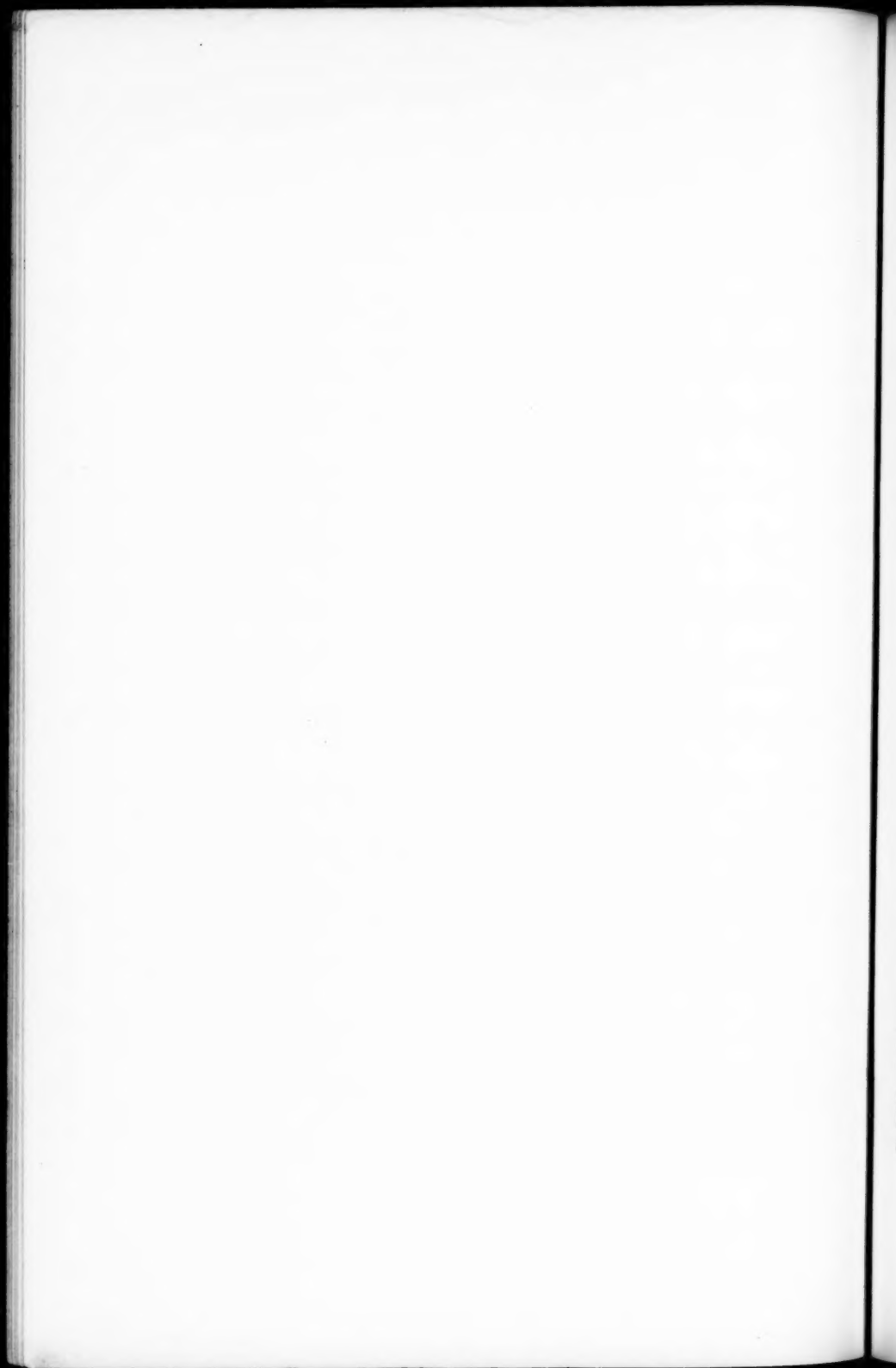
Fifine at the Fair, an Orchestral Drama with a Prologue, was completed little over a year after *Dante and Beatrice*. Its actual writing, according to a note on the score, occupied from August to November, 1911, and it was produced at the Birmingham Festival in October, 1912. Like the other work, however, it had been in course of construction for some years, for both of them are mentioned in Prof. Nieck's study as being more or less accomplished facts. It certainly bears no traces of being rapidly conceived and constructed, and as it is written on a large scale in every respect it seems probable that these dates refer really to the final arrangement of his material.

Its program is much more detailed than those of his other works. Robert Browning's poem of the same name is taken in its entirety as the inspiration of the musical work, while details are actually portrayed. The sea in the Prologue (*Amphibian*) with its deep calm is clearly suggested by the long sustained chords in the lower strings, and the butterfly is as clearly defined in the twittering of the violins.

The drama itself, *A Defense of Inconstancy*, is concerned with the struggle which takes place in the soul of a man attracted away from the pure and spiritual love of Elvire, his true and lawful wife, by the brilliance and glitter of Fifine, the woman trained to win



Extract from Granville Bantock's original sketch for "Vine at the Fair."
(Reduced fac-simile.)



attention and admiration. The noise and bustle of the Fair is brought in with many minor incidents, humorous or pathetic, of which the most important is the dancing of Fifine. But it goes much deeper than this, and an attempt is made to show the spiritual side of the dancer as well as that of Elvire the wife. After the man's fall his loneliness is represented in a slow movement (*Lento, con malincolia*), and soon the sudden joy of the wife's return. This culminates in the tranquil happiness of perfect union of the two lives, from which all other thoughts are cast. A number of lines from the poem are quoted by the composer, but with no indication to which musical phrases precisely they refer.

Alike in subject and in treatment the work is entirely different from anything which Bantock had previously composed. One feels in hearing it that he is nearer to his great contemporaries, and is not the least among them. For the psychological study he might possibly have contented himself with smaller resources, but for the pictorial suggestions he could hardly have done with less.

The only previous work which bears any relation to *Fifine at the Fair*, and that merely in its programmatic classification, is the Comedy Overture, *The Pierrot of the Minute*. It was first produced at the Three Choirs Festival of 1908 and was thus the beginning of the long series of works produced with striking rapidity during the following five years. Originally it was given the title, "Fantastic Poem for Orchestra in the form of a Prelude", but this was discarded as being too cumbersome, in favour of the convenient title "Comedy Overture". This work is based upon Ernest Dowson's poem of the same name, and again the composer leaves it to his hearers to decide for themselves how the details of the story and music are related. The whimsical tread of Pierrot, his capricious dance, his weariness, the kiss of the mysterious and tender Moon-maiden and her warning and the abandonment to the pleasures of love are clearly indicated, however, as well as the delicious feeling of mystery which prevails when Pierrot awakes with the dawn.

Bantock returned to his earlier style for the suite of Four Dramatic Dances, *Snake Dance*, *Sapphic Dance*, *Veil Dance* and *Dagger Dance*. The second of these, for harp alone, has been withdrawn from the suite and is now treated as a separate work. The languorous manner of these, and the very delicate scoring, make them less suitable for concert performance than most of Bantock's works. For a full appreciation they require all the surrounding which their contents suggest.

The Overture to *Œdipus at Colonus*, produced in 1911, on the other hand is full of vitality and thoroughly virile in nature. In sentiment it is as near to the classical schools as anything he has written, and is not unrelated to them in formal structure.

He has written two suites for the string orchestra, both of which are based on impressions of life away from his usual surroundings, and upon melodies belonging to the country whence he obtained them. The first, entitled *In the Far West*, is described as a "Serenade", though what is the exact application of the term is not clear. It "is the outcome of impressions of America received during a tour of the world made by the composer in 1894 and 1895 as conductor of an operatic company". It would appear that the work was not actually written so early as this, for it was not produced till September, 1912. The internal evidence is in favour of a date half way between the two.

The work is in four movements, and is full of both humour and pathos. One movement is striking for its contrast of these two emotions, another for the piquancy of its rhythm and instrumentation, while the last is marked by boisterous good humour except for a brief and plaintive intermezzo. The three American melodies which he has employed are *Yankee Doodle*, *Johnny get your gun*, and *Swanee River*.

Scenes from the Scottish Highlands, produced in 1913, is one of his most successful lighter works, in the strength of the melodies, which are entirely indigenous, as well as in its structure and general feeling. Five melodies are employed, the composer's aim being to reproduce the effect of the performance by native players without the crudities which arise from their deficiency in their art. The melodies are *The Braes o' Tullymont*, *An Cronan Maillach*, *Inverness Gathering*, *Baloo Baloo*, and *The De'il among the Tailors*. They are arranged in this order to create contrast and relief. There is a fair amount of elaborate technical writing and in places the strings are divided into many parts.

The work abounds in descriptive or suggestive touches with, of course, the inevitable snap and drone. It is holiday music in the best sense of the term, and conveys a sense of enjoyment as its primary effect. But it is also much more. The opening strathspey is almost crude in its feeling, redolent of the wildest vastnesses of the Scottish highlands. The modal character of the themes of this and the two following movements add to the atmosphere. The most important movement of the suite is a Dirge, which represents the composer's impressions of the Isle of Mull. It is rich alike in theme and treatment, the harmonic texture

being curiously close and involved without creating any feeling of undue elaboration. The solo passages for violin, viola and violoncello are strikingly melodious, and of a strong rhythmic construction that is most impressive. A Quickstep which follows is very humorous in its suggestion of the gathering of tattlers and busybodies. "Baloo, Baloo," which is an old Gaelic melody in the diatonic scale, is accompanied in quite an up-to-date manner.

Of a very different character is the *Hebridean Symphony*, one of his most recent works, which owes its inception not so much to his personal impressions of the islands as to his appreciation of the collections of Hebridean folk-songs by Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser. This work is not a symphony in the commonly accepted use of the term, though it consists of four divisions approximating roughly to the four movements, joined into one continuous whole. The literary motto of the work gives some justification for the claim made by some of the composer's friends that it is the result of a growing race-consciousness on his part, for his father was a Highlander. The claim is a very debatable one in spite of the motto, however, which runs as follows:

From the lone shieling of the misty island
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;—
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides.

For his themes he has drawn chiefly upon Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's "Songs of the Hebrides," the three principal melodies being "The Sea-Gull of the Land-under-waves", "Kishmul's Galley" and the "Harris Love-lament". He has also employed the "Pibroch of Donuil Dhu" and curiously original arpeggio phrases, the latter to create the feeling of unrest and agitation. As a whole the work is very rhapsodical and very sombre, even the brighter portions suggesting battle and other fearful things, except towards the close of the last section, where the Love-lament broadens out into a glorious song of victory. The actual close dies away to the last degree of tenuosity, leaving the impression of the dreams mentioned in the verse.

Bantock has made several attempts at opera, but all except two, which are not yet completed, were early works, and he had so little satisfaction in them that for a while he turned against the form and regarded it as a hybrid and fruitless one. The work on which he is now engaged in completing is a "Celtic Folk-opera" in which he is collaborating with Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser. He has also another opera nearly complete, a Pagan Symphony

and a Ballet. In the last of these forms must be classed the largest and most striking work he has yet sent out. Originally intended as a long two-part work on the subject of *The Great God Pan*, he has completed only the first part, *Pan in Arcady*, and would seem to have laid aside, if not abandoned altogether, the second part, *The Festival of Pan*. In what he has done he has attempted to combine the ordinary mythical ballet with a big choral or even operatic work. The choral prelude, an Invocation to Pan, is written for double choir in twelve voices, and is very closely related both in technique and feeling to *Atalanta in Calydon*. In the work proper he has introduced little that is new, but has made full use of all his previous experiments. There is much dumb show, with music that expresses the feeling almost without the aid of the pantomime; there is choral music used both for verbal expression and for merely tonal effect; there are opportunities for the use of lighting effects similar to but more elaborate than those in the earlier work; there is an orchestral polyphony equal in its daring and effectiveness to any that has been written, though an orchestra of not more than eighty players is requisite; there are expressive solos and duets for Pan (bass), Echo (soprano), a Shepherd (tenor) and The Moon (contralto); and last there are Bantock's naïve directions (or they may be those of Mrs. Bantock, who wrote the verse, though Bantock himself designed the ballet) of which only one need be quoted. This is where Pan calls the powers of nature to his assistance, and "A prolonged wail is heard, as though the very earth were in travail". The work is too long and too elaborate for detailed description here; but in general it may be said that it is a day in the life of Pan, with all its revelry and finally its supreme and not undignified bliss of association with the Moon as Soul of the World. The final duet, with both choral and orchestral accompaniment, is one of the finest things Bantock has ever done. The scene in which a young faun who has been wounded gradually loses consciousness amid visions of the happy past is not unrelated to Debussy's *L'après-midi d'un faun* in idea and spirit, though in execution it is essentially Bantockian and even British. The work is dedicated to Sir Thomas Beecham, who is one of the very few men who will ever be able to produce the work in its completeness.

A FORGOTTEN THACKERAYAN EPISODE

By W. J. LAWRENCE

ALTHOUGH Ireland has more than her quota of nonagenarians, there is probably nobody now living who recalls the remarkable ebullitions of enthusiasm witnessed in Dublin at the old Theatre Royal in Hawkins Street early in November, 1849, when the gifted dramatic soprano vocalist, Catherine Hayes, made her first appearance in Italian opera in her native country. Irish music-lovers were naturally proud of the fact that at long last the Green Isle had given to the lyric stage a prima donna of sterling ability. Sprung from the masses and born at Limerick in 1825, Catherine Hayes had early in life evinced the possession of high vocal powers, and, thanks to the generosity of certain noble patrons, had been enabled to study under Manuel Garcia, the mentor of Jenny Lind, that peerless singer to whose technique her own in some degree approximated. There had been no stumbling blocks in her path. From her début at Marseilles as Elvira in "I Puritani" in May, 1845, her progress on the continent had been a series of intoxicating triumphs. Prepossessed in her favor by ties of consanguinity and by the flattering reports that had reached the city, the Dublin audience flung wide the flood-gates of its enthusiasm once it found that the fair singer's Norma, although differing in conception, was little inferior to the superb characterisation of Grisi. There were abundant scenes of excitement, mingled with jubilant shouts of "Garryowen," (the old Limerick war-cry) during her short engagement, and exultation reached its height on her benefit night when the students of old Trinity paraded the streets carolling songs in her honour.

So whole-souled and flattering was the diva's reception that she paid a return visit to Dublin in February, 1850, when the charm and graces of her Amina in "La Sonnambula" urged comparisons with Jenny Lind, the result being by no means unflattering to the native songstress. She had stood the test of cooler judgment, of that familiarity which is prone to breed indifference, and had emerged pure metal from the assay. One can conceive the amazed indignation of the Dublin public a few weeks later on being informed that a distinguished English novelist had

written in opprobrious terms of the adored Limerick Nightingale. Sublimely unversed in the gruesome chronicles of *The Newgate Calendar*, the pleasure-loving citizens of the old capital were wholly ignorant of the fact that the admired Catherine Hayes had had an eighteenth-century namesake, a miscreant enjoying high rank in the ignoble army of the base. Small wonder that they bubbled over, and that the outcome was an amusing comedy of errors.

Scarcely had Miss Hayes terminated her Dublin engagement when Thackeray, in one of the serial numbers of "Pendennis," then being issued, made chance reference to the old-time murderess who had borne her name. Immediately there were wigs upon the green. The ball was set a-rolling by a fussy correspondent signing himself "Vindex," who was stupid enough to send a letter of remonstrance to the editor of "The Freeman's Journal," who duly published it in his issue of April 8, 1850. After quoting the apparently offensive passage, this wight asked indignantly,

Is it not enough that we are stricken down by famine, poverty and misrule—that we are about to lose the wretched pageant of loyalty, which has so long helped to screen our real degradation from us? Must we also submit to hear an accomplished woman, an ornament to her profession, depreciated because she is Irish?

Vindex's allusion to "the wretched pageant of loyalty" refers to an attempt then being made in Parliament to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant, a salutary method of reform which Dublin sternly and effectually resented. Into the trap thus accidentally set the *Freeman* editor (as if by the way of exposing the fallacy of the popular belief in editorial omniscience), fell headlong. Stirred to the very depths by *Vindex's* impassioned outburst, he determined on giving the temerarious novelist a Roland for his Oliver and let loose his sentiments in the same issue in a trenchant editorial headed "The Age of Chivalry.—Mr. Thackeray." This is what he said:

A correspondent draws our attention to an extract from Mr. Thackeray's *Pendennis*, in which the name of our countrywoman, Miss Hayes, is introduced, to point one of those exquisite satirical hits for which the Big Blubberman is very remarkable.

The following is the passage which appears in the number for the current month: 'Let us admire the diversity of the tastes of mankind, and the oldest, the ugliest, the stupidest, and most vapid, the greatest criminal, tyrant, booby, Bluebeard, Catherine Hayes, George Barnwell among us, we need never despair.'

One is at a loss which to admire most—the delicate taste or manly magnanimity of the author in thus classing a virtuous and irreproachable Irish lady with the traditional poisoness and murderess of the *Newgate*

Calendar. It may be polished satire or piercing wit—very profound or very philosophical, but we confess our utter inability to discover anything beyond a coarse and scarcely veiled calumny—one of those rank exhalations which rise up betimes from the fetid lamp of Mr. Thackeray, and which with many passes for the light of genius.

A huger humbug than this same Mr. T., who has escaped from his swaddling clothes in *Fraser's Magazine*, to be clothed in purple and fine linen in the *Edinburgh Review*, has never been thrust upon public credulity and never has credulity devoured with so little, either of taste or discrimination. We have heard it said this gentleman is an Irishman. It is not so. We should be sorry to add another to the reproaches with which some of our countrymen in London are chargeable, or to believe the lowest of them capable of such an unmerited attack on a defenceless woman, who never gave an offence except to the morbid and the jealous—the class which would carefully exclude Irish genius from the field of any of its triumphs, and regard any success of our country, in any department of science, art or literature, as a derogation from the claims of England in the same path of cultivation.

It is some consolation to know that Mr. Thackeray is not an Irishman—not even one of those high-minded Englishmen who can appreciate and reward genius wherever it is found, and will not place Miss Catherine Hayes under ban because she happens not to be an Italian or a French, but an Irishwoman. It may be consonant to Mr. Thackeray's ideas of good breeding or good taste to make such attacks; but one fact is surprising, that he forgets that paragon, Mother Brownrigg, and instead of fairly mating Miss Hayes with that celebrated murderess, placed her so unequivocally between Blue Beard and George Barnwell.

Seriously, what could have been his object in thus singling out an unoffending lady as the mark of his unmanly grossness? The Irish character has its defects, and we do not conceal or disguise them; but none, at least, has ever charged an Irishman with a cowardly assault which should cause a blush on the cheek of a common carter. What adds to the virulence of this attack and proves that it had been written for a purpose lower than the philosophic moralising of Mr. Smoky Thackeray is this—that the number of *Pendennis* appeared a few days before Miss Hayes carried by storm the musical taste and intelligence of London. He wrote to ruin her, but did not succeed.

This, at least, we can promise Mr. Thackeray, that no Irish author, publicist, or critic shall ever follow his example or revenge his vulgar malice on any of his countrywomen who may appeal to Irish taste in confirmation of British genius.

The nature of this attack is so incredibly gross, that it has been suggested to us that possibly Mr. Thackeray's acquaintance with the list of 'the stupid, the silly, the vapid and the criminal' may have made him familiar with some one less known to fame or infamy than he supposes, and who may happen to have borne a name coincident with that of our accomplished countrywoman. We have sought in vain for any confirmation of this conjecture. If Mr. Thackeray has this very simple and very complete defence to make he will, of course, be in haste to offer it. But we have no expectation that any such defence exists.

It was unfortunate that the uneasy suspicion given expression to in the concluding paragraph did not cross the writer's mind before he began to indite this tasteless diatribe. Nobody in Dublin detected the blunder; on the contrary, the whole city seethed at once with indignation over "the insult" to the distinguished prima donna. The very day the editorial appeared a largely attended meeting was held at the Rotunda to protest against the proposed abolition of the Lord Lieutenancy. One of the speakers, Henry Grattan, son of the famous orator and member of Parliament for County Meath, after referring to the attitude of the Government, "with their insolent writers in *The Times* and other organs, who endeavour to vilify and turn into ridicule the conduct and fair fame of the natives of this country, male and female," illustrated his comment by drawing attention to "the language of this Mr. Thackeray in reference to Miss Hayes." This allusion evoked from his hearers an emphatic "Hear, Hear!"

Thackeray's attention having been drawn to the gross attack made on him in *The Freeman's Journal*, he lost no time in addressing a dignified letter of rebuke to its editor, who took his grumbling like a man and at once issued a graceful apology. Uncertain as to how his temperately-phrased protest would be received, he also took the precaution to send the following racy epistle to the editor of *The Morning Chronicle*, a London journal, in whose columns it duly appeared under the mystic heading of "Capers and Anchovies":

Sir,

I hope no Irish gentleman will be insulted at my recalling a story, venerable for its antiquity, of the Irish officer, who, having stated that he had seen anchovies growing in profusion upon the rocks of Malta, called out and shot an Englishman who doubted his statement. As the unhappy Saxon fell, writhing with his wound, the Irishman's second remarked 'Look, Sir Lucius, you have made him cut capers.' 'Begad, it's capers I mane!' the gallant and impetuous O'Trigger remarked; and instantly apologized in the handsomest terms to his English antagonist for his error. It was capers he had seen, and not anchovies, growing on the rocks; the blunder was his, but the bullet was in the Englishman's leg, who went away grumbling because the other had not thought of the truth before.

Sir, three Irish newspapers and an Irish member of Parliament, in his place in the Rotunda, have delivered their fire into me through a similar error. Every post brings me letters containing extracts from Irish papers, sent to me by friends, and one of them, who is most active in my behalf, informs me that there is a body of Irish gentlemen who are bent on cudgelling me, and who are very likely waiting at my door whilst I write from the club, where, of course, I have denied myself.

It is these, when it is yet time, whom I wish to prevent; and as many of them will probably read your journal tomorrow morning, you may possibly be the means of saving my bones, valuable to me and my family, and which I prefer before any apology for breaking them. The blunder of which I am the victim is at once absurd and painful, and I am sorry to be obliged to have recourse to the Press for explanation.

Ten years ago I wrote a satirical story in *Frazer's Magazine* called *Catherine*, and founded on the history of the murderess, Catherine Hayes. The tale was intended to ridicule a taste, then prevalent, for making novel heroes of Newgate malefactors. Every single personage in my story was a rascal and hanged, or put to a violent death; and the history became so atrocious that it created a general dissatisfaction, and was pronounced to be horridly immoral. While the public went on reading the works which I had intended to ridicule, *Catherine* was, in a word, a failure, and is dead, with all its heroes.

In the current number of the story of *Pendennis*, (which was written when I was absent from this country, and not in the least thinking about the opera here), I wrote a sentence to the purport that the greatest criminals and murderers—Blue Beard, George Barnwell, Catherine Hayes—had some spark of human feeling, and found some friends, meaning thereby to encourage minor criminals not to despair. And my only thought in producing the last of these instances was about Miss Hayes, who died at Tyburn, and subsequently perished in my novel—and not in the least about an amiable and beautiful young lady, now acting at Her Majesty's Theatre, and I quite forgot her existence. I was pointing my moral, such as it is, with quite a different person; and never for a single instant, I declare on my word of honour, remembering the young lady, nor knowing anything regarding her engagement at the Haymarket.

From this unlucky sentence in *Pendennis* my tribulations begin; and my capers are held up as the most wicked anchovies to indignant Ireland. 'Vindex' writes to *The Freeman's Journal*, saying that I have an intention to insult the Irish nation in the person of an accomplished and innocent young lady, whom I class with murderers and cut-throats—whereby I damn myself to everlasting infamy. *The Freeman's Journal*, in language intelligible always if not remarkable for grammatical or other propriety, says I am 'the Big Blubberman,' 'the hugest humbug ever thrust on the public,' that I am guilty of unmannerly grossness and cowardly assault, and that I wrote to ruin Miss Hayes, but I did not succeed. The *Freeman* adds in a concluding paragraph that there may have been some person happening to bear a name coincident with that of the *Freeman's* accomplished countrywoman; and that if I have 'this very simple and complete defence to make I shall hasten to offer it.' I don't take in *The Freeman's Journal*. I am not likely to be very anxious about reading it; but the *Freeman* never gives me any notice of the attack which I am to hasten to defend; and calling me coward and ruffian, leaves me. It is the anchovy-caper question settled in the approved manner.

The Mail, assuming that I intended insult and injury, remarks on the incriminating sentence thus, 'its brutality is so far neutralised by its absurdity, as to render it utterly harmless'—No. 2.

No. 3.—*The Packet*, speaking on the judgment of both its contemporaries, says admirably:—

'This prompt and chivalrous espousal of a lady's cause is just what we would have expected from our brethren of the Irish Press, and will, no doubt, be a source of much gratification to Miss Hayes. But we only think it fair to state that he has not been guilty of the 'incredibly gross act' of associating our pure and amiable Catherine with the murderess and tyrants about whom he has written so nonsensically,' and then follows the revelation of the mystery about the real Catherine, the writer remarking that I am neither a fool nor a madman, and that I would not outrage Miss Hayes, lest some Saxon should kick me.

Sir, if some pictures of the Irish, drawn by foreign hands, are caricatures, what are they compared to the pictures of the Irish drawn by themselves? Would any man—could any man out of Ireland—invent such an argument as the last? It stands thus—

1.—I have not intended to injure, nor have I in the least injured Miss Hayes.

2.—The people who have abused me for injuring her have acted with chivalrous promptitude, and, no doubt, have greatly gratified Miss Hayes. Poor young lady! She is to be gratified by seeing a man belaboured, who never thought of her or meant her wrong.

3.—But if I had injured Miss Hayes, many Saxon boot-toes would have taught me decency—that is, capers not being anchovies, gentlemen would have acted with much chivalry in shooting me—and, if capers had been anchovies, I should have richly merited a kicking. Comfortable dilemma!

I should not have noticed this charge, except in Ireland, believing that it must be painful to the young lady whose name has been innocently and unfortunately brought forward; but I see the case has already passed the Channel, and that there is no help for all parties but publicity. I declare upon my honour to Miss Hayes, that I am grieved to have been the means of annoying her, if I have done so; and I need not tell any gentleman—what gentleman could question me?—that I never for a moment could mean an insult to innocence, and genius, and beauty.

I am Sir, your very faithful servant,

WM. M. THACKERAY.

Garrick Club, April 11th, 1850.

Here the matter ended. So far from any rankling sores being left by this amusing passage-at-arms, the whole affair was soon forgotten: so soon that no biographer of Thackeray has ever referred to it.

BONNET—BOSSI—KARG-ELERT

THREE APERÇUS

By HARVEY B. GAUL

THE schools of organ music that influence the world to-day are the French, the Italian and the German. Of the three, the French is the most important; the German follows; while the Italian, borrowing a little from the French and having a decided German leaning, stands midway between them. A generation or two ago the English school was dominant. To-day, due to the lack of forceful men, it hardly ranks with the continental schools.

As every school is created or moulded by leaders, these schools may be epitomized in the three generic names, Bonnet, Bossi and Karg-Elert.

These men and their respective schools represent freer writing, for one thing, freer form, thematic material, harmony, treatment and development, as against the excessive binary form of the mid-Victorian period. They have brought organ composition nearer to contemporary symphonic writing.

They are not only writers, but they are teachers, and above all, players. Under them organ technique has advanced. It is no longer a matter of lifeless legato, but approaches an orchestra performance, with light and shade, delicacy and force. The old legato is there, but there is something just as important, a decisive staccato.

To them the organ is greater than for mere cinema accompaniment. They are trying to put it on an honest concert level where an organ recital may not be ashamed to claim kinship with a piano recital.

Thanks to them and the generation they overlap, a near future will see the democratized organ elevated to the kingship of the early English and Post-Reformation periods.

* * *

BONNET

When Alexandre Guilmant was gathered to Abraham's bosom, he left the art of organ playing in France on a higher level than it had ever known before. He also left a score of scholars

to carry forward the concepts of organ playing as wrought by Lemmens and César Franck, and developed by Guilmant. Chief among his pupils is Joseph Bonnet. The Eliahesque mantle has fallen on his shoulders, and to say he adorns it is saying little.

Joseph Bonnet was born in the romantic city of Bordeaux in 1884. His father was organist of St. Eulaie, Bordeaux. At an early age Bonnet was musically inclined. His father, quick to take advantage of the boy's aptitude, taught him more than the rudiments of his profession. Under his father's tutelage he became quite a finished performer, and all this before the age of adolescence. At fourteen, the post of St. Nicholas came open. Bonnet was given the position. Later, when the Church of St. Michael's became vacant, the appointment fell to Bonnet. It was at St. Michael's that he gave his first recitals. As a child recitalist he gained an enviable reputation. The clergy and laity of Bordeaux considered him little short of a prodigy.

After a brief tenure at St. Michael's, he felt the lure of Paris. Sooner or later every organist hears the call of the City of Light. He may go to study or he may go to play, but he returns happier and wiser. Bonnet went to study. He chose Guilmant, then in the zenith of his career, and the Paris Conservatoire, the greatest Alma Mater of music that the world has known.

After a few years study he achieved the Premier Award. The work chosen for that concours was the discouragingly difficult Fantasia on the Chorale in "Le Prophète," by Liszt. In passing let it be said that this virtuoso work is hardly known in this country—a regrettable fact, as it is a work after Liszt's heart, bristling with technical obstacles and replete with big moments.

The organistship of St. Eustache became vacant and Bonnet, after getting the Guilmant prize, decided to enter the competition—it was open to all the organists of Paris. At the close of the competition, Bonnet was chosen as the most skilful performer. All the competitors were Premier Awards of the Paris Conservatoire; and when one says that, one says they were the most efficient of the younger men of France.

One may be able to play organ at St. Nicholas, Bordeaux; but when one competes with Conservatoire Awards, *c'est quelque chose*. *Alors!* St. Eustache always enjoyed a reputation for fine organ music. Bonnet advanced it. Every American student in Paris spent his time between Widor at St. Sulpice and Bonnet at St. Eustache.

It is as organist of St. Eustache that Bonnet is known wherever there is a "kist o' whistles." He has other distinctions

besides his church position. Guilmant's death made him organist of the "Société des Concerts" at the Paris Conservatoire. He has given recitals at the Concerts Colonne and Concerts Lamoureux. An organ was specially installed for his appearance at the Concerts Colonne. He has travelled from one end of the continent to the other, giving recitals in Belgium, Austria, Hungary, England and Germany. He, like Widor, found Germany very cordial before the war.

He has just completed his second tour of the United States, where he gave recitals on different organs. (He says we have many *indifferent* ones and no two alike.) In 1910 a record was established in Paris. Bonnet gave a series of forty recitals, with a new program at each recital and no repetition. These were all played from memory, as Stokowski directs his orchestra—a truly phenomenal feat!

The ability to memorize enables him to concentrate on his instrument and his execution. Considering our varied organs, with their different consoles and un-uniform action, an organist is almost forced to memorize. There are some organists who spend their leisure time arguing as to the advisability of memorizing programs. Futile conversation! It is not a matter of advisability but of sheer ability. Bonnet carries in his mind's eye compositions that range from Clérambault to César Franck, from Martini to Mendelssohn. In his flawless execution, that extends even to highly colored trifles, he overcomes enough difficulties to end all argument.

Bonnet extemporizes felicitously, but he has not the fecundity that characterized Guilmant. His improvisation has more of the Widor style, brilliant, daring and essentially French.

His interpretation of Bach has the clean cut style that we have come to know as the French method. The French do not play Bach with the exaggerated tempo that Americans employ. They catch the mood of the fugue or toccata; all we catch is a metronome mark.

As a composer Bonnet has achieved wide recognition. For a man who has not written in the larger forms, he has been acclaimed one of the foremost writers. His opus-number is small as compared with Karg-Elert or Bossi. Some organists claim it does not exceed ten. However, the opus-number does not signify. (There was a certain organist who wrote 100 hymn-tunes and numbered them from one up to one hundred.)

Bonnet has three volumes containing twelve pieces each, and the *Poèmes d'Automne* and the *Variations de Concert*. The

Variations de Concert are a set of bravura theme treatments, not at all like the Elgar enigma variations, but succinct and tangible variants.

The Poèmes d'Automne, opus 3 (in this country we know nothing about opus 1 and 2), is a set of three pieces: I—Lied des Chrysanthèmes, II—Matin Provençal, III—Poème du Soir. The Lied des Chrysanthèmes is an ingratiating work,—a lovely flowing theme with pleasant contrapuntal harmonies. The Matin Provençal is really a fantasia, with what might be a "Noël" for its central idea. The Poème du Soir is an appealing composition of its genre. It is a plaintive melody, freely arranged, and one might fancy it a folk-song, by reason of its directness.

The three volumes of twelve pieces each are important contributions to organ literature. They are titled on the cover "Musique Religieuse." This is something of a misnomer, as the contents are essentially recitalistic. The first volume contains much of importance and a few pieces that are negligible in interest. There is a dazzling Toccata, inscribed to Bossi; an Ave Maris Stella in three verses, virtually variations; a vivacious Intermezzo; a Fantasia sur deux Noël's (one of the Noël's is Adeste Fideles); a Légende Symphonique, very daring; a Rhapsodie Catalane, a courageous work, with a very difficult pedal cadenza in 6ths and 3ds and chords. It is by no means a work for the neophyte.

The second volume contains the Étude de Concert, a show piece of the *n*th degree; a fragile Songe d'Enfant; a captivating Chant de Printemps; the favorite Elves, which deserves its popularity; and that tour de force, the Caprice Héroïque. This Caprice, conceived along broad lines, is fast becoming a programmatic war-horse.

The third and latest volume opens with In Memoriam (in memory of the Titanic heroes). It is a sombre, sonorous number, full of grave portent. It has been used by many American organists.

Ariel is of the scherzo type, vivacious and sprightly. It also enjoys quite a vogue.

There is an uneventful Magnificat, in six variant verses. It is set to a Gregorian tone and gives the impression of something uninspired. (It is to be desired French organists should stop writing down their improvisations to the Magnificat—most of them are unfortunate.)

There is a Chaconne that begins modestly, then works its way frenziedly up to big climaxes and subsides to a drawn out pedal note.

The last work in the volume is a *Poème Tchèque*. It is by far the most important of the twelve pieces. Strange to say, it is hardly ever heard here in America. It requires a positive technician to play it. There is no economy of treatment anywhere. Double pedals thunder the theme, passing chords enter where most writers would use passing notes; and in the end is a triumphant cacaphonic outburst. This *Poème Tchèque*, on what seems to be a real Czech theme, is one of the great contributions of recent years. It is designed for the recitalist and for the concert organ of the greatest dimensions.

Bonnet, like Karg-Elert, has his idiosyncrasies, and they are most pronounced. He is inordinately fond of triplets. They seem to be more in evidence than duples. He uses double pedals, and sometimes they are ineffective. Counterpoint motivates him, as it did Reger, but it is an unacademic counterpoint. It is literally melody against melody. While he has a penchant for chromatics, he does observe key and tonality. His thematic material *per se* is superior to either Bossi's or Karg-Elert's. In melody he is blithe and optimistic, whereas the other two men are very often unhappy in spirit and broken in melody. He also has a sense of humor that is lacking decidedly in the German school (see Max Reger) and is only superficial in the Italian (see Capocci).

Bonnet knows the concert organ and registers for it. Every shade of tonal effect is on his palette and when he calls for sustained fortissimos, with an occasional sforzando, he means specifically that. Furthermore, he approves of the crescendo pedal, which some of his English confrères with antediluvian instincts spend so much time decrying.

As a teacher and player—performance over precept—he has been of great aid to his contemporaries of France and America. His style is that of the Lemmens-Guilmant school—cleanliness and vigor, mastered legato and staccato, and above all *exact note-values*. If there is one thing that the French organist, like the French philosopher, believes in, it is clarity. His thought and his work are absolutely pellucid. His mind does not work in a mysterious way his wonders to perform.

BOSSI

All professional roads lead to Italy. Architects, artists, and vocalists all make Rome a Mecca. The only man in the Arts who neglects Italy is the organist. Tradition tells him France

and Germany, or, to sum it up in two names, Bach and Guilmant, offer the greatest opportunity for his peculiar study. To Bossi and a small coterie of men belongs the credit for establishing a school of playing and writing that bids fair to rank with the Franco-German schools.

Like Sinding and Sibelius, Bossi stands almost alone in his native land in the line of his endeavor. Other men are supporting him; but he, if not the pioneer, is at least the leader.

Marco Enrico Bossi was born at Salò near Brescia in 1861. His people were not rich, but professionally comfortable. His father was organist at Morbegno, and held rank as an accomplished musician.

Bossi at an early age evinced a desire for music, and especially the organ. His father, wiser than some, saw his latent genius and gave him his first lessons. When he was only ten, he started at the Liceo Musicale in Bologna. There he stayed three years, showing great promise. At the age of fourteen, he went to the Milan Conservatory, where he remained till he was twenty.

At the Milan Conservatory, he had composition under Ponchielli, the famous composer of "Gioconda"; and under Fumagalli, the virtuoso pianist-organist, he studied organ. At the Milan Conservatory Bossi is said to have had a most enviable reputation.

At the end of his conservatory life, he accepted the post at the Cathedral of Como. His duty was not only to play the organ, but to train the choir. Como really begins his career. Thence he rose step by step to national fame. While at Como, he wrote and played, until all Italy heard his name. His tenure at Como was ten years.

In 1891 he was appointed professor of organ and theory at the Naples Conservatory. In 1896 a more remunerative position was offered him as Director of the Liceo Musicale Marcello in Venice. With that position he assumed the chair of composition and was made conductor of the orchestral concerts in Venice, called the "Benedetto Marcello." Venice gave him inspiration and opportunity. Some of his greatest orchestral works were written there.

At the conclusion of his sixth year in Venice, the Directorship of the Liceo Musicale, Bologna, fell open. It was his first school and he remembered it affectionately, and the school remembered him. The result was that he was unanimously chosen as its head.

Bossi is a man who has the highest ideals about the art of organ writing. While he is a modernist in the structural and

colourful sense, he believes in the solid traditions of a glorious past that reaches back to Palestrina. It must be said for the Italian school that it has not yielded to meretricious writing. (This is more than can be said of the French school.) Whether this is due to Papal influence is a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain: the nation that has brought forth the most tuneful operas, has also produced the most austere of modern organ music.

Bossi, like Lemmens, is the founder of a school of organ playing, his *Metodo di studio per l'organo moderno* being one of the acknowledged text-books. It is surprising that it is not used in this country as the companion volume to Lemmens, for in many ways it is its complement. Bossi, unlike Karg-Elert, is a prodigious teacher. He has taught most of the young Italian organists, which in a way accounts for the Bossi cult.

As Italy was the birthplace of art, it was also the birthplace of opera. Bossi, under the tutelage and influence of Ponchielli, felt the call of the proscenium arch and at an early age began to write operas. Everyone in Italy writes operas, just as everyone in America writes moving-picture scenarios—and the success is the same in both countries. Like Handel, he discovered that opera was unprofitable, and after a few attempts gave it up. His stage works are "Paquita," a one-act piece, produced in Milan; "Il Veggente"—also in one act—first performed at Milan, and "L'Angelo della Notte," in four acts, produced at Como. They fared moderately well, with more of a *succès d'estime* than of intrinsic value. One reason was that their melodic content, as contrasted with Leoncavallo and Mascagni, was not of a kind to endear them to the public taste.

Besides his operas, Bossi has written in every known form from song to symphony. It is his organ work, however, as it is said to be Gounod's church writings, that will make his fame enduring. While at Como, he produced a number of Masses, Motets, and Cantatas. The symphonic poem "Il Cieco," written for tenor solo, chorus and orchestra, is a splendid work on a large scale. The "Inno di gloria," for full choir and organ, had several presentations in Leipzig. Strange to say, Leipzig likes Bossi as she does Widor—both have had cordial receptions there.

His large orchestra numbers are conceived along modern symphonic lines. The Overture and Impromptu are representative examples.

His violin sonata is accepted as of the César Franck standard. His most pretentious work is the oratorio "Paradise Lost," on Milton's poem. It has been given in this country.

Bossi's organ style, in a way similar to Karg-Elert's, lies chiefly in his harmonic structure. It is characterized by aggressive masculine chords. Rose-water and talcum powder compositions are not found in his catalogue. His themes are rarely ingratiating, unless we except his Aspiration and Elevation. He is what is called "tuneless." Certainly it would be difficult, even for an office-boy, to whistle his compositions. He weaves a fine contrapuntal fabric, working toward full organ climaxes. Fugal development interests him more than mere lateral melody. His sense of nuance and the facilities of the concert organ are ever in the fore part of his mind. He has the austerity of the early German school and none of the melodic fecundity of his compatriots—and that is his greatest fault. Staccato playing finds little sympathy in the Bossi school; his tendency is toward the old-fashioned legato.

His organ pieces are in all forms. The *Pièce Héroïque* is as interesting as César Franck's work, even if the second section does bear a faint resemblance to Dvořák. The *Étude Symphonique* is a heavier composition, that requires most expert pedal technique. It is built on a plain-song theme and is a stupendous number. The *Konzertstück* in C Minor is another of his major works. Outside of its placid, somewhat tuneful middle movement, it is a work that will intimidate the doubtful technician. The *Hora Gaudiosa* and *Hora Mystica* are numbers that should be in every organist's library. The *Hora Gaudiosa* is of noble conception; the *Hora Mystica* is almost pure French in its impressionism. For exquisite harmonization, Maurice Ravel might envy it.

Then there is the curious Pastoral Scene, with an unusual Rondo and a vivacious Scherzo, *quasi* Widor, and a Trauerzug that strikes a new note in solemnity—highly wrought and of great difficulty. His *magnum opus* is the Concerto in A Minor, for organ and orchestra or organ alone. It is massive and is all that the title Concerto implies. There are many and diverse small numbers—pieces for the ordinary church service. While there are not as many as Guilmant wrote, they have the same salient qualities.

Bossi is not as prolific as some composers. His opus-number runs near 140. The average of excellence is high. He may be accused of being dull, but he is never banal. For the organist who worships at the shrine of Bach and Brahms, Bossi will seem a kindred spirit. For the person who is tired of the American-English-staccato-toccata style; the legato playing Bossi demands will seem almost like a religious experience.

KARG-ELERT

Ever since Jubal, "the father of all such as handle the harp and organ," began to make organ history there have been certain organists who have stood out preëminently among their fellow-men. From Buxtehude to Bossi, there have been one or two men whose mastery or idioms gave them that distinction which enabled them to survive their period. Yesterday we had Guilmant and Widor. To-day we have Bonnet and Karg-Elert. Tomorrow? Well, if the war will soon end, there are several men "somewhere in France" who will see to it that organ music flourishes, even to the uttermost ends of the earth.

Karg-Elert is in German organ music what Rachmaninoff is in Russian orchestral music. Both are moderns and neither is perverted with that undecipherable Futurism that enthralled the world before the year 1914.

Siegfried Karg-Elert was born in Oberndorf, in the year 1878. His paternal name was Siegfried Karg. In his early twenties some one with a predilection for theatrical press matter persuaded him that a monosyllabic name would not resound to the posterities as fast or as great as a hyphenated one, so he added the Elert to his patronymic Karg.

Karg-Elert represents freedom of form and thought, with here and there a slight thread that holds him to that vast hierarchy of early organ writers.

Karg-Elert was one of a family of twelve. He was the youngest. His father, J. V. Karg, was an ardent Romanist; his mother, a Lutheran. The children were brought up in their mother's faith. The Kargs were poor and were able to give their children but few advantages. Karg-Elert as a child showed no aptitude for study. He was not a brilliant success, and the scholastic curriculum chafed him unutterably. As a music student, however, he gave symptomatic evidence of being almost a prodigy. When a boy of twelve, he had a remarkable treble voice. (It seems to have been a habit with the German contrapuntalists, beginning with the forerunners of Bach.) The attention of the Cantor of St. John's Church, Leipzig, was called to young Karg-Elert's voice and he was given a place in the choir. He is said to have distinguished himself valorously. From the early days at St. John's, composition was his passion, and he scribbled tunes and pieces with varying success. Finally, a patron was found who brought him financial aid, so that he was enabled to enter the

Conservatory and the University of Leipzig. His teachers at the Conservatory were Jadassohn, the Abou Ben Adhem of Harmony, and Reinecke, the Apostle of Refinement. He studied piano, harmony, counterpoint and orchestration, but spent his time chiefly in composition.

In his early musical life he was a brilliant pianist with virtuosic proclivities, which may account for some of the inordinately difficult passages in his works. At the age of twenty-three he was appointed Professor of Piano at the Magdeburg Conservatory, which post he held with credit—and probably ennui.

During this period he wrote sporadic piano pieces and many songs. The songs show a fine sense of melody and the piano pieces invention. He wrote in all forms, big and little. He has to his credit operas, a symphony, and chamber-music in many combinations. His opus-numbers are well over one hundred.

While he started life as a pianist or rather soprano soloist, he, like Percy Grainger with his saxophone, has mastered a variety of instruments from clarinet to oboe. The organ, however, is his professed instrument, and it is the organ that brought his fame over-seas and made his name a household word wherever two or more organists gather together.

Carl Simon, the well known publisher of Berlin, was a friend and factor in Karg-Elert's life. It was he who saw the artistic possibilities of the harmonium, a hitherto little considered instrument in Berlin. Simon urged Karg-Elert to write for the Kunst-Harmonium. He wanted Karg-Elert to write for it as for a concert instrument and not as though it were a fireside and farmhouse instrument.

The Kunst-Harmonium is an art instrument. It is exceedingly expressive and has from one to three manuals and a great variety of stops. In character it is quite orchestral. Like the French harmonium, as written for by the great French organists, it is capable of artistic achievements. Needless to say, it is unlike its rural cousin, the American reed-organ. Has anyone ever written a meritorious composition for the American reed-organ? Did anyone ever hear of a meritorious composition being played upon it? If you did, keep it to yourself; no one will believe you. Yet it is possible—the age of miracles has not entirely passed. The operation, however, would have to start with the reed-organ, or "melojen," as it is called along the Monongahela River.

Karg-Elert wrote some of his finest works for the Kunst-Harmonium; they are not in the customary Berceuse style, i.e., melody in right hand, left hand, tonic, dominant, um-pa, um-pa,

ad nauseam. He gave his harmonium compositions breadth, invention and variegated harmonic treatment. As, for instance, the Double Fugue on Bach, the Sonata, the Symphonic Variations. This is no pabulum for milkmaids and countryside boys. They are virile, masterly works that will put tax and practice on concert performers.

Karg-Elert went on several concert tours, playing his own compositions on the Kunst-Harmonium. He gave recitals in the chief German cities; and while he did not play the harmonium before the crowned heads of Europe, he did play for the uncrowned proletariat, and much to their edification. His harmonium recitals, we are told, were notable events.

In the field of organ transcription, he—like Guilmant, and many other qualified composers—found the soil fertile and the publishers suppliant. He has compiled and arranged a Wagnerian album; and, in passing let it be said, it is the best of the voluminous Wagner transcriptions. He has arranged the two Elgar symphonies, so that they sound almost as well on the organ as they do with the orchestra; and he has other transcriptions of lesser compositions. Few men have had his felicitous touch in the making of adaptations.

While his harmonium work was a signal success and his transcriptions of great worth, his forte lies in original composition. As organist at St. John's, he wrote many of his biggest and best works. The Sonatina (which is not a sonatina after the Clementi of our youth, but a big idea in short form) is a composition that requires considerable technique to perform. It has a Fugue, the subject of which is almost Handelian, and a number of cadences that suggest Liszt. There are also a number of little ascending scales that are reminiscent of Puccini. The Sonatina is altogether a fresh conception.

The many chorales (new wine in very old bottles) on the old hymns, are splendid examples of chorale treatment. Then there is the famous Passacaglia, originally conceived for the Harmonium; the titanic Chaconne; the Funerale, which is a magnificent concert number.

The evanescent Three Pastels are finely tinted pictures. The first two Pastels are chromatically embellished fragments, with shifting rhythms and heavily embroidered phrases. The last one, the Pastorale Recitativo Corale, is a fascinating, though somewhat curious, composition; just why the middle movement is called Recitativo is something of a mystery. It really is a highly ornamental cadenza that might have been written by some

journeyman violinist. The Corale is all that its name implies—imposing and pompous.

The Trois Impressions are three genre compositions that should be on every organist's five-foot shelf. Harmonies du Soir has a charming, undulating melody. Clair de Lune is an exquisite little poem, almost Mallarmé set in tones. La Nuit is an exotic cameo. They are rightly named Impressions—in treatment they are French, not German. Atmospherically they are Monet, Monet and Degas set for organ, an effect that only Bonnet and Karg-Elert have accomplished.

The twenty choral studies—Preludes, Postludes and Trios—are faintly reminiscent of Max Reger, with a touch of Guilman. For diversified, dignified choral settings they are probably the best we have. The Choral Improvisation on In Dulce Jubilo is a composition in the grand manner.

Karg-Elert has his idiom just as surely as Strauss or Schoenberg. He is a melodist after the moderns, instead of the every-four-bars-a-cadence school. He has imbibed Wagner and is imbued with Debussy—witness the Pastels and Impressions. He has memorized Bach, and Reger is his own familiar friend—*vide* the Chorales-Chacone and Fugues. He is a chromaticist, but it is not the four-square chromaticism of Spohr.

His originality lies chiefly in his harmonic treatment—a kind of dissolving, kaleidoscopic, but continuous *melos*. He has his obsessions and they are apparent; for instance, the strange time-signatures. He is interested in the equation of five time; it is employed in every conceivable way up to 5-16ths. He uses 11-8 and all manner of 16ths from the elementary 4-16th to the highly congested 15-16ths. It is an extravagance where possibly simpler means might be found. He sprinkles a page with runs—sometimes over-obvious. As this is called the superlative age, possibly Karg-Elert feels he is justified; but to the innocent and sometimes ignorant performer, his mystifications are a trifle tiresome.

Karg-Elert knows the modern organ; he realizes its nuances, color and breadth, and he demands them in performance. While he sometimes snubs the small organ, he knows the ramifications of the concert organ. If Karg-Elert has done nothing else, he has helped administer a soporific and narcotic to the Merkel-Rheinberger school of organ music.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE

By JAMES FREDERICK ROGERS

"My dear——:

Permit me to express to you my appreciation of the musical feast your recent hospitality furnished me. . . . If you had known the state of my mind when I came to your house and when I left, you would feel amply repaid. . . . Suffice it to say that from despair your music has brought new aspiration and new life to me."

THE above extract from a note written by a robust man of quite normal, if musically sensitive, nature, is striking evidence in words of the influence of music upon the mind. Whatsoever influences mental states, affects without fail the correlative bodily machinery; despair carries with it bodily depression, while feelings of aspiration are unfailingly accompanied by (according to the Lange-James theory preceded by) a quickening of bodily functions. Such being the case, is it any wonder that the words music and medicine have been coupled from time immemorial?

Medicine is "the science and art of dealing with the prevention, cure, or alleviation of disease." The means employed in this art always have been of two kinds: first, those appealing to the senses, and, through these doorways of the nervous system, by accompanying changes of consciousness, affecting the various organs of the body; and second, those which act mechanically or chemically directly upon the body or any of its individual organs. The first method usually goes by the name of mental treatment, but mental treatment includes more than mere suggestion by words, for a spoonful of a bitter drug, though itself reaching no deeper than the sense of taste, may be as positive in its mental effect as the verbal appeal of the mental healer. In fact the great bulk of medicinal cures of the past have effected their results by the hopeful stimulus exerted through consciousness,—the natural tendency of the body to restore itself doing the rest.

So far as direct physical effect is concerned, medicines may destroy or check the growth of harmful parasites or they act to stimulate or depress, to aid or hinder, the activities of some organ. Quinine cures by destroying the malarial organism and will cure without aid of mental attitude. Opium dulls the nervous

center which controls the movements of breathing, renders it less sensitive to irritation set up in the lungs during the process of having a cold, and will check a tickling cough which no amount of "suggestion" can influence. Camphor acts, whether we will or no, upon the heart to increase the force and frequency of its beat, and hence it becomes a useful means of whipping that organ to better work in time of danger of its failure to do its duty. With a passive consciousness, such drugs produce their physiological effects. On the other hand, the word of encouragement or discouragement, the glance which betokens hopefulness or despair on the part of the attendant, the pill or potion which has but a mental effect, works powerfully by stimulation or depression of the body by way of the seat of consciousness,—by way of the emotions. And by emotion we mean, as the word signifies, motion outward—or those considerable changes of consciousness which are accompanied by (or, according to the Lange-James theory, evoked by) the discharge of nervous energy into glands or muscles throughout the body. Sadness is accompanied by relaxed muscles and an over-active tear gland; joy quickens the heart and contracts the muscles of the face into a smile.

Music produces its effects upon the human body, first, by means of vibrations of the air, which vary in number, force and complexity; by rhythmic repetition of sounds; by successive utterance of sounds of different pitch which somehow make a peculiar appeal to consciousness, hold the attention, and evoke emotional change; and lastly, by a simultaneous utterance of many sounds, which heightens the effect of the "ideas" expressed by the composer. Music produces its effect, then, by the use of sounds, which may be varied as to pitch, intensity and quality, and which may be strung together continuously and rhythmically in melody, or interwoven and combined in all shades of harmony.

That mere sounds produce physiological effects in animals and in man and that the effects vary with the pitch, intensity and timbre, has been proven and tested many times. According to the experiments of Feré, the simultaneous occurrence of sound increases the force exerted in muscular contraction, and the more intense the sound the more strength is exhibited. According to Scripture, much of music's physiological effect depends on pitch. In his book, "The New Psychology," Scripture says:

Plato emphasizes the influence of the proper music on the formation of character and proceeds further to specify the general scales in which music should be written. The high Lydian is plaintive, the Ionian and Lydian are soft and convivial, the Dorian is the music of courage, and

the Phrygian of temperance. Aristotle agrees in general, but considers the Phrygian music as exciting and *orgiastic*. It has long been supposed that the difference among the scales was one of arrangement of the intervals within the octave, corresponding to the major and the minor, but a more recent opinion is that the difference is one of pitch. The Lydian is a tone to a tone and a half higher than the Phrygian, and the Dorian is a tone below the Phrygian. The Dorian is neither too high nor too low and expresses a manly character.

It might be suggested that the special melodies associated with each scale may have had much to do with the case. Nevertheless it has been proven that the pitch itself has an effect upon the greatest strength of grip; tones of a moderate pitch increase the power of grip, whereas very high or very low tones weaken it.

Scripture goes on to say:

With the thumb-and-finger grip, the greatest pressure I can exert during silence is 4 kilos. When one plays the giants' motive from the Rheingold my grip shows $4\frac{1}{2}$ kilos. The slumber motive from the Walküre reduces the power to $3\frac{1}{4}$ kilos.

The most significant meaning in all this is to be read between the lines. To explain the effects of even the raw material of music the scientist with all his laboratory machinery is fain to invoke the aid of the empiricism (somewhat sentimental, we fear) of the ancients. Since the effect of twentieth century music made in these ancient modes is to lift one listener in ecstasy but to drive another to distraction, we can easily account for the marked difference of opinion of the Greek philosophers in regard to the effects of one of those modes. Also if the effect of modes is one of pitch, why should there be any difference in effect of the modern major and minor scales beginning on the same note? The influence of pitch, of key, on the effect of a composition has long been recognized, but we do not know that the Greeks had any definite pitch and indeed our modern pitch has fluctuated much, climbing from as low as A 377 in 1511 to A 457 in 1897, and falling back somewhere in the neighborhood of 440 vibrations. Theoretically Beethoven's music for full Beethovenic effect should be pitched at A 422 or thereabouts. Still, there is a well recognized influence of pitch, or key, upon the character of a composition.

The quality of tone depends upon the number and prominence of the overtones,—is a matter of tones within tones. That sounds of different quality produce different emotional effects goes without saying, and their different physiologic influence has likewise been proved in the laboratory. These effects are, of course, the very basis of orchestral composition.

The physiological effects of rhythm are shown in the laboratory of human experience every day. A slow rhythm soothes, a rapid one quickens the bodily activities. The beat of a drum allays and suspends the fatigue of an army. One can dance or march to music when otherwise he would consider such exertion out of the question. As to more complex physiological effects, the physiologist Dogiel conducted a series of elaborate experiments and came to the conclusion that (1) music exhibits an influence upon the circulation of the blood, both in animals and man; (2) the blood pressure (pressure to which blood in the arteries is subjected by the action of the heart) sometimes rises, sometimes falls; (3) musical tones usually increase the beat of the heart and the frequency of respiration; (4) variations in blood pressure depend on the pitch and loudness of sound, and on the tone color; (5) in the variations of blood pressure the idiosyncracies of the individual, whether man or animal, are plainly apparent, and even the nationality, in the case of man, has some effect.

The effects of music upon digestion have apparently not been studied, but the paramount importance of happy mental conditions or at least of mental absorption in other subjects than self, during the processes of feeding, make the use of music at a feast something more significant than appears, and if it influences merely to conversation the physiological results must be much the same and for good. Then, with interesting music as an accompaniment, one is likely to eat deliberately, which again is a help to the digestion of the usually hurrying diner.

Comparatively simple sounds produce in animals more than simple physiologic, and hence more than elementary psychologic, effects. The howling of a dog at the tolling of a bell indicates a most complicated response, which betokens mental and emotional disturbance of considerable complexity as well as intensity.

If rhythmic sounds, through their quality, pitch and intensity, can produce marked effects, the combination of sounds in sequence (melody) and simultaneously (harmony), and still more the construction of musical pieces of various forms, may be expected to have a tremendous physiological, as it has psychological, influence; for the two go on together. Musical phrases take on the property of symbols more significant, if less definite, than words, and constitute a universal language appreciated according to one's acquaintance with that language as it is spoken in a given age, by different races and by its more highly endowed prophets.

The use of music in medicine antedates history. The medicine man of the primitive tribe chants his incantations and an important part of his outfit is his tom-tom or his rattle, a sound producer of most simple sort, but helping effectively by its infernal racket to din into the soul of the sick the comforting and stimulating notion that all possible help is being given to rid him of the cause of his sufferings. That cause is presumably an evil spirit which has taken up its spiteful abode in the body of the sick man. True, the music is little more than noise, but with the very important addition of rhythm, which, no matter what its physiological influence, has the psychological effect of reiteration. Every successive drum beat and every repetition of a vocal utterance intended to oust the demon is a reassurance to the sick that the medicine man is doing, without rest, his utmost.

Like effects are produced without sound by drop doses of a homeopathic drug given at definite and short intervals. Each drop represents symbolically to the imagination of the patient and his friends the repeated effort of the student of the body—his physician—and with the imbibition of each dose there results a wave of emotional impulse stimulating the organism in its warfare against present disease or its self-repair of past injuries.

We physicians still lean to some extent upon tradition and many of our practices are of necessity still awaiting a doomful test, but before the advent of modern scientific methods we were bound most helplessly to the past. For two thousand years medical theory and practice was based upon the teaching of the Greeks, and Paracelsus, in the sixteenth century, was bold indeed to declare that his shoe buckles knew more than Galen.

If medievalians leaned on ancient medical lore, the Greeks were not independent of prehistoric medicine, and doubtless the therapeutic virtue ascribed to music in the writings of Homer, Pindar, Pythagoras, Theophrastus, Plutarch and even Galen, is, in part, a survival of the notions derived from an earlier time, for music, according to these writers, was virtuous for the cure of plague, rheumatism, bites of venomous reptiles and of mad dogs, and like ailments. The malady was no longer considered a demoniac one, but the remedy, though much refined, was the same as had been employed in an age of simpler science, for the reason that many people, similarly affected, had recovered with like treatment.

In more modern times music has been used and recommended by many enthusiasts for the cure or alleviation of such diseases as gout and consumption, but the significant tendency has been

to confine its use to the treatment of nervous disorders, to conditions brought about and maintained or especially aggravated by mental states, and including such serious brain disturbances as are accompanied by deranged mentality. The influence of music in such conditions had been noted by the ancients, and one will at once recall the unsuccessful attempt of David to allay the melancholy of Saul. Elisha, also, "when he was much troubled by importunate kings, called for a minstrel 'and when he played, the hand of the Lord came upon him.'"

Robert Burton in his classic "The Anatomy of Melancholy," published in 1621, devotes a chapter to music as a remedy.

"Many and sundry", he begins, "are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but in my judgement none so present, none so powerful, none so apposite as a cup of strong drink, mirth, music and merry company." He quotes a long list of authors in support of music's power. "'A most forcible medicine' Jacchinus calls it; Jason Pratenis, 'a most admirable thing, and worthy of consideration, that can so mollify the mind, and stay those tempestuous affections of it.' *Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ*, a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul; 'affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the mind, and makes it nimble.' Lennius, *instit. cap. 44*. This it will effect in the most dull, severe, and sorrowful souls 'expel grief with mirth, and if there be any clouds, dust, or dregs of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them all away.' Salisbur. *polit. lib. I, cap. 6*, and that which is more, it will perform all this in an instant . . . Athenæus (*Dipnosophia. lib. 14, cap. 10*.) calleth it an infinite treasure to such as are endowed with it; *Dulcisonum reficit tristia corda melos*, Eobanus Hessus. Many other properties Cassiodorus, *epist. 4*, reckons up of this our divine music, not only to expel the greatest griefs, but 'it doth extenuate fears and furies, appeaseth cruelty, abateth heaviness, and to such as are watchful it causeth quiet rest; it takes away spleen and hatred,' be it instrumental, vocal, with strings, wind. . . . 'it cures all irksomeness and heaviness of soul.' 'Labouring men, that sing to their work, can tell as much, and so can soldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright as the sound of trumpet, drum and such like music animates.' Philostratus, when Appollonius was inquisitive to know what he could do with his pipe, told him 'that he would make a melancholy man merry, and him that was merry much merrier than before, a lover more enamoured, a religious man more devout.'" But Burton is not without caution. Music is helpful to the melancholic "Provided always, his disease proceed not originally from it, that he be not some light *inamorato*, some idle fantastic, who capers in conceit all the day long, and thinks of nothing else but how to make jigs, sonnets, madrigals in commendation of his mistress. In such cases music is most pernicious, as a spur to a free horse will make him run himself blind, or break his

wind. . . . As Menander holds, it will make such melancholy persons mad, and the sound of their jigs and hornpipes will not be removed out of their ears a week after. . . . Many men," he continues, "are melancholy by hearing music, but it is a pleasing melancholy that it causeth; and therefore to those who are discontent, in woe, sorrow, or dejected, it is a most present remedy; it expels cares, alters their grieved minds, and easeth in an instant. . . . Theophrastus right well prophesied, that diseases were either procured by music or mitigated."

If David playing before Saul is the classic example of the supposed influence of music on a mind diseased, the more successful efforts of Farinelli, the celebrated male soprano, upon King Philip of Spain is the modern instance. The king, so the story goes, had fallen into a state of deep despond from ill health, secluded himself, would not consent to be shaved and showed suicidal inclinations. The Queen, enthusiastic over music's powers, ordered Farinelli with other musicians to perform in a room next her husband's bed chamber. The king was at once charmed into a happier mood and ordered Farinelli to sing in his presence. The musician continued his ministrations until the king consented to see his barber, to resume affairs of state and to appear in public. To assure a cure the wise queen had the treatment continued for some time, and no return of the mental state was ever noted. Farinelli was most handsomely rewarded for his services, was given a high place at court, and served also to allay the morbid tendencies of Philip's successor, Ferdinand.

The rôle of music in the cure of that obscure affection known as tarantism is of interest in connection with the title "tarantelle" applied to so many compositions. Whatever this mania was, it was not caused by the bite of the tarantula unless, as is not unlikely, through the mental effect of an injury which at the time was supposedly fatal. Such being the case, a condition of profound lethargy and depression would undoubtedly follow the bite. Music, according to tradition, aroused the victim from this state (and it would always do so if a cure by its help was anticipated) while the violent dancing that was evoked by the rapid rhythm could do no harm and might be said to complete the cure. The size and the frequency of the spiders and a keen imagination would account for the infectiousness which seems to have been common in this complaint.

So far as the employment of music by the medical profession is concerned, it has, in modern times, simmered down to its use in connection with nervous and more purely mental derangements, the sweet sound serving to change the current of thought

for at least the time being. It is interesting to note that the greatest emphasis upon the use of music in this connection was made by very notable French alienists, especially by Pinel, around the beginning of the nineteenth century—the period when music production reached its zenith. Was it a time of especial sensitiveness to the influence of music? Fournier de Pescay (1771–1833—how closely the dates come to the birth and death years of Beethoven!) in an imposing article for the *Dictionnaire des Sciences Medicales*, “related a number of cases which had been helped, some in a remarkable way, by music.” His own child, he says, was relieved of “constant pain” and insomnia by the sound of the flute, and by singing in a minor key.

Esquirol, a contemporary alienist, wrote temperately and sensibly: “Music acts upon the physique by determining nervous vibrations, by exciting the circulation. . . . It acts upon the *morale* by fixing the attention, and by calling up agreeable recollections. . . . In the treatment of mental disease I have constantly used music. It calms and soothes the mind, although it does not cure; it is, however, a precious agent, and ought not to be neglected.”

How much hysteria figured in some of the instances of cure mentioned by the French physicians we are left to guess, but hysteria is a very real condition, deserving of any possible aid.

In recent years an attempt, perhaps more than one, has been made by laymen to set up a systematic music cure, various compositions being selected by the musicopath to suit various types of nervous disorder—music of a martial and hopeful character to stir the depressed and that of a calm and even temper to soothe the excited and insomniac. Also at least one “dispensary” for the free exhibition of musical medicine to any who might be interested has been conducted. A monthly magazine devoted to musical therapeutics was launched within the last decade, the copy which came into our hands containing many letters from directors of sanatoria for the insane in praise of music as a means of calming excitement among their inmates and in rendering their existence happier.

By the definition given, medicine deals with the prevention, alleviation or cure of disease,—and disease may be of physical or of mental origin or partly of both. Evidently sound vibrations, be they never so wonderfully dished up, cannot, according to modern knowledge and past experience, directly influence the bodily processes more than temporarily—cannot restore a defective heart valve or cleanse the body from typhoid

bacilli. Nor can sweet sound prevent such conditions, though undoubtedly it will, in many cases, by influencing mental states, serve to alleviate suffering and hasten recovery. The introduction of music into hospitals for the wounded in our war has, of course, served a place which no other means could quite usurp.

When it comes to maladies of mental origin or those aggravated by mental attitude toward life, the influence of suitable music must be considerable, and greater according as the victim is more susceptible to this vehicle of emotional expression. It is needless to say that for such a purpose the music should be suitable to the subject. The depressed and melancholy are too apt to choose music which corresponds with their state of mind, a condition they too often take a morbid interest in preserving. Not a few persons would be the better if they could be persuaded to spend less time in playing funeral marches or singing doleful love songs. Such a composition as Ernst's *Élegie* is enough to drive one into a mad house if he were already on the way to such an institution.

Most music is, however, of a healthy and inspiring character. It is unexpectedly significant that the compositions of Weber, though of a man dying by inches of consumption, are full of joy and brilliancy. If Chopin's music is more consistent for a consumptive, it contains little that is really depressing. Beethoven, with all his bodily and mental suffering, allowed nothing morbid to creep into his music. There can be little doubt of the authenticity of Beethoven's remark, when, in his last illness, he was being tapped for the removal of dropsical fluid: "Better water from my belly" he exclaimed, "than water from my pen." Music, aside from its effect as a mere agent of pleasure-producing sensation, is the expression, the physiological exponent, of the desire for life and for the surmounting of its difficulties, and appeals by contrast with an inciting background of mental and bodily suffering or failure of attainment. As a means of maintaining mental and, hence, bodily sanity, as a means of amusement, a source of recreation and as a soothing balm to the irritations incident to the experiences of daily life, who can estimate its value?

If the hearing of music is, on the whole, conducive to health, the production of music may be even more so, since there is added to pleasurable æsthetic and emotional exercise the absorbing and mind-satisfying task of overcoming the technical difficulties which line the way to perfect production. That the exercise of the lungs in singing or playing upon wind instruments may be of

possible harm, has been abundantly disproven, while, as the author's studies show, those who exert most force in such exercise, players upon the trumpet and horn, seem to be the longer lived. About the performer upon the oboe there hangs a tradition of tendency to insanity. This rests on slender evidence, but its possibility furnishes food for interesting speculation as to whether the long sustained pressure in the lungs required for playing upon this beautiful instrument, or the fragile tone and often melancholy nature of its music, are the sources of mental aberration. On the other hand the oboe was for a long time an instrument of martial music, although war was not such a sad business in those days.

The musician deals with niceties of tone and of intonation. He is, unless of the very intellectual school, engaged in playing upon the emotions of his auditors and in doing so must feel his own music—must undergo physiological changes incident to those he would evoke in his sympathetic audience. "Ne'er from the heart you'll speak inspiring, unless your own heart be stirred," may be taken literally. Does the professional musician, by reason of his business, become hyperæsthetic and emotionally unstable? If so, he does not seem to be morbid or unhealthy in body. There is no record of sickness in John Sebastian Bach. Beethoven, despite his ailments, was remarkably robust. Wagner, always complaining, was seldom sick. Brahms was abundantly healthy, as was Verdi to a good old age. Spohr was "of sound health and Herculean frame." Liszt and Rubinstein were no invalids. Unhealthy and short-lived musicians have been the exception and not the rule.

In primitive times the *cure* of disease seemed of prime importance, and music (of a harsh and vigorous nature) was a universal remedy. In our age, science, by revealing the nature of disease, has discountenanced the tom-tom as a therapeutic agent, but, in pointing out the importance of prevention, it has elevated music to new importance, for, whether one whistles a tune to pass the time, sings a hymn to soothe the soul in time of trouble or enjoys the complicated and unanalyzable exercise of following the symphonic utterance of a healthy and heroic heart in its symbolic struggle with and triumph over the strokes of fate, somehow "the spirits about the heart take in that trembling and dancing air into the body, are moved together, and stirred up with it" for the better. Anything that makes life more livable is a health-giving agent. Can anything, not material, compare with music as such an agency?

As strikingly shown by the words of the thank-note which begins this article, music as medicine is, in the language of Burton, "a sovereign remedy against despair and melancholy, and will drive away the devil himself." While "divine music" will not heal a broken bone, check the invasion of bacteria, nor restore a diseased brain to its normal state, it serves under all circumstances to "calm and soothe the mind" and is "a precious agent that ought not to be neglected."

MUSIC AND HEALTH

By EVA AUGUSTA VESCELIUS¹

What is Music? This question occupied my mind for hours last night before I fell asleep. The very existence of music is wonderful. I might say miraculous. Its domain is between thought and phenomena. Like a twilight mediator it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both yet differing from each. It is spirit, but spirit subject to the measurement of time; it is matter, but matter that can dispense with space.—HEINE.

The effects produced by sound, or rather by the sonorous or musical fluid are far from being fleeting or transient. The fluid acts directly upon the nerves and in perfect harmony with the solids and liquids that pertain to the whole animal economy, often impregnating them to an incredible degree.—CHOMET.

WHEN the therapeutic value of music is understood and appreciated, it will be considered as necessary in the treatment of disease as air, water and food.

The employment of music in the treatment of disease is an ancient practice, dating back to the time when David took his harp and played before Saul.

Galen, the father of medical science, recommended the playing of the flute upon the suffering parts of the body, on the principle of a medical bath. Gallius prescribed to the flute players a soft and gentle strain for the cure of epilepsy and sciatic gout, claiming that relief was brought about by causing vibrations in the fibres of the afflicted part.

Asclepiades in 100 B. C. employed music for disorders of the ear, antedating by two thousand years the modern use of musical vibrations in the treatment of deafness.

Plato, Cicero, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Milton and Rousseau have given ample testimony to the power of music to cure many kinds of diseases; yet how meager the resources of the musical pharmacy in their day compared with those of our day.

For ten years Farinelli, the greatest of all singers, was engaged at the Spanish Court to sing to mad King Philip V. After observing the effect of his music on the patient, he selected the three numbers that were most beneficial in their influence, and

¹Miss Eva Vescelius, founder in 1903 and president of the "National Therapeutic Society in New York City," died on January 17, 1917 shortly after having completed the manuscript of this essay. Hence, it appears here without having been proof-read by the distinguished authoress.—Ed.

these he sang every evening during those ten years. These numbers were: "Pallido il sole", "Per questo dolce amplesso", by Hasse, and a minuet on which he improvised variations.

Coming down to the present day, Professor Terchanoff says: "Music may fairly be regarded as a serious therapeutic agent; it exercises a genuine and considerable influence on the functions of the body." W. J. Colville says: "The influence of personal musical healing results in electric magnetic polarizing—it is transmission of human life through human organism, a baptism of harmony."

Now, *why* does music heal? "The music cure is based on rhythmic, periodic, normal pulsations." It is a matter of vibration. What is vibration and what does it produce? Professor Robertson gives one of the simplest, clearest answers to this question. He says:

Suppose, by a wild stretch of imagination, some mechanism that will make a rod turn round one of its ends, quite slowly at first, then faster and faster till it will revolve any number of times in a second, which is of course perfectly imaginable. Let the whirling go on in a dark room and suppose a man there, knowing nothing of the rod. How will he be affected by it? So long as it turns but a few times a second he will not be affected by it at all, unless he is near enough to receive a blow on the skin. But as soon as it begins to spin from sixteen to twenty times a second, a deep growling note will break in upon him through his ear; and as the rate grows swifter the tone will go on becoming less and less grave and soon more and more acute, till it will reach a pitch of shrillness hardly to be borne when the speed has to be counted by tens of thousands. At length, about the stage of forty thousand revolutions a second, more or less, the stillness will pass into silence, silence will again reign as at first, nor any more be broken. The rod might now plunge on in mad fury for a very long time without making any difference to the man, but let it come to whirl some million times a second, and then through intervening space faint rays of heat will begin to steal toward him, setting up a feeling of warmth in his skin, which will again grow more and more intense as now from tens and hundreds of thousands of millions the rate of revolution is supposed to rise. Why not billions? The heat at first will be only so much greater. But lo! about the stage of four hundred billions there is more—a dim red light becomes visible in the gloom, and now, while the rate mounts up, the heat in its turn dies away till it vanishes as the sound vanished; but the red light will have passed for the eye into a yellow, a green, a blue, and last of all violet, and to the violet, the revolutions being now eight hundred billions a second, there will succeed darkness as in the beginning; this darkness, too, like the stillness, will never more be broken. Let the rod whirl on as it may, its doings cannot come within the ken of that man's senses.

Thus we perceive that sound, heat and color are produced by different rates of vibration, as are also matter and form. "Matter

is neither more nor less than modality of motion, a resultant of rhythmic vibrations whose rate of velocity is both invisible and incomputable. Thus vibration determines the condition in which matter becomes perceptible to sight or touch, whether it shall be solid, fluid, æriform, whether granite or gold, water or wine, gas or gossamer."

When Pythagoras declared that the octave formed a circle and "gave our noble globe its form", the world laughed and passed on, but Chladni, a scientist of the eighteenth century, demonstrated by his sand-figures that each tone formed its geometric figure. "My delight was great", he says, "when I saw a star form of twelve rays." Mrs. Watte Hughes' voice-pictures produced by the Eidophone which she invented are another evidence of the truth that there is no sound without form.

The *power* of vibration is vividly brought home to our imagination by Paganini's saying that he could fiddle a bridge down. He could hit upon the rate of vibration of that bridge and increase it till it tore the bridge to pieces. In the same way a glass tumbler can be shattered by a tone or rate of vibration corresponding to its keynote or rate of vibration. Every animate and inanimate object has its keynote. A violin at rest will respond to one that is being played when the right note is struck.

When one remembers that man's body is "a harp of a thousand strings", nay, ten thousand and more with its brain-cells and nerves, one can readily see how variously it will respond to musical vibrations and how powerfully they may act upon it; and by means of the sympathetic nervous system the stimulation of brain-cells and sensory nerves affects bodily functions.

Dr. S. J. Parke says:

The absolute and complete control that the sympathetic nervous system exercises over the physical organization is so perfectly clear and well-known that a recital of the phenomena in the vast and countless series of manifestations is unnecessary. Fear not only suspends the digestive function but arrests the formation of the secretions upon which digestion depends; a sudden fright frequently paralyzes the heart beyond recovery, whereas a pleasant and pleasing message soothes and gently excites the whole system, increases the secretions, aids digestion and sends a thrill of joy to the sensorium, which diffuses the glad tidings to every nerve fibril in the complex organization.

We are organized vibrations. The object of all cures is to change discordant vibrations to harmonious ones. Disease is unrhythmical, health is rhythmical, for rhythm is a fundamental law of the universe.

The music cure is based upon the law of harmonious rhythmic vibration. Its appeal is to the soul.

The London Lancet for November 3, 1888, has this paragraph about the music cure:

Music cannot be named along with many drugs in point of apparent accuracy of result. Its place is not in any ordinary catalogue or pharmacopœia; it belongs rather to that group of natural recreative forces which are acting in every healthy life and which operate against the morbid weakness of any part by increasing the vigor of the whole.

The late Dr. S. S. Wallian said:

It is neither illogical nor unscientific to assert and insist that musical therapeutics has a thoroughly scientific basis, that its sphere is practically unlimited and that its mission is of unmixed good to the human race, to suffering humanity in general and more especially to the large and perhaps increasing class known as the mentally unbalanced.

THE MUSICAL PHARMACOPŒIA

Nature overflows with the raw material of music, but human art organizes this into musical strains. Here, if ever, man is face to face, ear to ear, heart to heart, with God.—J. W. STIMSON.

See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of Nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it.—CARLYLE.

Music is the manifestation of the inner essential nature of all that is.

—BEETHOVEN.

*Thou canst not wave thy staff in air
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake
But leaves the bow of beauty there
And the ripples in rhythms the oar forsake.*

—EMERSON.

In *Materia Medica* remedies are classified under four heads: Tonic, Stimulant, Sedative, Narcotic. From our magnificent musical pharmacy we can select with ease our tonic, stimulant, sedative, spiritual remedies. To illustrate: Consider the tonic effect upon the nervous and hysterical of the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser," or Chopin's Prelude, op. 28, No. 1. What more stimulating than the march from "Tannhäuser" or one of Sousa's military marches? How joyous "Hark, hark, the lark", Liszt's Rhapsodie No. 2, or a Strauss waltz! For a sedative try Schubert's "Du bist die Ruh", the Berceuse from "Jocelyn" (cello solo), "The Swan" by Saint-Saëns and Beethoven's "Pastoral" symphony. For the spiritual, "On Wings of Song" or "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove" by Mendelssohn, Schubert's "Ave

Maria", some of the lovely hymns, reassuring and comforting—"I Need Thee Every Hour", "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth", "Come unto Me and I Will Give You Rest", "Give to the Winds Thy Fears" and some of the negro "spirituals."

The key in which a selection is written affects its pharmaceutical properties, yet there are conflicting opinions regarding the characteristics of the keys. Helmholtz says no difference in the character of the keys can be observed on the organ, for example, and Hauptmann asserts the same thing for singing voices unaccompanied by the organ. On the other hand, John Cummin says there is a decidedly different character in different keys on the pianoforte and string instruments:

Composers certainly seem to have had predilections for particular keys and to have cast movements in particular styles in special keys. There is a very common opinion that the tone and effect of different keys is characteristic.

Beethoven gave some affirmation to it when he said, "B minor is a black key, D major is always *maestoso*"; and, when asked to arrange two national songs written in four flats, he said, "that key seemed to him unnatural." He set the songs in a suitable key. C major and the adjacent D flat major have different effects not caused by difference in absolute pitch, for the D flat on one instrument may be as high as the C on the other and yet the C retains its brighter and stronger character and the D flat its soft and harmonious effect.

The Pythagorians considered that A flat and B flat possessed greater healing potency and that F was the keynote of nature. The great bells of China and Japan sound the F, also "Big Ben" sounds F of one hundred and seventy vibrations per second.

Silliman in his "Principles of Physic" says:

The aggregate sounds of Nature as heard in the rustling of trees in a great forest; the roar of a distant city or the dashing of the waves of the sea is a tone of appreciable pitch, the F.

Is it merely a coincidence that Wagner's "Forest Music" and the "Pastoral" music of Beethoven are written in the key of F major? Schumann said the major is active and masculine, the minor the passive and feminine in music. He maintained that A major suggested to him green fields and lambs playing; E major was suggestive of green foliage and gurgling rivulets, while F minor was to him one of the saddest of keys. He always associated it with death:

Play in C the "Berceuse" of Chopin, which is written in D flat; its beautiful poetic sonority would become crude and flat. Beethoven's "Funeral March", Sonata op. 26, written in A flat minor, loses much of its dolefulness when played in A minor.

Edmund Holmes argues against a theory of key color. He says:

"The Dead March in Saul" Händel wrote in the key of C, which is one of the brilliant keys. With the exception of D minor, every chord throughout the composition has a major third. "The Heavens are Telling", by Haydn, is written in the same key, though entirely opposite in character.

One critic says B flat is remarkable for its dullness, but Beethoven's Symphony in B flat is one of the most hilarious compositions ever written. Bombet says the key of B flat is least interesting of any, having no fire to render it majestic and grand—too dull for song—but "Rejoice Greatly" is in that key and "Adelaide" by Beethoven is written in B flat. The key of E is associated in one's mind with hunting songs; it is a good key for horns, yet "He was Despised" was written in that key, showing that the character of the work rests on the genius of the composer and not on the particular key in which he writes.

These conflicting opinions on the influence of keys only go to show that musicians, like physicians, disagree. We believe that almost every one who is musical has a favorite key in which he is most at home. Many singers have their songs transposed to satisfy this preference. Lavignac gives the following characteristics of keys:

F sharp major—rugged.	C sharp minor—brutal, sinister, somber.
B major —energetic.	F sharp minor —rough, aerial.
E major —radiant, warm, joyous.	B minor —savage or somber but vigorous.
A major —frank, sonorous.	E minor —sad, agitated.
D major —gay, brilliant, alert.	A minor —simple, sad, rustic.
G major —rural, frank.	D minor —melancholy.
C major —simple, naïve, or flat and commonplace.	C minor —gloomy, dramatic, violent.
F major —pastoral, rustic.	F minor —morose or energetic.
B flat major —noble, elegant, graceful.	B minor —funereal or mysterious.
E flat major —sonorous, vigorous.	E flat minor —profoundly sad.
A flat major —gentle, caressing.	A flat minor —doleful, anxious.
D flat major —charming, suave.	
G flat major —gentle and calm.	
G sharp minor—very somber.	

Compare the above with Grétry's summary of Key characteristics:

C major	—noble and frank.	A major	—very brilliant.
D major	—brilliant.	B major	—brilliant and gay.
E major	—sparkling.	F minor	—most pathetic of all.
F major	—mixed.	G minor	—most pathetic except F minor.
C minor	—pathetic.	A minor	—simplest; least grand of all.
D minor	—melancholy.	B flat minor	—grand, less so than C major.
E flat minor	—grand and pathetic.	B minor	—adapted to express simplicity and artlessness.
E minor	—sad; first minor scale in nature.		
G major	—warlike, not as grand as C.		
F sharp major	—hard and sharp.		

To me Haydn's music, for instance, gives these mental impressions of different keys:

F major—This key is rich, sober, mild, contemplative.

D minor, its relative—Possesses the same qualities but of heavier and darker cast. More doleful, more solemn and grand.

C major—Bold, vigorous and commanding, suited to the expression of war and enterprise.

A minor—Plaintive, but not feeble.

G major—Gay and sprightly. Being the medium key, it is adapted to the greatest range of subjects.

E minor—Persuasive, soft and tender.

D major—Ample, grand and noble, having more fire than C. In choral music it is the highest key, the treble having its cadence note on the fourth line.

B major—Bewailing, but in too high a tone to excite commiseration.

A major—Golden, warm, sunny.

F sharp minor—Mournful, grand.

E major—Bright and pellucid, adapted to brilliant subjects. In this key Haydn has written his most elegant thoughts. Haydn mistook its properties when he used it in the chorus "The many rend the skies with loud applause." Though higher than D,

it is less loud and it stretches the voice beyond its natural powers.

B flat major—The least interesting of all. It has not sufficient fire to render it majestic or grand and it is too dull for song.

G minor—Weak and pensive, replete with melancholy.

E flat major—Full and mellow, soft and beautiful. It is a key in which all musicians delight; though less decided in its character than some others, the regularity of its beauty renders it a universal favorite.

C minor—Complaining, having something of the whining cant of B minor.

A flat major—The most lovely of the tribe—unassuming, gentle and soft, delicate and tender; having more of the pertness of A in sharps. Every composer has been sensible of the charm of this key and has reserved it for expression of his most refined sentiments.

F minor—Religious, penitential and gloomy.

D flat—Awfully dark. In this key Haydn and Beethoven have written their sublimest thoughts. They never enter into it but for tragic purposes.

To account for such effects on different individuals is difficult, but every musician is sensible of their existence.

"If each key has a special character the same may be said of every instrument", says Chomet. For example, the bassoon is mournful and should be employed in expressing sorrow and pathos. The clarinet is suitable for the expression of grief. The oboe suggests reverie by its rural tones. The flute is sweet and tender, and is adapted to express sweet and tender love. The trombone is deep and harrowing. The trumpet excites to frenzy and martial ardor. The violin seems suited to express all the sentiments common to humanity. But the viola ought to be reserved for songs of a tender melancholy.

HOW TO GIVE MUSICAL TREATMENTS

It is not art which makes thee excel, but a divine power which moves thee.

—PLATO

Be the tuned harp whose chords vibrate with the music of the Eternal.

—TAGORE in *Sadhana*

The effect of good music is not caused by its novelty; on the contrary, it strikes us more the more we are familiar with it.—GOETHE

*Sing as the spirit moves you;
If some simple strain,
Remember, the little heart-song
Touches when all else is vain.*

Two things are always necessary to success in musical healing, says W. J. Collville—appropriateness of performer and appropriateness of musical selections. The former is sometimes of even more importance than the latter, because when highly sensitive we invariably enjoy all that is done by some one we love and admire, and we shrink instinctively from all that emanates from one whose personality is out of tune with our necessities. Sympathy, personal and musical, is undoubtedly of great importance in musical healing. Intuitively one should know when there is a lack of sympathy, and in such a case it is best that the musician withdraw to another room, leaving the patient freed from all self-consciousness, relaxed and receptive to the impersonal musical sound-waves.

For any marked success there must be perfect harmony between transmitter and receiver, as the wireless sends a message intended for a certain ship, but unless the receiver is tuned to the pitch of the transmitter, some other receiver that is so attuned catches its import.

Discrimination in the choice of music is essential; in ill-health one does not enjoy a musical banquet but a musical specific. King Ludwig of Bavaria, the devoted friend of Richard Wagner, expressed a preference when in a melancholy mood for the "Dream Song" from *Massaniello* and Stradella's "Prayer."

Rhythm, harmony, repetition and pause are the important factors in musical treatment. Select the music for its harmonizing value alone. Close with an appeal that will awaken the soul to a conscious unity with the Divine Source.

Select for your tonic a beautiful rhythmic composition. Do not play it all, if there are several movements demanding change of key and tempo. Quiet fear and apprehension by changing the thought and arresting the attention, and leave a pleasing musical impression to be sung silently in the heart over and over again long after the music has ceased.

For fever, high pulse, hysteria, arrest the attention. Play softly and rhythmically to bring the pulse and respiration to normal. Tests with instruments prove that music will do this. Do not change too abruptly from one key to another; modulate and pause and let the musical impression be absorbed. Select songs that depict green fields and pastures new, the cool running brook, the flight of birds, the blue sky, the sea.

Deafness is helped by long, free, open tones. Syncopation and jerky music should be used sparingly.

Fear is dissipated by music awakening in the listener the consciousness of the all-enveloping Good. A high nervous tension is relieved and nerves are relaxed under the spell of a composition that swings the body into normal rhythmic movement. Sluggish conditions of body and mind are eliminated by the rhythmic waltz, polka or mazurka—music affecting the motor system. Insomnia is cured by the slumber-song, nocturne, or the spiritual song that assures one of Divine protection. A baby listens to a lullaby for the first time with wide open eyes. As the song grows familiar, he yields to the rhythm repeated over and over again.

Adults when ill are like children. An editor of one of the leading newspapers of Chicago was troubled with insomnia; many a night his wife would go to the piano in the wee sma' hours and play and sing "All is still in quiet West", with the invariable result that he would fall asleep to awake refreshed and rested.

One who is not especially fond of music is often benefited by it during sleep. The musical sound-waves are felt subconsciously as a "bath and medicine", affecting the entire organization.

Music has a great advantage over anodynes, as it generally produces a natural sleep from which the patient awakens refreshed. At a hospital where the twilight musicale was tested for three months the result proved very satisfactory. The record showed a great falling off of opiates administered during those months compared with the same period of time before and after, when there was no music. Nocturnes, lullabies and spiritual songs made up the program. The music was rendered outside of the wards.

Two or three personal experiences might be of interest.

One of the first to come to me for treatment had been a sufferer for five months with chills and fever. She called one Sunday afternoon in a high state of fever. After making her comfortable on the couch and remaining with her a few minutes, I went into the music room, where there were several musicians. All became interested in the case and in sympathy with the proposed treatment. The first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" was played, followed by the songs "Evening Star" and "Pilgrims' Chorus" from "Tannhäuser" and "There Is a Land Mine Eye Hath Seen", by M. Crowninshield. After the last number I found the patient in a deep sleep that lasted several hours. When she awoke she was free from fever. At the end of a week I again saw her. She was perfectly well. I was astonished, for I hardly expected a complete cure. After three months I met her and learned she had never had a recurrence of her malady. She was very fond of music and had been completely harmonized by the dual treatment.

About the same time another friend came under my care. Almost a mental wreck from worry over financial losses, he slept but little and his dreams were so distressing that he feared for his sanity. He professed a dislike for music. When we ventured to try it in connection with metaphysical treatment we found that simple, rhythmical melody and harmony produced beneficial results. We played and sang music of such character every evening, continuing half an hour after he had fallen asleep. At the end of a few weeks he was enjoying normal health.

Another, recovering from a severe illness, was, when in normal health, a lover of the best music. During his illness, when delirious, we could generally arrest his attention and quiet him with music. When his health was restored we asked him what had made the deepest musical impression upon him. He mentioned a negro lullaby and not a Schubert serenade, as we had expected he would, showing that the rhythmical, crooning little song

suggestive of mammy and her baby had appealed to him in his helplessness, when like a tired child he, too, longed for the comforting motherly arms to enfold him and rock him to sleep.

MUSICAL TREATMENT IN HOSPITALS

*I saw the mountains stand
Silent, wonderful and grand,
Looking out across the land
When the golden light was falling
On distant dome and spire;
And I heard a low voice calling:
Come up higher, come up higher,
From the lowland and the mire,
From the mist of low desire,
From the main pursuit of self,
From the attitude of self
Come up higher, come up higher!*

—JAMES G. CLARK

*If any little word of mine can make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine can make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word, and take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale to set the echoes ringing.*

The late Dr. Egbert Guernsey said, in an editorial in the *Medical Times*:

If every hospital or asylum included in its medical staff a musical director, and if every physician and trained nurse understood the nature of the action of music, there is no telling the good that might be accomplished, the lives brightened and the tangled brains restored to harmony.

We hope to see the time when the equipment of a hospital, asylum or prison will not be complete without a department for music under the direction of a competent musical supervisor, and appropriations for music considered as necessary in the municipal outlay as for any other civic department. We shall then hear no more worn-out, untuned instruments in our institutions. They will be as carefully cared for as are the instruments of the surgical department. Buildings will be erected with the organ placed in the main building, instead of in a chapel where few can hear it, and the soft, soothing, impersonal influence of melody and harmony will ascend like incense, pervading the atmosphere, harmonizing and tranquillizing patients and attendants alike.

When musicians will prepare themselves spiritually and musically for this department of musical science, the days of the haphazard misuse of this divine healing power will have passed

and Musico-Therapy will no longer beg for recognition, but will take its place—an acknowledged and important factor in the healing art.

Why should not the music-study clubs all over the country enlarge their scope and do more practical, local work; take an interest in the music in the public schools; arrange for days when members can visit the hospitals and asylums and use their gifts for the benefit of those who so much need the help, comfort and inspiration which music can give? Says Albert Visetti, in the *London Musical Times*:

Let us use whatever power is in our hands for the further research in the cause of music as a means of cure, in the hope that our medical profession will see their way to give some thought to the question; and who can say what the future may bring forth? Is it not possible that one day music shall be known as the great healer, in addition to the many uses of a new and progressive art?

*Perhaps you are a singer who has built a tender song,
To thrill some fellow mortal with its accents sweet and strong.
The way is long and dreary and the music spells are few,
Some one is waiting even now to hear that song from you.
Go sing that song, raise up some head that sorrow seeks to bow,
And wait not till the lines grow cold, but sing it, sing it now.*

To oblige musicians who are invited to visit hospitals only on Sunday to confine themselves to hymns, when music of a different character would prove more beneficial, is a thing to be regretted. All good music based upon the beautiful and true is sacred. In fact, there is no sacred music; what is called so is sacred by association. "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" is sung in India as an invocation of Allah, beginning with "God Almighty, hear our prayer", and one of the world's most famous songs, "We won't go home till Morning", was a favorite of the Crusaders.

If the musicians are requested to render hymns exclusively, let them be carefully selected; let the words express hope and cheer and thanksgiving. If music is remedial, why not prescribe the right kind and not deepen a melancholy mood by a dose of doleful music? No ward appeals to my sympathies more than the so-called "incurable" ward—what hopelessness is expressed in the very name!

I have vivid recollections of a visit to such a ward. The curtains were drawn around one of the beds and we were told its occupant was dying. On other beds patients were lying, too ill to do more than smile a welcome. Here they must lie month after

month, tenderly cared for by the nurses, waiting while one by one their fellow-sufferers drop away. With me were three fine musicians. We began with a violoncello solo very softly played—the Berceuse from “Jocelyn”; Schubert’s “Ave Maria” and “Consider the Lilies” followed. A look of real interest and real pleasure came over the faces of the patients. The doorway filled with nurses and convalescents as we continued to give of our best. Never did we have a more grateful or appreciative audience. The mental and physical atmosphere of the room was charged with harmony, in which fear and apprehension dissolved away for the time. Such a visit as ours was a rare thing, we were told. Think of it! How easy to have one every day! As we left the room, Du Maurier’s beautiful “Ode to Music” came to mind:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,
Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh;
Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player
And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,
Words that weary and perplex, and pander and conceal;
Make the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling.
The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,
Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth;
That I may steep my soul therein, and caring nought nor fearing,
Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

MUSIC AS POISON

Life is a poem! Love, religion and music its sweetest stanzas. In our hands are the strings which hold the harmonies; shall we fill the air with wailing, or make an undersong so sweet that all will listen?

*There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims,
Such harmony is in immortal Souls,
But whil'st this moldy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.*

—SHAKESPEARE

“The power of suggestion is such that a physician who tells his patient that he will never get well is actually giving him a mild dose of poison; in fact, the dose may not be so very mild, either.

It may be sufficiently strong to produce a slow and gradual death, and in many instances it does."

There are no incurable diseases. Who can tell what a day may bring forth, especially in these days of extraordinary discoveries? Where one system fails another succeeds. No physician, then, can truthfully pronounce any case incurable, and as just stated, he becomes instrumental in shortening the life of his patient every time he makes the cruel statement.

The suggestions conveyed to the subconscious mind through music are far more potent than those conveyed through the spoken word. The fear of death is usually present in illness; why strengthen this fear by a song or a musical selection of the kind often heard in our hospital wards which nearly sends the sick one across the border-land? The more beautifully rendered, the deeper the impression. Do not sing "Darby and Joan" or "The Land of the Leal", for example, to one ill and depressed, introspective and fearful, full of thoughts of "The Friends over There." Such a song sung in the presence of a woman about to be operated upon, depressed and doubtful as to the outcome, might have a fatal effect. In other words, do not play his funeral march until your patient is out of hearing for all time, and not then, as by its suggestive influence he may be hindered in his flight to brighter realms. The funeral march has no place in the progressive thought of to-day, which is "from life through life to life."

Before I became interested in the broader uses for music, my sisters and myself when on concert-tour as singers were frequently invited to visit State institutions and sing for the inmates. Our songs were generally in keeping with our sympathies and selected without much consideration as to their appropriateness. They were of the sorrowing, parting kind, such as singers generally think should be sung in a hospital ward. When our audience was reduced to tears we felt that we had made an impression, and we no doubt had, but let us hope not a lasting one.

Contact with inexperienced musicians has impressed it upon my mind that one must specialize in Musico-Therapy, or be guided by one who has made it a study and can supervise the repertoire, if one is to be successful in the musical treatment of disease. The musician without a knowledge of the psycho-physiological action of music might not select his music to fit the needs of his patient. With the best of intentions he might select music full of pathos and beauty that would unduly excite the emotions, awaken sad memories and strengthen the fear of death. "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night" sung in a military hospital had such

a depressing effect on the sick and wounded soldiers that the work of the nurses was made more difficult instead of being lightened. Such music under such circumstances is pernicious, but continues to be allowed because at present music is not considered a potent factor for good or evil, but merely a means of entertainment.

Not only the choice of selections, but their execution often leaves much to be desired. Some years ago, when I became interested in the study of music in its relation to health, wishing to observe musical conditions in institutions, I joined a group of singers who made weekly visits on Sundays to some of the New York hospitals. We met in the reception room a few minutes before visiting the wards. Hymns were hastily selected that were familiar to the majority present, without any consideration as to their appropriateness; no time was taken for practice.

Never shall I forget my impressions of that first visit. There were twelve in the company as we entered the first ward; we stationed ourselves near a bed (too near) where lay an old gentleman who received us with a welcoming smile. He evidently was anticipating a musical treat.

I stood next to a gentleman who persisted in singing on one tone. The discords increased with the hymns sung until, at the close of "Over the River They are Beckoning to Me" the old gentleman, unable to endure more, threw up his hands and wept, while the patients in adjacent beds covered their heads.

As we left the ward and walked through the corridor to the next one, to perpetrate the same crime against music and health, I asked the gentleman of the monotone voice what he sang. He proudly admitted that his voice was a baritone. He added that he thoroughly enjoyed these Sunday afternoon visits, as he felt he was "doing good."

Alas! Is it surprising that physicians and attendants are not much in favor of such services, yet are helpless to prevent them, owing to a lack of supervision of music in the hospitals?

Poorly chosen music may have a bad effect upon those who are not ill. A concert with a program of miscellaneous selections, appealing to a wide range of emotions, may become a musical debauch from which the sympathetic listener recovers after an unnecessary expenditure of emotion. I have in mind a gentleman who suffered from a weak heart. He lived in New York and for years attended the finest concerts. He would be exhilarated by one number, depressed by another and emotionally submerged by a third, leaving the concert-room more fatigued than refreshed. He needed a musical specific rather than a banquet. A young lady

of my acquaintance, on the verge of nervous prostration, attended the opera "Tristan and Isolde." The following day she was in a state of collapse and not until after months of rest did she regain her health.

The tired man or woman is a harp out of tune, with some of the strings too relaxed and others too taut. For such an one to "go and hear some music", a concert or the opera, often adds to his discomfort. "Any music" is not always best for those who are ill—better a few chords, a charming song, a Bach fugue or a Beethoven sonata than to sit for three hours exhausting oneself emotionally, sympathising with an unfortunate Marguerite. In such a case the law of *similia similibus curantur* obtains, for our troubles are overshadowed by a greater. "No two impressions of unequal power can be felt at the same time, but the lesser must yield to the action of the greater."

The new school of music will, let us hope, include in its curriculum the study of rhythm, tone and color, and their influence on the human organization. Programs will be selected with more care as to harmonious proportions. Legato and Largo will not be too abruptly followed by Scherzo and Allegro, or syncopated music or "ragtime" be allowed so frequently to disturb the equilibrium with its jerky, unrhythmical movement.

Music can poison the moral constitution as well as the physical. It has power not only to soothe the savage breast but to awaken the savage in the breast. After his defeat in Russia Napoleon declared it was caused by the Russian winter and the Russian army music. He said that the weird and barbaric tunes of those "beastly Cossack regiments" simply infuriated the half-starved Muscovites and they wiped out the best regiments of the French army.

When the compositions of a Futurist musician were first heard in Berlin the whole audience was enraged. A well-known critic after attending this concert wrote: "I was miserable all the afternoon, my nerves fretted and on edge; there was no antidote for the poison but sleep. If such music-making is to become accepted, then I long for Death, the Releaser." At Vienna, when the same music was played, the audience broke loose. Blows were exchanged and fighting became general; the police were summoned and the performers packed up their instruments and left the hall. It reminds me of an old Scotch woman who, when told that a certain anthem she disliked was written by King David, said "Noo I ken why it was that Saul threw his spear at the lad who was playin' till him."

MUSIC AS MENTAL MEDICINE.

*Music the fiercest grief can charm
And fate's severest rage disarm,
Music can soften pain to ease
And make despair and madness please.*

—POPE

*When griping grief the heart doth wound
And doleful dumps the mind oppress
Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

It is only in comparatively recent years that music has been employed to any appreciable extent in the treatment of the insane; but the ball and chain, the dark cell, the isolation and restraint are gradually being replaced by the sleeping pavilion, open-air exercises, work in the fields, dancing and amusements.

We find that the management of some asylums are not yet alive to the importance of music as a helpful adjunct, while others are enthusiastic in their acknowledgment of its beneficent and curative power.

Dr. John B. Chapin, one of the most eminent authorities in America on the subject of insanity, said:

I do not think that a claim that any form of music could cure insanity could be substantiated, but I do believe that there are certain forms of musical expression that exert greater influence for good over insane patients than others. The slow, rhythmic, musical measures have a more soothing effect on them than quick, sharp, jerky ones. Music is always beneficial to the insane. It helps to throw off an excess of motor excitement, and we believe in giving the patient all the musical entertainment possible.

Dr. Dejerin, of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris, in his experiments on his patients found that "the stately minuet was the melodic key to the greatest benefits that music could bestow upon lunatics."

Some years ago the Superintendent of the Middletown, Conn., asylum organized an orchestra in that institution which provided music for the patients during mealtime. He said:

The effect of the orchestral music on the thirteen hundred patients assembled in the congregate dining-room, afflicted with every grade of mental derangement, is satisfactory in the highest degree. Under its influence these patients are quiet, self-controlled and observe as complete decorum as could be found in the dining-room of any large hotel, and I believe the influence to be not only pleasing, but of lasting benefit.

While the scheme is to a degree experimental, the results thus far are so gratifying that we should be extremely loth to discontinue it.

After ten years the Superintendent thus reaffirmed his opinion as to the therapeutic influence of music on the insane:

We have continued to maintain an orchestra in our congregate dining-room, where fourteen hundred insane patients take their meals, ever since its organization ten years ago, and have never seen the time when we deemed it possible to dispense with it. Of course, it is very difficult to estimate the precise amount of value music has for the insane; nevertheless, we have no doubt whatever that it has a distinct and exalted therapeutical influence. Time and experience have only served to confirm the attitude I assumed in the matter ten years ago. We are able to bring fourteen hundred insane people, of both sexes, together for their meals and keep them quiet, amiable, cheerful and orderly during the meal hour with the aid of high-class orchestral music. I am, therefore, ready to reaffirm the opinion expressed ten years ago as to the salutary influence of music on the insane.

Dr. Henry E. Eyman, Superintendent of the Massillon State Hospital, Ohio, says:

Many otherwise disturbed and noisy patients are quieted by the use of music. Some melancholy patients find great pleasure in playing the piano, and a stride toward recovery is thus inaugurated. As a therapeutic agent I regard it as of great value. We also find that music in the dining-room has a very soothing effect upon the patients, and by its use we can avoid the rush and hustle and hurry, which remind one of a cheap restaurant. The patient eats more leisurely, the waiters unconsciously fall into the time of the music; in fact, I am not sure that music in an institution of this kind does not take precedence over drugs.

If not selected with care, music unduly excites the mentally unbalanced—perhaps the class most susceptible to its influence—while on the other hand there is nothing that exercises a more beneficial influence upon some forms of insanity than music intelligently selected and employed to suit the temperament and taste of the patient.

In most of the hospitals for the insane, music is used for recreation and amusement, but the music-room, equipped with various musical instruments, will some day be set apart for daily specific musical treatment of classified patients.

Henry Phipps' munificent gift of \$500,000 for the most advanced scientific treatment of insanity and mental disorders has made possible the equipment of a musical department in the Phipps Psychiatric Clinic of the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore. "Music is being tested as a cure for insanity in its various phases with encouraging results. It is found that it lessens the fury of the

most violent and in many ways is proving one of the most valuable methods in use at the clinic."

The following poem appeared in the *Boston Herald*, written by an insane patient during a lucid period after hearing a concert of classical music:

Ye of the strange and visioned world,
That glimpse the heights or view the deep abyss
On that weird screen to other eyes unfurled,
Is there some glint of verity in this,
That ye, whom they declare unfortunate—
Deluded with a shadow of a dream,
May not scan closer on the scroll of Fate,
And know as truth the things that "only seem"?

Your indecipherable souls, remote
From earthly cares, soar in the infinite;
Ye are not cramped by human rule and rote,
Witless, indeed! 'Tis they who want of wit!
Your eyes see none of earth's inharmony,
Melodious strains rejoice your raptured ears;
So are ye wrapped about by Deity,
And catch the heavenly music of the spheres.

MUSIC AS A TONIC FOR THE INTELLECT, WILL AND MORAL NATURE.

Musical training is a more potent instrument than any other, because rhythm and harmony find their way into the secret places of the Soul, on which they mightily fasten, imparting grace and making the Soul graceful of him who is rightly educated.—PLATO.

I think sometimes, could I only have music on my own terms, could I live in a great city and know where I could go whenever I wished the ablution and inundation of musical waves, that were a bath and a medicine.—EMERSON.

"In some of the most unpromising districts of rural England it has been found that class-training in sight-reading of music has done much for the general quickening of brain activity among children apparently inaccessible to all other forms of intellectual stimulus. It is distinctly a form of brain training, and, in the case of the slowest boys, it is found to be the one influence to which a response is never withheld.

"What constitutes backwardness in children is not lack of knowledge at a certain age so much as incapacity to attack the slightest problem. This state of mind is far from uncommon among boys of fourteen, and is exactly what a course of musical training is likely to prevent, uniting, as it does, training of sense

perception and of reasoning powers with an appeal to the natural emotions."

This is the children's world—it is to them that we must look to carry on and make practical our ideals. Let us who are moving on to other planes give place to these coming men and women who are to shape the destinies of nations. Let us give them every opportunity for development. Call out their latent powers. Study their temperaments and tendencies without wasting too much time filling their minds with useless knowledge to be cast aside and forgotten with the years.

Do we not like to see children trained at an early age to speak gently and walk rhythmically and gracefully? A high-pitched, loud voice is a torture and a nerve destroyer to those who have sensitive ears and are obliged to hear it continually. Arnold Bennett does not seem to have exaggerated the importance of noise when he says that ninety per cent. of the friction of the world is caused by tone (of voice?). There never can be an awkward age for the child who has been taught to dance. Rhythm and again rhythm is what a child's nature basks in—the great corrector of nervous diseases and irregular emotions.

Mathematics is popularly and universally believed to be the fundamental factor in the training of the mind. "Mathematics is a spiritual science; music is its rhythmic expression." Teach a child music and mathematics will cease to have any terrors, for the science of music is based upon numbers. The study of music teaches a child that two and two make four just as accurately and far more enjoyably than if it were having the fact impressed upon its mind in a less attractive way. By learning the folk-songs and folk-dances, children are storing in memory for later years a never-failing solace and pleasure.

Enoch Parsons, Director of Music on the Board of Education in Philadelphia, says:

To-day the aim and end of education is the development of mind-power, the ability to think rightly, clearly and quickly. . . . The fact that music is universally included in the curricula of the public schools is conclusive evidence that the State regards it not as a superficial accomplishment, but as fundamental in the evolution of superlative citizenship.

After stating what is done in the line of musical training in the schools of Philadelphia, and adding that what is true of that city is equally true of the other large cities of the country and relatively true of almost every town or village with a high school of at least one hundred pupils, he says:

Through their assembly singing, their chorus work, their sight-reading, the talking machine, the pupils of the public schools to-day are actually living in an atmosphere of music unparalleled and unprecedented in all the world and at a cost so small as to be almost unappreciable.

Again, music is a tonic for the will. The music rhythm and action rhythm have gone together since the beginning of labor. First come forms like the "zo-ho" of the Siamese, the "hu-hu" of the Chinese, the "ona ao" of the Japanese, the "hai na e" of the Maori. They grow more definite in the "heave ho" of the British boatmen. Gradually there come versified songs adapted to all phases of industry. There is no collective activity anywhere that has not been deemed worthy of melodic accompaniment, and all forms of toil have been set to music. The Maoris have a song for every form of labor.

Burton, in his description of the East Africas, tells us that the fisherman over his paddles, the porter carrying his load, the housewife grinding—all accompany their work with song. Even to-day the Arabs draw water for their cattle to the tune of a song which is heard at all the wells in the deserts of Syria and Mesopotamia.

*Some one said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one
Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin
On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it!*

One of the regulations of the United States Navy relating to bands is, "The band shall play while coaling ships." The commanding officer has no discretion in the matter—there are the orders—and so on the occasion of the most monotonous and cordially hated job in a sailor's life the band plays lively music and plenty of it until the bunkers are filled, because it has been found by careful experiment that about thirty per cent. more coal is put in with music than without.

Jacques Vernes, a prominent French financier, has started a movement to increase the efficiency of workers by inducing them to sing while at work:

What is chiefly needed in the industrial pursuits is a knowledge of rhythmical movement. As rhythm is the basis of music, I have decided to introduce music in all the industrial enterprises with which I am connected. I have tried it in the Pyrenees, where we have built

roads and bridges. The result is simply amazing. I do not mean rag-time music or tango dancing. I want to revive the times when every workman sang at his bench.

General Linevitch, at one time commander-in-chief of the Russian army, said:

Music is one of the most vital ammunitions of the Russian army; without music the Russian soldier would be dull, cowardly, brutal and inefficient. From music he absorbs a magic power of endurance and forgets the suffering of mortality. It is a divine dynamite.

Music enters deeply into the training and life of the Russian, German and Scotch soldier. Facing the enemy with a song full of love for the fatherland on his lips, he loses all sense of fatigue and fear.

Music is a great force in the moral and religious life of men. Was it not Plato who said:

Music is a moral law. It gives a soul to the Universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gaiety and life to everything. It is the essence of order and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful, of which it is the invisible but nevertheless dazzling, passionate and eternal form.

Coming down to our own day, Henry Ward Beecher has left this testimony regarding the inspiring influence of music:

How many times have I come into church on Sunday morning jaded and somewhat desponding—saddened, at any rate—and before the organ voluntary was completed, undergone a change as great as though I had been taken out of January and plumped down in the middle of May, with Spring blossoms on every hand.

The history of the Reformation is the history of the power of music to change the religious life of a country. "Luther's psalms and hymns give wings to his teaching." So popular were his songs that a Romanist declared "the whole people is singing itself into the Lutheran doctrine." Luther said:

The words of hymns should have a swing and a good strong metre so that the congregation might catch up to the tune to join in it. Let us take the common songs of our people, as they sing them at harvests, at village festivals, at weddings and at funerals, for use in our churches. Man can as well praise God in one tune as another, and it is a pity that such fine songs as these should be kept any longer from the service of their Maker.

Religious reformers since his time have followed his advice. Dwight L. Moody made a greater appeal to the souls of men by

having as his assistant Mr. Sankey to clinch his arguments with song. And to quote Napoleon:

Of all the liberal arts, music has the greatest influence on the passions, and is that to which the legislator ought to give the greatest encouragement. The city, making a generous appropriation for its department of music and appreciating the importance of music in its public parks and recreation centers, is lessening the expense of maintaining its jails, for music can be used as a remedy against vice and much that is inimical to good order.

Within the jails, where repression and suppression are the rule, hearing good music, studying it and taking part in it would relieve nervous tension, stimulate attention, awaken dormant mental activities and arouse the moral nature. In 1912 the Superintendent of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta wrote me:

We have been using music during the services and entertainments in this penitentiary for several years. Until a few months ago our orchestra consisted of only a few pieces and it lacked thorough organization and efficient practice. About six months ago the Attorney General authorized the employment of a musical director as an officer of the penitentiary, and since that time our orchestra has grown to a membership of twenty-seven, is thoroughly organized and has been given efficient and effective instruction and practice, until it is now considered a very good musical organization. Our orchestra now not only furnishes the music for all of our services and entertainments, but we have instituted concerts which have become very popular not only with the prisoners but with the people of Atlanta. There can be no question but that its influence is tremendous and always for good. So convinced am I of this that I have had a portion of our orchestra furnish music to the prisoners in the dining-room during the dinner hour, and they seem to appreciate this very much. I believe that I am not saying too much when I say that it is perhaps one of the best methods of obtaining good conduct on the part of the prisoners that have been established in this institution.

Human discord is out of rhythm. Hate, malice, revenge, are diseased conditions of the mind, and who behind the bars is not suffering from a sense of injustice, remorse or silent rage at being caught and caged? In a list of 6,114 cases which belonged to the submerged class in England, the majority of whom had been in prison, only six were recorded as musicians. After this report, which was given before the Reformatory and Refuge Union at Manchester, England, the following comment was added:

It did not seem reasonable to surmise that musicians were more indisposed than other people to dishonesty or crime, but it was possible

that music did soften the breast and that an absence of theft and serious offense was the consequence.

I would beg for a twilight music hour in prisons. After the activities of the day, when the inmates return to their cells for the night, then come the hours most dreaded, when the soul is left to face past misdeeds and disturbing mental pictures. Then it is that music would prove a cure for these souls in torment, by withdrawing their thoughts from unwholesome introspection and self-analysis and leading them to green pastures and beside the still waters where souls are restored and harmonized by the Master Musician of us all.

Enrico Caruso once sang in the penitentiary at Atlanta, responding to a petition signed by the inmates. In their monthly paper, *Good Words*, the following tribute, written by Linton K. Starr, was paid him:

We sit in our rows of sodden gray
Up there in the great blank hall;
Through the window-bars the great blue day
And the golden sunshine call,
Call us, as Christ called Lazarus, dead,
To rise and come forth from his grave.
But Christ cares not to free us, we said,
To give back the life God gave.
Better the dead than the living dead,
Whom the world shuts out and the bars shut in,
Man-made scapegoats of all men's sin!

Then, in the hush of the great blank hall,
God wrought a wondrous miracle,
For a voice, like a glorious trumpet-call,
Arose as a soul from the deeps of hell,
And our souls rose with it on wondrous wings,
Rose from their prison of iron and clay,
Forgot the grime and the shame of things!
We were men once again in a sunlit day,
Sin and grief and punishment—all
Were lost in that human trumpet-call.

Not bars or banishment can abate
The strong swift wings of the deathless soul
Soaring aloft over grief and fate
As the tones of the master of music roll
Through the gloom and doom of the prison-pen,
Distilling the fragrance of flowering song
Into hearts that remember youth again
And innocent loves that know no wrong.
How then, if such be music's spell,
Shall we doubt that Christ still conquers hell?

MUSIC, BALM FOR SORE HEARTS AND WEARY SOULS.

The songs of musicians are able to change the feelings and conditions of a state.—CICERO.

In teaching others songs of gladness, we open fountains of melody in our own hearts. In guiding others to the light, our twilight is dispelled.

That music is the universal language of mankind is proven by the fact that persons of all nationalities understand it and are affected by it equally and in the like manner.—DR. J. WILKES BERNHART.

GOD SAVE THE PEOPLE!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
Not kings and lords, but nations!
Not crowns and thorns, but men!
Flowers of Thy heart, O God, are they;
Let them not pass like weeds away,
Their heritage a useless day!
God! Save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people!
Not crowns and thorns, but men!
God save the people! Thine they are,
Thy children as the angels fair;
Save them from bondage and despair!
God! Save the people!

—EBENEZER ELLIOTT (1781-1849).

Can there be any higher mission for music than to minister to a mind diseased—to brighten the lives of those who toil early and late for a mere existence, while their souls and bodies famish for the divine, the beautiful and harmonious?

After the present Great War is ended, a flood of humanity will doubtless pour in upon our shores—men and women fresh from scenes of horror, broken in fortune, broken in body, heartsick and homesick for the fatherland left behind. They cannot understand our language or our American ideals at first, but music is a universal language, a harmonizer, comforter, educator. Cannot we musicians devise some way of helping these, our brothers and sisters? Can we not see that places are provided where nightly they may hear good music, listen to their own folk-songs, join in singing them and be taught our community songs, which will teach them a love for the country of their adoption more quickly than can anything else?

A good illustration of the need for the coöperation of musicians for the development of a nation-wide love and appreciation of music in America is given in the following allegory by Rev. Herbert Bigelow:

In a curious kingdom, far away, the king had no palace—an earthquake had destroyed what had been a most beautiful palace. But, legend said, this palace had been built by the power of music, and by the power of music could it be restored. And so it became the great ambition of the musicians of the kingdom to learn how to play well enough to conjure the palace back.

But the trouble was that each musician wanted for himself the credit of restoring the palace to the kingdom. They would steal out early in the morning, each one thinking to get out ahead of the others to the place where the palace had been, to play on his lyre or fife and try to bring the palace back.

Many tried, but every one failed, until at last two boys, not thinking themselves great musicians, made a remarkable discovery. They found that, while they were indifferent players themselves, it was possible for each of them to play the same tune and not strike the same notes, but by so doing make more beautiful music than either could by playing alone.

They went to the master musician of the kingdom and told him about it. He paid no attention to them. Nevertheless, they were not to be discouraged. A holiday came and they were determined to go out early in the morning before any other musician arrived and try what they could do.

On the road out that morning they met an old man with a sad face. He had come from a distance. What was the trouble? He had been out there trying to play the palace back, but had failed. The boys told him of their discovery and besought him to turn around and go back. The three went back and found that all the musicians in the kingdom had likewise thought that they would steal out ahead of the rest.

They were all there. Every one of them was standing around waiting for the others to go home so that he could play the palace back and get the credit from the king.

The boys waited for a time. Finally, since the musicians in their jealousy were unwilling to play, the boys said to themselves and to the old man, 'Let us try to play together,' and they began to play, and the three of them together made music more wonderful than any of the musicians in that country had heard, and the musicians forgot their suspicions of one another and began to join in, until they were all taking part in the most wonderful music that had ever been heard.

Then the people came rushing from all quarters with the cry, 'Look! look! The palace! The palace!' The palace was rising out of the ground.

We are only glimpsing what a beautiful world this will be when there is a universal appreciation of the uplifting, vitalizing, harmonizing power of music—The World Healer.

BRETON MUSIC

By CHARLES QUEF

LIKE all Frenchmen under the age of 48, I was called upon to take my place in the army when war was declared, and in that manner both to obey the law and to fulfil my duty. Alas! after a little while, and following the German invasion, my regiment was ordered into the heart of Brittany, one of our provinces which has preserved its ancient fashions, costumes, language and customs.

On arriving in this part of France, what first strikes one is the aspect of the country. Its wild, sad and desolate physiognomy, and its hills and ravines covered with bracken, heather and furze, form a whole which leaves a melancholy impression.

Upon entering a town, one notes the costumes of the inhabitants; the men wear hats with streamers, the women bonnets of very various and often curious, though at the same time pretty shapes. In some districts the colours of both male and female attire are many and vivid.

But hearken to their speech! It is impossible to understand them! for the Bretons speak a language of their own, which has nothing in common with French. Their tongue resembles very much that spoken in Wales, and the natives of these two countries are well able to understand one another.

An essentially conservative and traditional country, Brittany has not forgotten its ancient and fantastic legends, which are recounted of an evening by the old folk when sitting near the enormous fireplaces which still ornament their homes, or close to the carved "lits clos" (cabinet bedsteads) which even yet form one of the curiosities of the country.

Each year, in every parish, on the day of the patron saint, "pardons" are granted and rejoicings—as much profane as religious—take place, and among the principal manifestations are the religious processions. There is nothing so curious as, nor more beautiful and impressive than, these long columns of people. At their head are the clergy (clothed in their most splendid robes) preceded by banners which are often of inestimable value; following them come the crowd of the faithful. The glittering white of the numerous bonnets of the women, mingling with the varied and brilliant colours of the picturesque costumes of the men, form a curious spectacle.

The procession sets out from the ancient Breton churches, which are at once so curious and so contemplative, for, be it noted, even in the very smallest villages are beautiful large churches out

of all proportion to the number of inhabitants. The numerous Calvaries may also be noticed, some of which are very remarkable and others less so. Those at Plougastel, Guimiliau and St.-Thegonnec are marvellous in their sculpture, and being of primitive design, they call to mind the Middle Ages and the charm of days past, and at the same time form reminders of the pilgrimages of that period of ardent faith.

It is therefore only logical and natural that, in this region, musical art should also have retained its peculiar and original characteristics. Like their grey skies, and the people themselves (for they are not a very mirthful race), their music is in general sad and melancholy and sometimes even barbarous and harsh.

From what period do these Breton songs date, and who were their authors? Here we are reduced to mere suppositions, or more often complete ignorance. Without a doubt, it is permissible to make the following hypotheses. Certain individuals musically gifted made themselves masters of the popular poesy and adorned it with simple and almost improvised music which conformed itself to the poems, to their form and expression, not concerning itself much with what we call the "broad rhythm," but, on the contrary, seeking only an elastic rhythm and melodic charm. Unconsciously, these people have thus created some extremely picturesque and very original songs, which seem to us to be full of relish. We give the following melodies as examples of peculiar rhythm:



Not only is the last song remarkable by reason of the originality of its rhythm, but also on account of the suspensive character of its ending, which gives one the impression that it is unfinished. So much so, indeed, that one feels as if one would like to complete it. This peculiarity is encountered rather frequently and we shall have occasion to refer to it again.

When listening to Breton songs, a fact which at first strikes a musician is, that they are largely in the minor mode; but that is only a very superficial observation, and a closer and more attentive examination leads to a discovery of much greater interest.

Upon studying the songs and making a minute analysis of them, not only do we find them related to Catholic plain-song, but we also discover in them a very close affinity to Greek music and its modes. From amongst very numerous Breton songs, we have chosen some in which the above-mentioned relationship appears to be very striking.

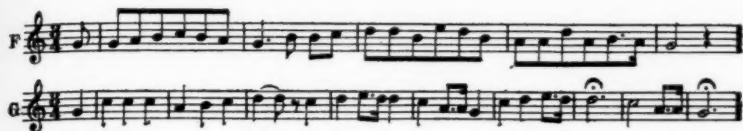
In order to refresh the memory of some of our readers, we give the scale of each Greek mode before the songs based upon it. The Phrygian mode, based upon this scale, is represented by a few songs, from which we choose the following:



The harmonisation of the above songs ought to be based upon our tonality of C major and should end upon the chord of G, the note D not being a final tonic but a dominant, giving to the songs the suspensive character which has already been mentioned.

The songs based upon the Hypophrygian mode are very few in number, but here are two examples:





They seemingly belong to our key of C major and appear to terminate upon the dominant, but we think that they may well be assigned to the Hypophrygian mode and so ought to have a harmonisation in the key of G major with all the F's natural. It is easy to convince oneself of this fact by harmonising them in our modern tonality (with the F's sharp); for, thus treated, the two songs which are of so melancholy a tint lose their very pathetic character.

The Dorian mode, which is very peculiar, corresponds to our E minor, but with its D's and F's natural. In reality, E ought to play the rôle of dominant, and the harmony should be in A minor with the G's natural.



Very few Breton songs are based upon this mode; but we quote the following, which we heard sung on the reëntury of a procession into the Cathedral of St.-Pol de Léon, and which, with the accompanying ceremony, left upon us that sense of mysticism so peculiar to the Middle Ages—so much so, that we almost felt as if we were living in those times.



We shall not linger to insist upon the very expressive character of this song, but pass on to the Hypodorian mode, in which A plays the part of tonic.



This mode is frequently encountered in the songs of Brittany; from among numerous examples we give the following:



To this specimen of a supple and rather languishing rhythm, we cannot resist the desire to add the very pretty song, well known as "Paradis" :



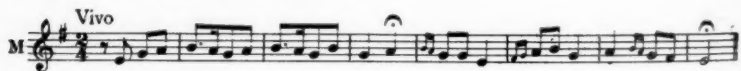
Songs in the Lydian mode are very rare. In this mode the scale is that of C major, but the C is dominant, and so the tunes should naturally be harmonised in F, though with the B's natural. We cite the subjoined example, the tonality of which appears to be in C; but the harmonisation in F seems more rational, and above all more piquant.



The Hypolydian mode (scale of F with the B's natural) also furnishes very few examples; we can quote only the following:



We will here conclude our series of examples chosen from the great quantity of Breton songs, believing that we have sufficiently demonstrated the relationship existing between ancient Greek and Breton music by comparing each mode with a certain number of songs. There exist, however, other songs which are really in our modern major and minor modes, but we think that sometimes those in the minor have only undergone a deformation by the addition of a leading-note introduced by the caprice, error, or ignorance of singers. This hypothesis of a deformation arising out of the oral or traditional method of transmission, is quite probable. From among the songs in minor keys, we think it necessary to give only the following (chosen rather at random), in which, in spite of the absence of D \sharp , the minor tonality seems to be well marked and established:



We submit also two examples which are plainly in the major mode and whose grace and charm deserve to hold our attention:



We will conclude by citing a song whose origin it is difficult to determine and which, by reason of its unusual and somewhat bizarre form and tonality, a strange mixture of Oriental and Hypophrygian modalities, merits our notice:



How is it that Greek art has been able to exercise such an influence upon Breton music, or how can the relationship be explained? Learned men have said that Greek musical art is found latent among all peoples, that it used to exist in a natural state, and that people expressed themselves musically in a kind of instinctive manner. If such were the case, then other peoples would also have an art resembling that of the Bretons and Greeks; but, on the contrary, only a few countries possess music related to that of Greece. On the other hand, this Greek music, with its divers modes and their derivatives, is not primitive art spontaneously born and found in a natural state, but it is the indication of a developed civilisation.

Poetry and songs being the most ancient monuments of the Celtic or Breton language, it is therefore necessary to go back to the origin of the language itself. In doing so we find that many Greek and Breton words are nearly alike and it is curious to note in passing that, in the opinion of some learned folks, it was from the language spoken by Gomer (the eldest son of Japhet, who received Europe as an inheritance) that the Celtic tongue was

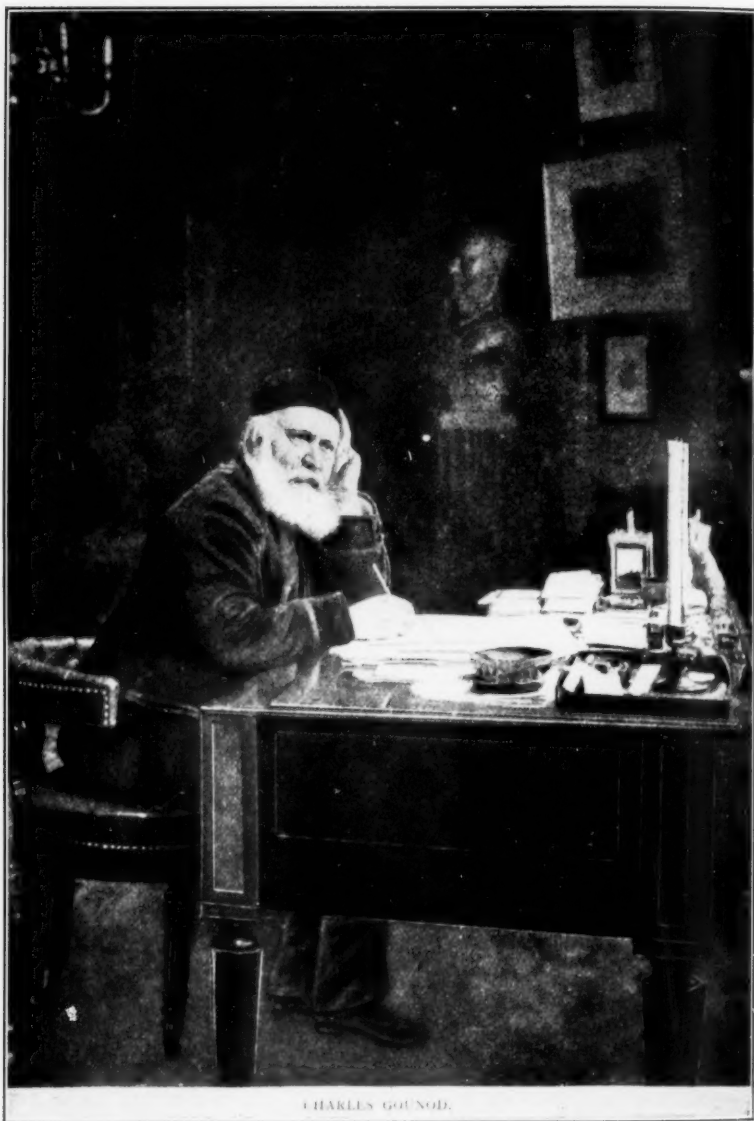
derived and that from it came all European languages.—According to this, the Greek language is derived from the Celtic!

All this is evidently obscure and vague, but it proves that once a close connection existed between the Greek and the Breton—a relationship which may have logically and conclusively extended to Art.

There is no doubt, moreover, no matter how strange it may appear, that the Phœnicians, who were hardy navigators, traded with Great Britain, and the coasts of Gaul, for this fact has been definitely proved. Certain Breton villages also claim a Phœnician origin. Have not the costumes of Brittany, with their vivid colours, a resemblance to those of the Orient? These wandering and emigrant Phœnicians would naturally transmit their art, and so its origin and relationship become plain. Even if these are merely gratuitous suppositions, they are nevertheless quite plausible.

It is the Breton tenacity (proverbial in France) which has been able to preserve their precious and ancient artistic heritage almost intact and with many traces of its primitive origin. We must rejoice over this, for we are enabled by that tenacity (we might almost say stubbornness) to possess a jewel wherein we can admire one of the finest and most peculiar branches of the popular musical art of France.

(Translation by E. Adcock.)



CHARLES GOUNOD.

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CHARLES GOUNOD

A CENTENNIAL TRIBUTE

By JULIEN TIERSOT

ONE HUNDRED YEARS have passed since Charles Gounod was born—June 17, 1818—at Paris. It was scarcely fifteen years ago that musical France celebrated the centenary of another of her glorious children, Hector Berlioz; while the coming quarter-century will furnish numerous occasions for analogous commemorations, by which the glories of the French School, hitherto too lightly considered, shall be set forth, and its lofty flight during the nineteenth century shall be made manifest. Despite other claims on our attention at this period, it is proper that we should call to mind a time which, in the annals of French art and genius, shines with an unquenchable lustre. The subject is sufficiently remote for us to examine, in its ensemble, the life-work and career of a master who died twenty-five years ago (October 17, 1893), and who, variously appraised while living, nevertheless occupied a conspicuous position in the musical speculations of the entire world. Let us attempt to make a rapid survey of these topics and, from a distant and commanding point of view, to scan simultaneously the life of the man, the career of the artist, and the productions of the musician.

I.

The first characteristic trait revealed by this examination is that Gounod was, first and foremost, an artist. To certain minds this statement may seem supererogatory. And, none the less, this trait is not always the most prominent one when certain masters are under consideration. The one may rather seem a thinker; a second, an impassioned soul; a third, a man of action or pious belief. Gounod is essentially a musician. It was not unfit that he had himself portrayed as holding in his arms, with loving devotion, the score of *Don Giovanni*; he was in very truth of Mozart's lineage; in him it is the musical instinct which predominates. The circumstances attending his entry into life, like those of his last hours, agree in their attestation of the essential character of his artist-nature.

Art was his by inheritance. Among his ancestors, one—his grandfather, "Armourer to the King" and, in this capacity, lodged in the Louvre—was one of those artisans whose trade well-nigh attains the dignity of an art; and his father was a painter of talent. He himself manifested an aptitude for painting; when he had won the Prix de Rome as a musician, Ingres, the director of the Académie de France at the Villa Medici, having seen some sketches which he had made on his walks among the antiquities of Rome, said to him, "If you wish, I will send you home with the first prize in painting." But he could not have led a divided life, and music claimed him.

Indeed, he had imbibed its primal principle with his mother's milk. "She never nursed me without singing," he narrates; "she assuredly made me swallow as much music as milk—and I can say that I took my first lessons quite unwittingly." His mother, Madame Gounod, who bore the auspicious cognomen of Victoire, was herself a musician; for several years she had been a piano-teacher, and so became the natural initiatrix of her son, the future author of *Faust*.

Furthermore, it is an advantage of Paris, the "grand' ville," that it is a cultural soil favorable to the development of every talent; each flourishes in the atmosphere suitable to it, and finds an environment for which it is adapted from its very inception. In his "Mémoires d'un Artiste," Gounod relates how he, as a mere child, once happened to have his capacities tested by an old musician, Jadin, formerly a *page de musique* under Louis XVI and one of the first professors in the Conservatoire. At the age of eight he was a pupil in a boarding-school, where the professor of solfeggio was a young man destined to become an illustrious singer—Duprez. When he entered the Lycée Saint-Louis, the *maître de chapelle* in that institute was Hippolyte Monpou, a composer of note in the romantic period. The chaplain himself, Abbé Dumarsais, encouraged his promising talent; he it was who, on his appointment as curate, later reserved for Gounod the position as *maître de chapelle* through which he made his entry into the career of a professional musician.

He did not neglect his classical studies, and in due course became a bachelor of arts.

But, while still on his bench at the Lycée Saint-Louis, he was so haunted by a prepossession for art that, not daring to speak about it, he wrote a long letter to his mother declaring his wish to become a musician; carefully modulating his epistolary style to conform to the harangues of the *Conciones*, he asserted that

"in this career there is found a real and constant happiness, a spiritual consolation"; that one may rightfully "prefer the glory of the arts to a position which money alone renders eminent"; that music is so sweet a companion "that it would deprive him of a great happiness to prevent him from following it." And as those who directed him and loved him opposed his desire with the anticipated objection, "To be a musician is not to have a vocation," he replied vehemently, "What! If one is named Mozart, has one no vocation?"

So, of necessity, he went his way, which led him definitively into the artist world, his chosen sphere. At the same time that he was studying rhetoric, he was taking lessons in harmony of Reicha, the best teacher then living; then he entered the Conservatoire, where he was a pupil of Lesueur. Thus it happened that Gounod and Berlioz, though differing in age by fifteen years, both studied under the same masters.

We hardly need add that for a long time he had heard music in the theatres and concerts. At seven he had been taken to the Odéon, where *Der Freischütz* was being sung; soon thereafter, to the Théâtre Italien, where he listened to *Otello* and *Don Giovanni*; finally, the newly established Concerts of the Conservatoire had initiated him into the beauties of the Beethoven symphony. Even in the Lycée, he had already begun to devote himself ardently to musical composition. He was a pupil of the Conservatoire for only three years, attending, besides the classes of Lesueur, those of Berthon, Halévy, and Paër, and winning the Prix de Rome in 1839.

He had already tried his hand at compositions of a wider scope than those which sufficed to satisfy his earlier ambitions. In 1838 (when he reached the age of twenty) the pupils of Lesueur composed, for the anniversary service of their master's death, a collective mass, of which each wrote a portion. The *Agnus Dei* fell to his lot, and was so well received that his first public début was saluted by Berlioz in these terms: "The *Agnus*, for three solo voices with chorus, by M. Gounod, the youngest of Lesueur's pupils, is beautiful—very beautiful. Everything in it is novel and distinguished—melody, modulation, harmony. In this piece M. Gounod has given proof that we may expect the very best ('tout') of him."

Pursuing this same path, he composed an entire mass, which was produced at the church of St.-Eustache on St. Cecilia's day (November, 1839), and which he dedicated to the memory of his teacher. The homage thereby rendered to the initiator of his genius was deserved. Gounod, in his *Memoirs*, pays a fitting

tribute to Lesueur—"serious-minded, devoted, ardent, of an inspiration at times biblical, strongly inclined toward sacred subjects; tall, with a face pale as wax, the air of an ancient patriarch. Lesueur (he continues) received me with a paternal kindness and tenderness; he was loving, he had a warm heart. His instruction, which, unhappily for me, continued for only nine or ten months, was of great benefit, and from him I received advice whose illuminating and elevating effect assures it a lasting place in my memory and my affectionate gratitude." It was in such terms that the pupils of Lesueur spoke of their master. I know another who, fifty years later, left a like memory in the minds of his pupils—César Franck. Such schooling was a fine and salutary experience for Gounod.

He took his departure for Rome toward the end of 1839, at the age of twenty-one. As far as his productivity at that time was concerned, his sojourn there was not especially fruitful; none the less it exercised a considerable influence on the development of his mind. On the one hand, by removing him from the artificial atmosphere of Parisian society, it impregnated him with that Latin genius of which several of his works (and some of the best) exhibit the evident influence; on the other, it promoted in him a religious evolution whose consequences, for his life and lifework, were momentous. Further on we shall return to this dual tendency, whose full effect was not felt until much later. At Rome, Gounod was wholly engaged in preparations, composing a mass and some sacred pieces, taking notes which he utilized to the full at the proper time; for instance, in the notebooks of his journey, we find the themes of certain songs which are among his best, such as the poem by Théophile Gautier, "Ma belle amie est morte," "Le Vallon," and "Le Soir," which became "Stances de Sapho." Two of his most expressive melodies, settings of poems by Lamartine, were written prior to his arrival in Rome, and this in itself indicates a rare musical aptitude, together with a supreme disdain for the trivial forms then in fashion—"the romance *Loïse Puget*, the musical-album style"—to which Gounod ascribes a "brutalizing influence." The poet-soul which lived in him refused to submit itself to such influences.

He found his greatest enjoyment in the most purely artistic circles. He avoided Italian opera, just then fallen very low (he tells of a representation of *Norma*, at the Apollo Theatre, summing up the impression he received in these words: "One felt as if one were at Guignol's").¹ But, to make up for it, he assiduously

¹A puppet-show.

attended the ceremonies at the Sixtine Chapel; the wealth of detail with which he describes them in his *Memoirs* attests the importance, from the standpoint of his art, that he ascribes to them. He impregnated himself with the atmosphere of the Roman Campagna, with the aspect of the ancient ruins, with the countryside of Capri, Siena, and the lake of Nemi. He made the acquaintance and was a familiar guest of two ladies of fine mind and superior talent—Mme. Viardot (Pauline Garcia), destined to be the admirable interpreter of his dramatic firstling *Sapho*, and Fanny Hensel, Mendelssohn's sister, who revealed to him the beauties of Bach and Beethoven, and inspired him to transports of admiration. For he was essentially a vibrant soul, and music affected him with a rare intensity. Mme. Hensel, whose memoirs are so vividly interesting, scarcely exaggerates when she declares that "German music distresses him and makes him almost mad"; that the playing of this music "produces on him the effect of a bomb falling into a house; possibly it causes great internal revulsions within him." To tell the truth, this influence was in no way disastrous; it simply contributed to keep Gounod in the channels of high art, and absorbed nothing whatever of his individuality, which, on the contrary, it only fructified. It was probably not long after one of these intimate recitals, in whose course Fanny Hensel introduced Gounod to Bach, that the former composed, on the harmonious weft of the first prelude in *The Well-tempered Clavichord*, the fine melody of the *Méditation*, which helped to establish his juvenile renown. This *Méditation* has been made into an *Ave Maria*, and people have gone into ecstasies over his religious feeling. This is a total misconception; this melody has been successively adapted to very different sets of words, and it was conceived quite independently of any preconception other than musical; it is a "counter-subject" naturally emanating from Bach's prelude, in whose harmonies it was integrally contained. To disengage it, artistic insight was needed; Gounod executed this contrapuntal operation in masterly fashion; but he did it simply as an artist. What purer genius could, by its contact, have promoted the unfolding of his own?

Gounod returned to France after the required three years' term in Italy and Germany. At this juncture a diversion occurred which nearly turned him aside from his chosen path; having become a *maître de chapelle* in Paris, he seemed destined to cultivate sacred music exclusively; he even dreamed of abandoning the career so brilliantly begun, that he might enter the Church. But he thought better of it, and returned into the world. He

wrote for the theatre; the first poems that he set to music were on Greek subjects—*Sapho*, *Ulysse*. Success was tardy in coming. At the time when these works appeared, French taste was at its lowest ebb; it demanded nothing better than vulgar Italian operas or silly comedy-operas. Nevertheless, some few isolated and neglected masters fretted under restraint, although powerless in view of such indifference. Berlioz, discouraged, laid his pen aside, and the younger generation of artists had need of proudest self-reliance to enter upon so difficult a career. Gounod was among the first to experience the effects of this general want of appreciation. But, at the same time, those who sought to appreciate were well able to distinguish the lofty qualities manifested in these first works, and his fame gradually spread. It became universal when, in 1859, the Théâtre-Lyrique produced *Faust*, which, after its production at the Opéra ten years later, has become one of the most dependable supports of the repertory in all the musical theatres of the world. *Philémon et Baucis*, *Mireille*, *Roméo et Juliette*, *Polyeucte*, and certain other operas now known only by name, mark the successive steps in the career of the dramatic composer.

Toward the close of his life he returned, with renewed predilection, to religious music, which, indeed, he had never ceased to cultivate. He had written masses, motets, canticles; he now wrote more; the best works of his declining years are two oratorios, *Rédemption* and *Mors et Vita*, imbued with pure and elevated lyricism. And, as a man, he had reached the height of his boldest ambitions. The name of Gounod was mentioned throughout the entire world as that of one of the leading musicians of the century. "To be a musician is not to have a vocation," was the objection raised by the good teacher who, shaken by his pupil's youthful conviction when he retorted by citing the name of Mozart, was unable to refrain from murmuring, "Well, if that is the way you take it . . ." That certainly was the way that he took it, and he convincingly proved that it was "a vocation" to be called Gounod. He had grown to be greater than an artist, he had risen to the rank of master—"cher maître." He who, in his infantile declaration, had pompously written: "Achilles preferred glory to a long life passed without winning a famous name," was able to enjoy the double delight of a glorious name and length of days. In his old age, surrounded by honors and deferential attentions, he did not fear to play the pontiff (*pontif*) more or less; this term, generally employed with a certain irony, may be applied to him without malevolence, for it assists in defining the quasi

ecclesiastical bearing which finally gave the tone to his entire personality. Those who knew him during his last years remember him thus, in the intimacy of his homelife in the handsome house which he had arranged to suit his taste, where an organ lent to the home the air of a sacred place; clad in a flowing robe from which his fine monastic head emerged like that of a Father of the Church, inspired rather than austere, his very gesture seemed to bless the fervent disciples, the fair admirers, who busied themselves about him and came to pay him their respects.

Had he only so willed it, he might have reposed on his laurels; but how find repose when the brain is never at rest, and swarming with new ideas? Music was his obsession, attracting him imperiously and ceaselessly. There were times when the effort of creation was so intense as to cause him great mental fatigue; but when the paroxysm was past, he would again grasp the pen for further labors. From the age of seventy onward he himself felt that the source of inspiration was running dry within him, or, at least, that it had lost its freshness; but that did not matter—he went on writing. The complete list of his works shows a considerable number of miscellaneous pieces for piano, voice, etc., which he produced as though from natural necessity, because it was his function. And he died with his head prone on a score on which he was engaged, and which he was about to finish at the moment when, standing before his work, he was stricken down.

II.

However, Gounod did not play the pontiff all his life. He had his hours of doubt, of hesitation, of weakness. Revealing himself thus as a man, he interests us more than by his most carefully calculated acts. In his youth he underwent a religious crisis which almost ravished him from his art, and left a profound impression on his mind. There is no exaggeration whatever in asserting that this was the most momentous event of his lifetime. It would be a serious mistake to attempt to ignore this fact—to pretend that the works of the musician and his public career are all that we need know, and that the rest does not concern us. What! is there no intimate relation between the conscience of the individual and the production of the artist? As a matter of fact, the one is an emanation from the other. We must needs sound the depths of this conscience; by so doing, we shall learn to distinguish that which is profoundest in the man; and it is only after we have

penetrated the deeps of his soul that the true meaning of his works shall be revealed to us in the fullest light.

Gounod did not draw his faith from his course of education. Brought up in the Catholic religion, the first impressions derived from it were merely superficial, his case resembling that of other children of the French bourgeoisie at that time, when the influence of Voltaire had by no means lost its hold. In contrast with the majority of families, his mother had no hand in his religious fervor; occupied in rearing her children and in gaining a livelihood through her art, she had no spare time to devote to religious exercises; like Martha, the sister of Mary, she was careful and troubled about many things, and left to others "that good part"; and if there came a day when she longed to acquire, for herself, somewhat of that "good part," she owed it to her son, for it was he who brought about her belated conversion and induced her to resume the long-neglected religious exercises.

That an influence of such a nature was brought to bear on him in his youth, was owing, in turn, to music. At this period, when symphonic art was practised to a very limited extent in France, the sole music worthy of the name existed (properly speaking) in only two species, the opera and ecclesiastical song; and this latter, ranking very high in popular estimation, represented the superior form of the art. Now, we have seen that the youthful Gounod, who had only an occasional opportunity of hearing Mozart, Weber and Rossini at the Théâtre Italien, lived in an almost absolute intimacy with the fellowship of the chapels. The provisor of the Lycée where he began his studies was an Abbé, and in the chapel there was a raised platform occupied by a small choir, which he joined immediately upon his entrance. When he underwent the first examination proposed for testing his musical aptitude, he was given the biblical words of the rapture of *Joseph* to set to music. Possibly his first attempts at composition in the Conservatoire were trivial cantatas and pieces constructed according to the scholastic formula; none of these compositions were ever accorded the honor of a public hearing, whereas the first work which he had publicly performed was that *Agnus Dei* which earned the encomium of Berlioz; and no sooner had he carried off the Prix de Rome with the obligatory competitive cantata *Fernand*, than he set about the composition and public production of an entire Mass. We should also bear in mind those traits in the character of his old teacher Lesueur, which made the deepest impression on him—"serious-minded, devoted, ardent, of an inspiration at times biblical, strongly inclined toward

sacred subjects; . . . with the air of an ancient patriarch." Hence, his musical education was a foremost means of leading him into the path of religion.

But it was at Rome, and from the very outset of his sojourn in the papal city, that the definitive evolution was accomplished. And there, again, his previous musical habitudes were not foreign to the influences to which he was exposed.

In the Lycée Saint-Louis one of Gounod's schoolmates was a young man somewhat older than himself, with whom music formed a common bond of sympathy from the beginning—they sang together in the choir. This young man's name was Charles Gay. Let us remember the name; for he was the man who set in motion this entire evolution which we are now to record. Having lost sight of each other on leaving the school, they met again in a decidedly secular resort, the Opéra, at a representation of *La Juive*. They renewed their old acquaintance and learned that they had entered into a new comradeship, for Gay, likewise possessed by the demon of music, had taken up the same course of study as Gounod, and under the same teacher, Reicha. They became intimate; Gounod was received into Gay's family; a sister of the latter was a good pianist; they played Mozart and Beethoven together, and the young masters of the future tried their own compositions in the privacy of home.

One day Charles Gay announced to Gounod that he was going to study for the priesthood. He kept his word, and from now onward we shall call him Monseigneur Gay, for he became a bishop.

Gounod was extremely astonished to learn the resolution of his friend. Was it really possible to sacrifice such an enticing career for one so little enviable? To become a curate when one might be an artist?!

He continued his studies in the Conservatoire and won the prize, which obliged him to dwell two years, or more, in Rome.

During this period Charles Gay had also set out for Italy, having a desire to pursue his theological studies in the capital of Christendom. He was already there in the autumn of 1839, when Gounod, while preparing to depart, was taking farewell of Paris with the production of his first Mass at Saint-Eustache; a letter written at Siena on Oct. 19 reveals the interest which he took in this production. Another, dated at Rome, Dec. 7, says, "I am happy that Charles Gounod is coming." Equal impatience was manifested on Jan. 17, 1840. And ten days later, when the new laureates of the Institute arrived in the Eternal City after

the interminable and fatiguing journey per vetturino, the sole familiar face that met Gounod's eye was that of Charles Gay.

It is a time-honored custom, usually religiously observed by winners of the Prix de Rome, to state that their sojourn in Italy was the happiest time of their lives. Berlioz was almost the only one to depart from it, and to complain of the boredom he suffered during his "exile." Gounod, who in later years was obliged, as a leading member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, to enforce the observance of this obligation, did not care to protest too strongly against it; nevertheless, he could not refrain from avowing, in his "*Mémoires d'un Artiste*," that on his arrival in Rome his impression was one of profound sadness: "I felt thoroughly disillusioned (he writes), and it would not have taken much to make me renounce my stipend, repack my trunk, and return post-haste to Paris." As for Charles Gay, four weeks after their reunion, Gounod penned this pregnant phrase: "Poor Charles is sad for what he left behind, and sad at what he found at the Academy."

Gounod's mind, so readily susceptible to impressions, was therefore well prepared just then to receive any consolations which might be offered him. Those of religion were the first brought to bear, and it was Charles Gay who provided them.

And in how short a time, too! As we have seen, Gounod tells us that he was on the point of giving up his stipend and returning to Paris, "there to rejoin what he loved." The former member of this assertion is correct; but the latter is contestable. The truth is, that the future author of *Faust*, at the age of twenty-one and one-half years, was on the brink of renouncing art and embracing the priesthood. No public act of his tells us so, for nothing irreparable was consummated; but we are very well informed by certain letters, although those written by the principal actor in this little drama of the conscience have not come to light. But we do know the answers to them from his mother and his elder brother, and we perceive, from the loving anxiety which they express, what he himself must have confessed.

"Your letters are more like a homily, like a flesh-and-blood sermon, than anything else (so writes Urbain Gounod). You appear to be wholly absorbed and controlled by the influence of your friend Gay. . . . It is not for you to assume the mission of converting others—our mother, for example—to observances to which she is no longer accustomed, and the neglect of which has in no way prevented her from doing those things which, in my opinion, are the very essence of true piety."

So we see that the new proselyte had already begun to try to convert his mother! She, with infinite delicacy, wrote in turn:

"I feel well assured of the goodness of your heart and the purity of your intentions, of your loftiness of soul, of your desire to speak only of useful matters and to conform your actions to win the approval of the Master of all things; and, nevertheless, in spite of all this, my dear child, while reading your last letter my heart was sorely troubled by a sort of vague anxiety which it inspired. . . . Be constantly on your guard, and assert yourself with all frankness as an artist of religious tendency, but not as a man of religion (with its multifarious observances) who proposes to reserve himself for the career of an artist."—The influence of which his mother was more especially in dread was that of Father Lacordaire, whose eminent talent was known to her; she went so far as to express a fear that Charles intended to become a Dominican, "which I consider wholly out of harmony with your passionate temperament," she wrote.

Mme. Gounod was not mistaken. Father Lacordaire, still young, and a recent acquisition of the Church, was at that time in Rome, where, in the Minerva monastery, he had just assumed the habit of a Dominican. He was gifted with most persuasive eloquence, and young men came in throngs to hear him speak. Gounod, taken thither by his friend Gay, went to hear him, and was won over then and there. In his combative proselytism the priest had in no wise neglected to follow up his words by actions; in the name of St. John the Baptist he grouped together in a brotherhood (*confrérie*) a certain number of young people, French artists, or Romans of noble family. Gounod was one of the first twelve members of this *confrérie*; and it was not in the Villa Medici, but in the monastery during a period of seclusion, that he penned the score of the only one of his works which was heard in public during his stay in Rome—a Mass produced at Saint-Louis des Français in 1841.

Meanwhile he went on multiplying his religious observances. A letter from Charles Gay tells, in a tone of fervent mysticism, of a ceremony in which they took part on the Day of the Annunciation, when Gounod partook of the communion "for the first time since his childhood." He sought to induce some comrades to join him; at this same ceremony his comrade, Georges Bousquet, winner of the Prix de Rome the year before, accompanied him, and it was he who, "for the first time in his life," approached the sacred table. Was the effect of this belated first communion as lasting as his friend hoped? Judging by the later career of

Bousquet, who died young, after having been through all the vicissitudes of the musician's trade, such was by no means the case. And Bousquet himself took Mme. Hensel very frankly into his confidence with regard to Gounod: he informed her that Father Lacordaire had sought them out during the winter; that Gounod, "with his weak character, very visionary and open to every influence," had "let himself be caught in the noose of religion," and that at no distant time "he would exchange music for the frock."

Now, all this took place within a period of four months. Gounod arrived in Rome on the 27th of January, 1840, and Gay's letters, from which we have just borrowed some extracts, were dated the 25th of February and 11th of March (he himself left Rome the 27th of April). The festival of the Annunciation, which is spoken of as an anniversary in a letter of the following year, fell on March the 25th; the letters from Gounod's mother and brother were written on April the 27th; it was on May the 16th, 1840, that Lacordaire convoked his first disciples at the monastery of Saint-Sabine; and Fanny Hensel left Rome about the beginning of June.

After this period Gounod's faith, while suffering no relapse, became at first more calm in its manifestations; he held fast to his belief, but for the time being gave up the idea of entering the priesthood; and although he devoted himself almost exclusively for nearly ten years to the composition of sacred music, he none the less maintained most amicable relations with his comrades in that monastery of artists (Berlioz dubbed it "the academic barracks") known as the Villa Medici.

At Rome he composed a Mass with orchestra which was executed at Saint-Louis des Français for the king's birthday festival; a *Te Deum* in Palestrina style (his *envoi de Rome*), harshly criticized by Spontini; two other Masses, a Requiem from one of them being sung at Vienna during his obligatory sojourn in that city in the winter of 1842-1843; finally, a letter written in Rome during the last year of his stay there announced his intention (which was not realized) to write a "symphony with choruses, in four Parts, on Christ, His persecution, His death, a prophecy against Jerusalem, and the Resurrection."

He returned to Paris in May, 1843, and the first friend whom he saw on descending from the diligence from Germany was the same who greeted his arrival at Rome in the *vetturino*—Charles Gay. So close was their intimacy that they dwelt in the same house; his mother had so arranged it; and in the near neighborhood still

lived the former chaplain of the Lycée Saint-Louis, Abbé Dumarsais, now a curate of the parish "des Missions." The previous year, Mme. Gounod had written her son in her joy: "I do not know precisely where you want to live when you come back; shall it be near the *Missions*, or near the Opéra?" Fate had already decided—it was not to be near the Opéra, at least, not just then. Mme. Gounod, having (thanks to her son) resumed the observances of religion, now, as we see, selected a domicile in the vicinity of her new spiritual advisers. Abbé Dumarsais had long before promised that, if he should become curate, he would appoint him his *maître de chapelle*; he was taken at his word, and the youthful stipendiary became the incumbent of a position of which he, in very truth, proposed to make a sacred office; for he stipulated that he should be known in the parish as the "curate of the music."

He found the task less pleasing than he may possibly have expected. Musical taste, in that nineteenth-century environment, was as bad in the churches as in the theatres, which is saying a good deal. Gounod, fresh from Rome, desired to introduce the traditions of the Sixtine Chapel into the little parish; but he had to do with the faithful from the district of the rue de Sèvres, and they had a preference for Adolphe Adam's *Laudate*. His mother, foreseeing the difficulty, had already warned him. The year before, doubtless to give his congregation a foretaste, the curate had had a Mass by Palestrina brought out, and the artistic world of Paris was invited to assist at the production; the effect was deplorable, and Mme. Gounod thought it well to inform her son of it: "It is cold as ice (she wrote him); it gives me the impression of an interminable aberration"; and in continuation she did not hesitate to launch rather vivacious criticisms at the head of "M. Palestrina." The curate, despite his good intentions, would have liked to conciliate everybody; he advised his new *maître de chapelle* to "modify his style," to "make concessions"; but Gounod rebelled, offered to resign, and only their fast friendship rendered an amicable arrangement possible.

In very truth, it was a highly ambitious scheme, this attempted reformation of sacred music with the limited means at Gounod's disposal in the parish of the Missions. There was a mediocre organ; four singers—two basses, a tenor, and a choir-boy; over and above all these, the *maître de chapelle* in his composite function of conductor, organist, singer and composer. Grand resources for producing the responsive choruses of Allegri, Palestrina and Carissimi! Indeed, Gounod did not even try to

do so. He confined himself to composing motets and masses in that style, with simplifications to suit the means at hand for their execution. All the works which he wrote at this period are conceived in this skeletonized form; of these, we shall take the liberty of mentioning only such as were published: a Short Mass and Salutation, for four men's voices (Op. 1); the Offices of Holy Week (Op. 2); a Salve Regina, canticles, motets, etc.

The above-mentioned works bearing the publication-numbers Op. 1 and Op. 2, also bear the author's name and style as follows: "Musique de l'Abbé Ch. Gounod."

In fact, the artist, returning to the project abandoned in Rome, had again made up his mind to enter the priesthood. In February, 1846, the newspapers announced that Gounod, winner of the Prix de Rome, had taken holy orders. This was going rather fast; not only was he never ordained, but it was not until later that he could assume the simple title of seminarian. But it is quite true that then and theretofore his life and his art were exclusively devoted to religion. "He does not wish to do anything for the theatre, and declares his intention to occupy himself solely with sacred music," writes his brother to Hector Lefuel, Dec. 7, 1844. He had again submitted himself to the guidance of Father Lacordaire. At this time he frequented one of those tables d'hôte in the Latin Quarter whose youthful *habitués* are sometimes destined to become men of renown, and where ingenious and oftentimes fruitful ideas are bandied about—the cabaret of père Fricaud in the rue Guénégaud; here he met Courbet, Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, Baudelaire, Henri Murger, Gustave Doré; breakfast was served for twelve sous; Gounod continued his proselyting campaign, and even succeeded in attracting to the meetings at Notre-Dame the popular chansonnier, Pierre Dupont. His letters at this time were written on paper bearing the letterhead of the Foreign Missions, and he signed them "Ab. Ch. Gounod," with a cross at the top of the page; an interesting collection of them has been published, addressed to the painter Richomme. Lastly, we have a letter to one of his old comrades in Rome, Besozzi, dated at Carmes, Nov. 7, 1847; in it Gounod excuses himself for not assisting at his wedding, announcing that he was going "without doubt to spend, in that place, the three years of study and seclusion required to prepare him for the priesthood."

And on the 6th of October, 1847, the *maître de chapelle* at the Missions church actually received from the archbishop of Paris a letter authorizing him "to live at les Carmes and to attend,

as an extern, the course at Saint-Sulpice." He then had to don the religious garb.

But, once again, it was not for long. Not five months had elapsed when he left the seminary and renounced the churchly career.

What had happened? Gounod merely states, in his Memoirs (where he touches very discreetly on this episode in his life), that he "had mistaken his true vocation; that it had become impossible for him to live without his art."

Was this really all? were there no other reasons for making so serious a determination? The secret behind his avowal eludes us, and we must not force its revelation.

So let us be content to know that Gounod reëntered the world at the beginning of March, 1848. Art had gained the upperhand of faith! He even relinquished his position of *maître de chapelle*, although it would have been quite permissible for him, as a layman, to retain it; and it seems to us that this circumstance confirms the impression that his return into secular life was, in a sort, a flight, an escape. For that matter, it was not the only time in Gounod's life that he sought freedom. This time he did so without commotion or unpleasant publicity; neither did he fall from an excess of devotion into unbelief.¹ He even continued to compose masses, this time with full orchestra, and with no hesitation at letting women sing in the temple. But he also wrote *Sapho*, *Faust*, *Roméo et Juliette*. He married, allying himself with a family whose head was a well-known professor in the Conservatoire, so that he was again smoothly launched on the stream of secular artistry. Being no longer a *maître de chapelle*, he accepted the post of director of the municipal Orphéon; as such, he still wrote choruses for men's voices, and opportunity was not lacking for controversy on one or the other hand. Then came success, and with it honors and wealth; he became a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, and, had he so willed, might have been appointed Director of the Conservatoire. Toward the close of his life (as we have already intimated) he resumed the observances of religion with greater ostentation than ever. Not that his bearing showed aught of austerity; he was not one of those who take delight in flagellations and haircloth shirts. His devotional attitude, in common with the works evolved therefrom, is fairly well characterized by Pascal's somewhat caustic epithet—"easy devotion."

¹After the birth of one of Gounod's children in September, 1863, Abbé Gay spoke of "the restitution of himself which he had made to God, at the beginning of this year, by becoming altogether a Christian."—It follows from this remark that between 1848 and 1863—fifteen years—the ex-Abbé Gounod might at least have been charged with lukewarmness.

We may go a step further, and call it "comfortable." But, as he did not care to be accused of cherishing a "faith without works," he did not fail to assert his belief however and whenever circumstances permitted. His letters, even such as were of a wholly private nature, show that he was possessed of a decidedly combative spirit, and one which did not even hold aloof from the polemics of the day. M. Camille Bellaigue has published several characteristic specimens. Besides, we should not forget that, while his last thought was for his art, it was also for his faith. As we mentioned before, he died holding in his hands the last score that he composed; and this score was that of a sacred work, a Requiem.

As for his musical productivity, it could not fail to owe a great part of its value to religious inspiration. The ample list of Gounod's works discovers a majority of religious compositions, and certain critics have placed them in the front rank. It was in this sense that M. Saint-Saëns wrote: "When, in the far-distant future, the operas of Gounod shall have been received into the dusty sanctuary of the libraries, the Mass of St. Cecilia, the *Rédemption*, and *Mors et Vita*, will still endure. . . ." Without affirming or denying this proposition, we may at least confirm the fact that the author of *Faust* directed his chief activities toward the production of sacred music. We have mentioned several works written during his youth, first in Paris, then in Italy, in Austria, and finally after his return to Paris, while acting as *maître de chapelle*. Thereafter, although dividing his time, he multiplied the Masses, of which he published a vast number under various titles—Messes de Sainte-Cécile (1855), des Anges Gardiens (1872), du Sacré-Cœur (1876), de Pâques (1882), de Jeanne d'Arc (1887), de Clovis (1890), de Saint-Jean (?), masses for the Orphéonistes (1853), for the Seminaries (1872), for the religious communities (1882), a Choral Mass (1883), for the Cathedrals (1890), and several Masses for the Dead. Without taking note of the innumerable secular songs, we still have to record the *Sept Paroles du Christ* (1855), "*Près du fleuve étranger*" (1861), a Stabat Mater (1867), *Gallia*, a lamentation according to Jeremiah (1871), and, finally, his two great oratorios *Rédemption* (begun at Rome in 1869 and produced for the first time at London in 1882) and *Mors et Vita* (1885).

In the setting of these works Gounod took the lead in a style quite unfamiliar to the art of sacred music—a style at times not wanting in breadth, but whose expression is founded, beyond all else, on charm. Though an admirer of Palestrina, he did not follow his example with regard either to form or to accent. In

summing up the impression which the music of the Sixtine Chapel had made upon him, he testifies to "an intensity of contemplation rising at times to ecstasy," an "absence of visible procedures, of peculiar artifices"; and he praises, in Palestrina as in Michelangelo, the "disdain for seductiveness." That is finely said, but how little does it apply to himself! Disdain for seductiveness! None ever had less of it than Gounod. He well knew how to limn a sweeping outline, a fluid and transparent harmony, and he used these wholly extrinsic effects without scruple for his religious purposes. In only one case do we see him attempt to reproduce the forms of polyphony *à la* Palestrina; this is in the *Sept Paroles du Christ*, a work written in strict *a cappella* style and dating from the commencement of his mature period (1855), but which we suspect of having been conceived some time before—a composition deserving to be better known to-day. But all the rest is music with full orchestra; in style it is pure and elevated. Gounod inaugurated the employment of a certain "basilican" style whose imposing beauty reaches such heights, in some passages, as to give an impression of grandeur. This is admirably exemplified in *Mors et Vita*, where the solemn and sonorous *Judex* develops a broad phrase, the fine flower of many analogous themes strewn by Gounod throughout his works, but which finds, in this number, its fullest realization. Just here it might almost be called powerful. But, at bottom, it is grace that predominates. Now, this word "grace" is susceptible of two interpretations; the one wholly secular, when applied to external charms, the other sacred, when it designates virtue and talent inspired by the divine will. In our characterization of Gounod's works these two significations are blended; no other term could better set forth and describe the sum total of what his art comprehends and expresses.

III.

No artist is altogether complete until he has learned how to attune every chord of his lyre and cause it to vibrate when and where he will. Gounod would not have played the rôle which, as we have seen, he assumed in his period, had he remained simply and solely the religious musician whose course we have followed till now. But his very nature, blended of sensuousness and mysticism, rendered him at least equally predisposed to a display of profane inspiration; it is to this latter that his works owe the greater share of the popularity which they have enjoyed throughout the world.

He himself, even in his religious transports, was quite well aware of this spiritual duality. At Rome, when his choice of a vocation was pending, he declared "that it is possible to write beautiful sacred music in a strict style, and, side by side with it, to paint from another palette the uncontrolled tempest of human passion." He dreamed (according to the testimony of M. Camille Bellaigue) of composing a Requiem "characterized by, or expressive of, love rather than terror." Such was his ideal at a time when his mind was entirely occupied with sacred matters. It was far worse when he had resolved to follow a secular career, which took, on the whole, a sufficiently worldly course. In the very first works produced under this second influence, he discovers himself, from an artistic viewpoint, in a wholly different light;—he is a pagan.

At the outset, the subjects he treated lent themselves admirably to this evolution. His first opera was *Sapho*, and in this work, which brings illustrious characters of Greek art on the scene, he set forth a genuinely new and charming aspect of antique poetry, here and there in a lofty vein. How shall we define so individual a style? Such a musical evocation could not be founded on imitation, for which music offers no authentic model in this case; it was realized through equivalents, through suggestions coming from poetry or other arts—a Pompeian fresco, a Tanagra statuette. We have been permitted to see an André Chénier doing Greek verse in French; even in music, Gluck occasionally gave men of the eighteenth century hellenistic thrills; passing over the hymns in the grand style in *Alceste* and *Iphigénie*, let us recall the choral dance in *Alceste*: "Parez vos fronts de fleurs nouvelles," composed originally for another work in which the character presents the eternal type of beauty, Helen. We may admire the same delicate relief, fortified by a more modern treatment, in the song of the Shepherd: "Broutez le thym, broutez mes chèvres," wherein both accent and form carry one back—one could hardly say wherefore—to the idyls of Theocritus.

As for the stanzas of Sapho: "Ô ma lyre immortelle," they possess the amplitude of a beautiful Grecian garment, and leave an impression of the purest classic beauty.

But (one might object) this last song was not written expressly for *Sapho*. True enough, Gounod had written it before as a setting of Théophile Gautier's poem, "Ma belle amie est morte," and merely adapted his melody to the dénouement of the tragedy. But what is more Latin—let us say, more Mediterranean—than these verses of Gautier's?—and what happier

thought could have crossed the musician's mind, as he set himself to bring his inspiration into harmony with the personality of the antique character? It redounds to Gounod's credit that he was able to revive these pure and lovely forms, whether in large or in little, and the pages that he wrote in this style are perhaps those which will endure as the best witnesses to his originality.

After this début, opportunities were not wanting for him to draw inspiration from the same source. The second work that he gave to the theatre is the score of the choruses of *Ulysse*, abounding in songs graceful in outline and frisky of rhythm, suggestive of the Homeric world. And again in *Philémon et Baucis*, which came a little later, the finest passages are those which he conceived along the same line of thought, for example, the chorus of Bacchantes, "Filles d'Athor," which crosses the stage like an animate and harmonious fresco.

Further on we shall speak of *Polyeucte*, a somewhat more recent work, and one calling for numerous observations. But there is another which, although it has nothing to do with antiquity or Greece, none the less gathers together in an even more complete homogeneity the above-described characteristics of Gounod, namely, *Mireille*. We must pause a moment to examine it.

Mireio, the celebrated Provençal poem by Frédéric Mistral, is a thoroughly modern piece of work, in all its freshness when Gounod conceived the plan of making it the subject of a musico-dramatic composition. But this work, which has remained unique of its kind, is Latin in the full sense of that which antiquity has enshrined for enduring fame. It is, therefore, significant that the author of *Sapho*, of *Philémon et Baucis*, and the choruses of *Ulysse*, who had already produced *Faust*, and thereafter had made a failure with a grand opera lacking both consistency and vitality, *La Reine de Saba*, should have ventured to possess himself of an episode of folk-life emanating from one of the most poetic districts of France, Provence—"province romaine," an ancient colony of the Phœceans, sonorous of speech and animated by radiant sunshine.

A new development of his mind, impressions renewed and deepened, just then predisposed him to plunge into this novel atmosphere of national life and poetry. On his first journey to Rome he had experienced (as he himself said later) only superficial emotions, mere tourist impressions without lasting effect on his artist-nature. But as early as 1862, by way of relaxation from the exertion incidental to the composition of his operas, he again went to Italy, and the journey, this time completed without

preoccupations or obligations, had not only reawakened old memories, but also aroused new and fruitful ideas.

He was thus in a most receptive mood for the charm of a poem like *Mireio*, and on the first reading he was so vividly impressed by its Latin character that he resolved to compose the music for it in Italy.

Destiny willed otherwise; a series of fortuitous happenings conspired to confirm an idea to which he would have paid no attention whatever at the outset—namely, to seek Provençal inspiration in the land of Provence itself.

Towards the beginning of March, 1863, he had gone to Lyons to conduct a concert of his own works. It was his intention to proceed only as far as the Mediterranean coast, in order to inspect the church of the "Saintes-Maries de la mer," this being the spot where the closing scene of the poem is laid; thence he again started for Rome.

But he had already entered into correspondence with Mistral, who had offered to point out the sources from which he could draw the melodic types suitable for lending the proper color to his music, and who had invited him to come and see, with his own eyes, "Mireille herself coming out after Vespers of a Sunday at Arles, or Avignon, or Saint-Rémy." Being already on the way, Gounod accepted the poet's invitation. He first went to Marseilles, intending to take ship there; he desired to return to the Italian mountains, to install himself on the shore of the lake of Nemi, there to seclude himself for work. But he returned on his steps and passed on to Maillane to pay a visit to Mistral, with whom he expected to stay two or three days.

He stayed there two or three months. The mirage of Italy was soon dissipated when he had seen Provence. On his first walk he was astonished at the beauty of the countryside, "the superb mountains," "the Roman antiquities" whose stones blend with the rock of the adjacent quarries, "these rocks that are as one with the ruins of the middle ages," the vast plain that one surveys from the summit of the mountain "des Baux,"—"a panorama yet vaster than that of the Roman Campagna, and terrible in its austerity." This Parisian had discovered Provence! And he rejoiced in it. Mistral himself appeared to him like "the poet in the shepherd of old, in the man of Nature, in the man of the fields and skies." He would have been glad to abide with him, to dwell in his *mâs* in company with his aged mother, and compose his musical work in such idyllic companionship! Circumstances being unfavorable to the prolongation of this intimacy,

he took up lodgings in the village of Saint-Rémy, hard by the place where the poet laid the scene of *Mireio*.

He installed himself in the village inn, where he was well taken care of. For sole companion in his solitude he had the local organist, the director of the Orphéon "l'Écho des Alpilles," a worthy Alsatian musician by the name of Iltis, with whom he dwelt in good Provençal intimacy, and who made a point of handing down to us his recollections of his transient relations with a master. Every morning the latter went his way along the paths and through the groves in pursuit of the melodies which the inspiration of nature was to reveal to him; the countryfolk watched him, as he passed, with a curiosity at once sympathetic and respectful; the young girls, sisters of Mireille, smiled at him as they wished him good-day. In the evening, after a day devoted to work, Iltis and he went to stroll "on the promenade," where, while smoking their pipes, they discoursed on the most diverse subjects—occasionally the most serious; and so it came about on Shrove-Thursday that Gounod, having been to communion that morning, touched on the problem of our final end and the incertitudes of the future life, and concluded his remarks with a phrase which, while expressing his spiritual travail, permits us to view his belief from a somewhat different angle from that indicated in his conversations with Abbé Gay or Father Lacordaire:—"It is stupefying!"—Then they would seek a table at the café, where there was always a deal of ceremony as to who should "pay the scot," for Gounod had yielded to Southern custom even in such prosaic dealings. He was delighted to ascertain that one could live "for nothing" in hospitable Provence. In fine weather he sometimes went out with Iltis to spend the day in the country scrambling over the rocks, scaling the Alpilles, hurtling downward to the valley; the master always had his notebook at hand, ready to jot down fugitive thoughts, while the leader of the Orphéons took charge of matters needful for the recuperation of the physical man. When Spring came, Gounod received the news that his wife and son proposed to join him; in order to receive them with every honor, the two musicians traversed the thickets to despoil the white-thorn of its early-flowering branches, which they brought home by armfuls to decorate the house. In the midst of these innocent and tranquil pleasures the score was taking shape; its outline was well-nigh completed when, on May 26, after a stay of more than two months, the inhabitants of Saint-Rémy tendered their transient guest a farewell banquet, at whose termination Mistral brought out a toast (a *brinde*, in the Provençal tongue)

in which he offered the good wishes of all to the "mestr musicaire, que tan liuen fai dinda li murmur prouvençau."

Yes; but in the very midst of his seclusion Gounod had found it necessary (here we have the reverse of the medal!) to repair to the railway station at Tarascon that he might pay his respects to Madame Carvalho, then on her way to sing at Marseilles, who was the prospective interpreter of *Mireille* at the Théâtre Lyrique, of which her husband was the director; from her he received the injunction, "It must be brilliant, brilliant, brilliant!"—False brilliants, of a truth! Despite his obliging humor, to which he yielded only too often, the author could not refrain from protesting: "I answered, that it would be as brilliant as I am." But by this exchange of views in the railway station the author was rudely awakened from his ideal dream, and brought back into the world of realities—and what a world!—that of the stage! The voice of Provence had called him, and dictated his songs; now another voice intervened, that of the cancatrice, of the directress, who wished to be served as best suited her, and who cared for nothing beyond her personal effect. A marvellous voice—an incomparable cancatrice—for Mme. Carvalho left with those who heard her an abiding memory of supreme perfection in the art of song; why was it that a woman so generously endowed could not consent to remain simply in her rôle as an interpreter? why did she presume to dictate to a master who alone should have been the judge of the realization of his work? Gounod saw himself obliged to insert a waltz in the middle of a first act penned in an eminently poetic, homogeneous and sustained style! A waltz in a scene impregnated through and through with rustic poesy, whose songs have all the purity and perfume of nature! Thus the work so lovingly conceived was given to the public only after manifold patching and mutilation.

And this is why *Mireille* does not yet realize, in all its plenitude, the musical ideal that one might form of it, any more than its perfect accord with the poem. On undertaking its composition, Gounod, in spite of all efforts, had been unable to disengage himself sufficiently from exterior constraints, and to overcome parasitical influences, so as to hark back to the perfect purity of primitive art.

Besides, it must be admitted that in a three-months' sojourn he could hardly have possessed himself of a Provençal soul. The musician is not like the painter, who has only to gaze upon a landscape in order to reproduce its features and colors; he requires a longer intimacy for the assimilation of characteristics differing in nature from those whose product he himself is.

So Gounod succeeded merely in striking a distinctive note of quite exterior effect, without actually attaining to the sources of Provençal tradition. Yet this effort, however incomplete, sufficed to imbue the score of *Mireille* with a character which noticeably differentiates it from other operas of the period; and certain exquisite "turns," wherein one hears as it were an echo of the idyllic inspiration of antique poesy, render it one of the most significant works that he composed.

There is a work in which Gounod combined, for the sake of contrast, the two inspirations which form the dual foundation of his genius. We have already mentioned it—it is *Polyeucte*.

By producing on the stage of the Opéra the tragedy of Corneille, with its presentation of the sublime sacrifice of a martyr, it is evident that the author of *Faust* wrought the work as an offering of faith. Unfortunately, nothing is less in keeping with Corneille than Gounod's gift. As we remarked before, despite all his piety, martyrdom was in no wise his vocation. Hence, he found himself impotent to infuse his harmonies with the exalted mood of an iconoclast. Néarque's zeal for making converts brought forth under his pen music that is merely an operatic duo. The lines which Corneille puts into Polyeucte's mouth, so admirable in their fervor and sublime love:

Seigneur, de vos bontés il faut que je l'obtienne;
Elle a trop de vertus pour n'être pas chrétienne,

inspired nothing more in his imagination than the colorless chant of a chorale constructed according to the formula; and when the fanatic spouse, tearing himself loose from all human attachments, proclaims that he is marching on "to glory," the music expresses his outcry by a mere commonplace vocal effect of the tenor, although Corneille's words were fitted to render this farewell so touching. Even where, thinking to interest the audience, he sets in action certain episodes relegated in the classic tragedy to the rank of simple narrative—for example, the tableau of the baptism of Polyeucte—his effort is vain; the masterpiece of Christian art which had been expected was not achieved, and the expectations of those who had previously admired *Faust* and *Mireille* were not realized.

But in *Polyeucte* the action flows in two parallel currents, the one depicting the Christian world, the other in the pagan sphere. Note the resultant paradox—it was in this latter that the author of *Mors et Vita* found his finest inspirations! Pauline, before her conversion, sings a "Hymn to Vesta" which, in its imposing beauty,

reminds one of the loveliest songs that Gounod gave his mythological heroines, Alceste or Iphigénie. In the "Pagan Ballet" occurs a dance of the god Pan, in the rhythmical figures and fine sonority of which Gounod has fairly outdone the charms peculiar to the choruses of *Ulysse* and *Philémon et Baucis*, those happy inspirations of his secular youth. At the première of *Polyeucte*, the number which most powerfully attracted the attention of an audience assembled with the expectation of experiencing thrills of a different order, was a barcarolle sung, to the accompaniment of murmurous flutes, by a voluptuous group of richly appalled Roman youths and courtesans crowned with flowers. M. Saint-Saëns relates that one day, when Gounod gave him a foretaste of his still unfinished work, it was precisely with this number that he commenced. "But (said Saint-Saëns), if you portray paganism so seductively, what sort of figure will Christianity cut beside it?" "For all that (replied Gounod), I can't deprive it of its weapons." It is only too true that the artist did not succeed in adequately arming the cause for which, after all, his sympathies were engaged, and so ensuring its triumph—at least in his musical work.

IV

Moreover, *Polyeucte* dates from a period which we should be glad to omit from Gounod's biography, and whose weaknesses are excusable solely on the plea of extenuating circumstances.

When the war of 1870 broke out, the author of *Faust*, being fifty years old, was no longer of an age to take up arms in his country's service; he went over to England, shedding distant tears for the unhappy plight of France. Had this absence been only for the time being, no reproach would attach to him therefor; but at the moment when, on the conclusion of peace, he was about to return, he made the acquaintance of a woman, no doubt an enchantress of a sort—she was a talented singer, and is said to have been beautiful—who, like Calypso, for a long time held this new Ulysses captive afar from home. But in this case Ulysses was wanting in craftiness; it was unfortunate for Gounod that, diseased both in mind and in body, he allowed this influence so to gain upon him that for nearly four years he could not summon up energy to throw it off. As for Mrs. Georgina Weldon (whose name received such wide publicity that we may be permitted to mention it here), she appears to have defined her own rôle in this adventure sufficiently well by declaring that, in her opinion, "music is merchandise pure and simple." It was purely and simply a stroke of "business" on

her part to abuse the transient weakness of a master whom she exploited, at first, so long as he remained under her direct influence; and, after he came to himself, she clearly revealed the nature of her claim by having Gounod sentenced, eleven years subsequent to their separation, to pay her 250,000 francs—an unjust lawsuit against which the Queen of England herself protested by her attitude, and which, toward the close of his life, deprived Gounod of the capacity to take part in the grand musical festivals with which his works were bound up. This adventure irrefutably confirms the fact that Gounod's character was weak, and that he was too readily influenced—a fact already revealed to some extent by previous episodes in his career.

However, it was at London, and for one of those grand artistic celebrations which go greatly redound to the honor of the land that once extended its hospitality to Handel, that Gounod, shortly after his arrival, composed and brought out for the first time a work still considered to be one of his loftiest conceptions. In the Spring of 1871, just before the opening of an international exhibition, he was requested to write for it a new work representative of French art, to be brought out at the Albert Hall before an audience of ten thousand. In the midst of the agonies through which he, like all Frenchmen, was passing, his song could seek no inspiration beyond them. He wrote a "Lamentation," for which he could easily find a lyric text, eternally applicable to such woes, in the Book of Jeremiah; and, desiring to make his intention clearly manifest, he bestowed on his setting of these biblical sentences the significant title of *Gallia*. It is not a lengthy work, as it includes only four numbers, slow and severe; but in style it is peculiarly fine, and Gounod rarely attained to such a height. A memory of the funeral choruses in *Alceste* and *Orphée* may have exercised a certain influence on the conception of the first chorus and the despairful prelude preceding it; but are there finer models, or any which he might more legitimately follow, than the sublime harmonies of Gluck? Solemn strains, expressive and sustained throughout, alternate between the solo voice and the anguished chords of the chorus; the orchestra falls in, growing in sonority and power; and suddenly the music becomes softer; suave chords announce a more serene conclusion, and, in a beautiful cantilena whose major modality contrasts vividly with the sombre mood foregoing, and which gradually swells, and rises, and soars upward, carried away by the sweep of an impassioned ardor, the voice, with swift response from the chorus supported by the unfettered orchestra, proclaims in ringing tones the message of hope and faith:

"Jerusalem! Jerusalem! turn again unto thy God!" This is, of a surety, one of the most sublimely moving pages that the art of that period conceived. Could it be otherwise, when the musician who penned it treated sincerely, with all his art and all his soul, a subject which fired his zeal from that double source of inspiration—his faith and his native land?

V

And, taking everything into consideration, it is just in his most celebrated work that Gounod's real nature comes to fullest fruition; in that point we need not dissent from public opinion, which has given it worldwide sanction.

Faust is an opera full of music. But (some one will object) it is an "opera"; and time was when the mere title would have brought about the condemnation of a work. Is it not time that these disputes were ended, and is not our present viewpoint sufficiently remote for us to see that every author is free to write in the style of his period? So let us not find fault with Gounod for musically illustrating Goethe and Shakespeare, and making operas out of "Romeo and Juliet" and "Faust." It was better for him to do this than to waste his strength on poems pieced together by ordinary verse-smiths, like *La Reine de Saba*, *Le Tribut de Zamora*, *La Nonne sanglante*, etc.

With regard to the charge that he was not a faithful interpreter of the poets, we must not shut our eyes to the fact that it is justified. It might have been applied to *Roméo et Juliette* as well as to *Faust*; but how does it happen that the charge is always formulated apropos of this latter work? Berlioz, in his day, met with a similar mishap, for the German critics gave his *Damnation de Faust* an unfavorable reception, motivated by the stricture that he had failed to respect Goethe; to which the French master responded by expressing his astonishment at not having heard the same objection apropos of his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, wherein he had treated the subject with at least equal freedom. "It is doubtless because (so he opines) Shakespeare was not a German!" There is a certain narrowness, in certain ways of thinking. . . . Without passing on the full validity of such arguments, let us advance the simple proposition that it is permissible to admit that Goethe is no more inviolable than Euripides, Racine, or Shakespeare, from whom the composers of operas have borrowed freely; and that the stricture above cited would necessarily apply to an important group of operas which we have been accustomed to regard as masterpieces; and that would (we think) be a pity.

Restoring the operas of Gounod to their historical environment, we shall, therefore, accept them for what they are—namely, adaptations of literary works whose original development is reduced to the proportions of a canvas destined for the reception of such embroideries as the musician's fancy shall dictate. And we shall add, that such procedure is in no way forbidden.

Though we have mentioned *Roméo et Juliette*, we shall not enlarge on that topic, although that work has emulated to a certain extent the brilliant career of *Faust*; but it belongs in second place, and while it contains several numbers written in good style, we are quite unable to award it a value rising appreciably above the level at which an opera may be estimated as a genuine work of art. It is better to confine ourselves to works of the first rank, which will endure as typical.

As said before, the score of *Faust* is full of music. At times this music soars to lofty heights of lyricism. It is delicious, full-flowing, diversified. In it all the traits of Gounod's individuality are gathered together.

This episode of the loves of Gretchen and Faust, thus segregated from the vast poem, is without a doubt a most worldly subject; yet the Christian artist again found a possibility of asserting himself in an authoritative fashion. The scene in the church, with its organ-prelude in sustained style and the lines of the funereal chant that form a setting for Gretchen's agonized lament, is assuredly an episode in grander style than any analogous numbers to be found in foregoing works of the operatic repertory. It is said that the composer introduced fragments of a Requiem (unpublished) which he began while in Rome and brought out in Vienna (1842); if true, this would afford yet stronger proof of the sincerity of its religious emotion.

Furthermore, scenes of this description have always lent peculiar value to Gounod's operas; consider the wedding-tableau in *Roméo et Juliette*, to which the song of Père Laurent imparts a loftiness of style not invariably in evidence throughout the work.

Certain traits make it manifest that the indissoluble blending of sacred and profane inspiration in Gounod is a perfectly concrete reality; of this, one of the most justly celebrated songs in *Faust* shall now be cited as a sufficiently piquant example. The theme of the duet, "O nuit d'amour, ciel radieux," seemingly expresses an ecstasy of most worldly sort; now, this song, prior to its incorporation in the opera, was an "O salutaris"—as may be proved by substituting the words of the hymn for those which

Marguerite sings; and either set of words perfectly fits the graceful lines of the cantilena.

The veritably Latin—that is, pagan—element which we have noted as constituting an important part of Gounod's genius, might appear to be too foreign to a German work for suitable utilization in "Faust." And for all that, even at the beginning of the opera, in the springtide songs of the young maidens awaking with the dawn, we find the same fresh pastoral inspiration that pulsates in works like *Philémon et Baucis* and *Mireille*.

In fact, it never entered Gounod's head to compose a Germanic work when writing *Faust*. The first impressions which he received from Goethe's masterpiece were blended with influences emanating from a wholly different sphere. It was at Rome, after his arrival in 1840, that he read "Faust" for the first time—"nota bene, in French," as he particularizes. Some months thereafter, on a trip to the isle of Capri, he conceived, while surveying the fantastic landscape there outspread, "the first idea for the Walpurgis Night. The book (so he adds, recalling his memories of Italy) never left me; I carried it with me everywhere, and jotted down in scattered notes the various ideas which I thought would be of use whenever I might try to write an opera on the subject." Therefore, it was neither in the forests of the Harz, nor yet in the picturesque labyrinth of the ancient streets of Frankfort, but surrounded by the Roman countryside and with Mediterranean views before him, that Gounod received his first impulsion from "Faust." How could the work of his maturity escape such influences?

This work is, all in all, a work of the period; better, assuredly, than the other works of that time; and what it owes to that period is not that which rendered it better. Even making every allowance, it is difficult to conceal the shock one feels on seeing the soldiers defile in their German costumes of the middle ages, preceded by a band of Sax instruments, and singing a chorus which was soon made popular by the Orphéons. However, this chorus is excellent in its own way; the march, brilliant and not lacking in warmth, would have had a fine effect in that same year when *Faust* was represented for the first time, if used to regulate the victorious steps of the French army returning from Solferino and Magenta. Hence, not its intrinsic worth, but solely its adaptation to such an environment, should be called in question. And no analogous censure will hold against the spirited scene of the Kermesse, where the sextuple chorus meanders on its rejoicing way with the most natural dash and go.

All this does not touch the depths of the work. But its arrangement is so happy that in the midst of so many brilliant accessories the principal figures stand out with a surpassing intensity of effect. Marguerite dominates this entire ensemble; and while—let us repeat for the last time—she is not the Gretchen of Goethe, she has therefor perhaps even greater poetic charm, a more ideal grace. In the love-songs that she and her partner lavish throughout the work, the musician's nature—seductive, feminine and sensual—finds freer course than ever before. There are love-duets in *Roméo et Juliette*—they are found in almost every act; but these duets are merely opera-numbers. In *Faust* it is souls that sing. The culminating point is reached in the quatuor in the garden, an excellent musical-comedy scene in free form, which mounts on and on to the height of a veritable love-poem, finding full and final development in a strain where the multitudinous voices of the orchestra unite in sonorous evocation of the voices of Nature herself—as is specified in the poem.

VI

M. Camille Saint-Saëns, ever Gounod's disciple and faithful friend, and who became his worthiest successor, summed up in a few well-chosen, pithy words, written on the very day of the Master's death, the chief features of his career:

"At the beginning he was misunderstood, followed only by a faithful few; and, without ever deviating from the line which he had marked out for himself, he gradually attained success, fame, and popularity. Nevertheless, he had to contend against an incessant hostility. In the first place, he came in conflict with the 'light horse' of comedy-opera; next, with the Italian coterie; finally, with the German clique."

Now, resisting all these influences, the artist maintained his individuality. More particularly, he never consented to go over to those forces from abroad which, for a quarter of a century or more, have carried musical art along with an irresistible momentum in unfamiliar directions—forces which, during the last years of his life, had begun to win the upperhand. For French musicians, the victims of this invasion, the choice was left of only two ways—either to join the following of the victor with good grace, thus imitating the ironical resignation of Ernest Reyer, who declared himself ready to "succumb gracefully," like the gladiator, or not to acknowledge themselves conquered, and to resist with their own weapons, even though inferior. We of to-day are not in a

position to find fault with a master who, in any event, had a good right to stand on his own feet, for having ranged himself with the latter and making head against the invader.

Our memory of the conflict in which he found himself opposed by nearly the entire younger generation, ought not to render us unjust at the present time. No one had a better right than he to bear his standard high.

The combat was undoubtedly unequal. We recall a coincidence which fairly well defines the respective situations. In 1882 Gounod brought out as a novelty, at the Conservatoire and in other symphonic concerts, a canticle which he had written to a poem by Racine, "D'un cœur qui t'aime"—an excerpt from the choruses of *Athalie*. It was a charming piece, breathing the quintessence of the author's tender mysticism of mind, chaste in contour, wholly in Racine's spirit. But, in that same year, *Parsifal* made its appearance at Bayreuth. How could one avoid comparing them?

Still, the superiority of one work is no reason why another should be done to death. In the atmosphere there are different levels, at each of which it is possible to breathe. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare have not deprived Horace, Petrarch and Lamartine of a right to exist.

And so it is wrong to censure Gounod for having been an opponent of what was called, in his time, the music of the future, and for having posed as the champion of a waning art. The truth is, that he opposed, purely and simply, the encroachments of a different race. He himself, save for some few superficial traits, is by no means a man of the past. While he implicitly takes his stand on an earlier tradition, it is one to which it is always an artist's right, if not his duty, to attach himself—the national tradition. Gounod, a French musician, naturally made French music. A reading of *Mireille*, that efflorescence of Provençal poetry, of *Philémon et Baucis*, inspired by La Fontaine, of *Le Médecin malgré lui*, an illustration of Molière, even of *Faust*, which owes nothing to Goethe but its title, brings the conviction that Gounod belongs to the lineage of Grétry, of Boieldieu, of Rameau. He modified their forms without sensibly changing their spirit. Any musical fragment of *Mireille* might find an equivalent in *Lucile* or *Zémire*. The pastorales of the shepherd Andreoloun, or of the shepherd in Sapho, sound like those in *Hippolite et Aricie* or *La Guirlande*; the love-songs, in fine, whereby the tender soul of the author of *Faust* most charmingly expresses itself, spring from an emotionality which, however diverse from that of the eighteenth century,

has its source in the same niche of the French soul as that of Monsigny or Dalayrac.

It was through these qualities that Gounod's music found an instant echo in the souls of his immediate successors, at least, if not in those of his contemporaries. Bizet, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, are at hand to declare, in their works, what they owe to him; and there was a time when, before worshipping at Wagner's shrine, our young musicians devoted themselves to Gounod *ad nauseam*. Those of to-day would be ingrates, however divergent the paths they have followed, did they refuse such a worthy predecessor the homage which they owe him; and the world that he delighted will assuredly unite with them in paying honor, at this centennial celebration, to one of those who have contributed to its most lasting, and not seldom its purest and most exquisite, artistic enjoyment.

(Translated by Theodore Baker)

THE ATTITUDE OF THE DANCER TOWARD MUSIC

By FREDERICK H. MARTENS

THE fact that a great majority of people still believe that the function of music in the modern art-dance is, after all, principally a rhythmic one, and that the dancer regards music as a mere accompanimental incident to his own art is a tribute to the longevity of a once-accepted conclusion. So it was during the eighteenth century, hence thus must it be to-day. And yet the dancer has travelled far from the formally hedged and bordered walks of academic tradition, and in the course of his journey his attitude toward music has undergone a radical change. How radical, a survey of the position of the eighteenth century art-dancer as regards music, and its contrast with the point of view of the artist of to-day will clearly establish.

The ideals of the exponents of the eighteenth century art-dance were, to all practical intent, purely terpsichorean. Gaetano Vestris, unlettered and ignorant, knew nothing but the one art in which he surpassed all other male dancers of his day. What place could music hold in the estimation of a man who could say and believe, "The century has produced but three really great men—Frederick the Great, Voltaire and *myself*!" Jean Georges Noverre, it is true, a man of intellectual ability and education, allowed music to play an important part in his scheme of the ideal ballet; yet it was a part more or less subordinate and decorative, not a principal one. And Marie-Auguste Vestris, *le dieu de la danse*, son of Gaetano, after Gluck had done all in his power to "fatten" the dancer's rôle during the first rehearsals of *Iphigenia* in Paris, was still unsatisfied, and with his importunities drew from the composer the retort: "Go dance in Heaven, if you are the god of the dance—but not in my opera!" We smile at Gluck's indignation when the same spoiled dancer, without the least regard for the musical and dramatic verities, insisted upon the opera's closing with a *chaconne*. "A *chaconne*!" Gluck cried, "and did the Greeks dance *chaconnes*?" But when Vestris petulantly insisted that it was impossible to dance to Gluck's music, a royal hint informed him that it would be best to apologize to the composer for the remark. Upon their meeting,

however, Gluck gave him no chance to make amends. Seizing the ballet-master, a small man, in his arms and whistling a ballet-air from *Iphigenia*, he capered about the room, dragging his little antagonist with him by main strength. "You see," he exclaimed maliciously, when he had deposited the breathless dancer in an arm-chair, "one can dance to my melodies after all!" Yet Gluck did not always have it his own way, for some of the dance divertissements in *Alceste* were introduced merely to satisfy the exigencies of *Messieurs de la danse*—"the gentlemen of the dance"—as they were called. On the other hand Gluck informed Vestris that "an artist whose whole science lay in his heels" was not entitled to kick them up in an opera like *Armide*. On occasion, however, Gluck's artistic good taste, overruled by the dancers, was justified by the public. A ballet interpolated against his better judgment between the second and third acts of *Alceste* was hissed and whistled from the stage, in a tumult, according to Grimm, "which all the talent of Vestris and Guimard could not appease."

Nor did Gluck's predecessor Lully find it easy to deal with the dancers. Lully, for his tragic operas, wanted dance movements which would, when necessary, conform to their nature and stress the tragic note, by substituting appropriate pantomime poses and gestures for the empty elaboration of the conventional steps. Did he succeed in making the famous dancers of his day realize what he was after? Not at all. He was obliged to choose novices, unspoiled by the traditions of their art, and laboriously train them to carry out his intentions. The dancers of his time, as those of Gluck's, could see nothing but their own dance *per se*, all else, proportion, character, the relation of the dance to the expressive content of the music, was a matter of indifference to them.

And despite Noverre's visions of a composite dance art in which were to be merged the dance, pantomime, music and poetry, his theories rather than his practice were modern. True, Mozart wrote a ballet for Noverre. But what were the circumstances? Noverre practically ignored the composer's share in the work and despite his theoretic stand considered Mozart's delightful ballet airs as nothing more than a musical complement of the scenic picture, far less important, in reality, than the costumes of his *balletteuses*. And in a review of the *première* of the ballet (it was bracketed with Piccinni's *Finte Gemelle*, at the Paris Opéra, June 11, 1778), published by the *Journal de Paris* on the day following, the music is hardly mentioned at all, but the entire

article devoted to an account of the dancing of Vestris and d'Auberval, the Guimard and Mlles. Asselin and Allard. Nor did the public of that time, in general, take the music of the ballet any more seriously than did the dancers.

Names like those of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini stand out by reason of their prominence among the composers of eighteenth century ballet music. Yet what they contributed was in the main incidental—Mozart's ballets are details of his operas, Beethoven wrote but one actual ballet, *Prometheus*. And in all their ballet music the dance interest was paramount with the public. Besides, a host of lesser composers, now forgotten (save when their music, like that of Gardel, is resurrected to rhythm the dance of some artist like Pavlova) supplied the ephemerally tuneful *décor* which the dancer at the end of the eighteenth century regarded as an agreeable background rather than a necessity for the proper display of his art.

During the first half of the nineteenth century a change took place. The view-point of the dancer remained practically the same; yet he began to acknowledge in practice that music of a better calibre was a *desideratum*. Something that went beyond mere rhythm, mere tune, was appreciated by audiences. Auber, Hérold, Spontini, Rossini, Meyerbeer, mainly in their opera-ballets, opened up to the dancer new vistas of musical coöperation with their own art. Didelot, Deshayes, Doulon, Albert Paul were *danseurs* prominent in early Victorian days, both in Paris and in London, while the *danseuses* included Fanny Ellsler, Taglioni, Noblet, Carlotta Grisi, Therese, Cerito, Lucile Grahn and, in general, their attitude toward music differs from that of Vestris and his companions. Yet much of the music then written for the ballet was musically negligible. A Schneizhoffer composed that of Taglioni's masterpiece *La Sylphide*. Adolph Adam, a decidedly lesser Auber, was the author of *Giselle*. And in Russia, where Petipa had inaugurated the spectacular ballets, the ballets *de grands cadres*, writers like Minkus and Pugni supply their music, just as Carlo Blasis and Marenco did for the Italian ballets of the same type. And though Blasis in his writings encouraged the student of dancing to become a musician as well, many of the models offered him for study at the time in the field of ballet music were of decidedly questionable artistic value.

There is no denying, however, that the dancer of the period was more or less affected by the introduction of the folk-dances of various lands—Spain, Poland, Italy, Russia—into the art repertory. And in the folk-dance, music is the underlying princi-

ple which supports the whole emotional structure of the dance. Folk-dances, even in an art development, have a certain amount of the natural and spontaneous thrust upon them. The dancer is forced to admit the participation of music as an emotional and esthetic, instead of a mere rhythmical and decorative factor. Even among the Zulus, the great tribal dances are the incidental accompaniments of colloquial war and hunting songs. Hence the folk-dance may be said to have aided in the re-orientation of the dancers' outlook on music. And then, too, in the course of time, composers of real distinction began to devote attention to the ballet as a musical form. Delibes, Bizet, Widor, Saint-Saëns, Reyer, Massenet in France, Tschaikovsky, Arensky and Glazounov in Russia, in their ballets proper and *ballets d'opéra* gave music a new standing in the dance, and accustomed the ears of the dancer to music that had a higher qualitative value than that of mere accompaniment. Yet though their ears may have heard and appreciated the change, music, even at the present time, is no more than an accessory to the dancer wedded to the older classic traditions of his art which, despite the innovations of the *Ballet russe* and those of numberless individual interpretative dancers, still flourish at the Paris *Opéra*, in the Court Operas of Berlin and Vienna, in La Scala at Milan and its South American vassal, the *Teatro Colon* of Buenos Aires. In the engaging and artistic ballets presented at the Paris *Opéra*, for instance, where, to quote M. Serge de Diaghileff, the dancers have *leur tradition à eux*, terpsichorean grace, elegance and lightness within the formal and established limits of the school of Staats and Mariquita still represent the ultimate goal of ambition. The decorative element has not been unaffected by the passing of the Russians, but the dancers' view-point as regards music has not greatly changed. And an ornate and elaborate formalistic development of the dance action makes more than a superficial and rhythmic welding with the music hard to attain. Beneath the veils of the Hindoo dancing-girls in the ballet of Massenet's *Roi de Lahore* and the coverings of the bacchantes in Saint-Saëns's *Déjanire* peep forth the traditions of the *Ecole de Danse de l'Opéra*. The music accompanies their dancing—they do not dance the music.

There may be excellent musicians among the dancers of the *corps de ballet* of the Paris *Opéra*: among the dancers of the Russian Ballet there are. In their case the erstwhile Imperial Ballet School laid especial stress on music. The dancer might be an indifferent executant, or might not play at all, but his "appreci-

ation," his musical intelligence and apperception were developed and encouraged with painstaking care, of which the best proof is to be found in the interpretation of such works as *Schéhérazade*, *L'Après-midi d'un faun*, *Le Sacre du Printemps* and other ballets of the modern interpretative repertory. And the dancer and ballet-master who designs and develops works of this type, where the emotional and descriptive details of the musical movement are given plastic visibility in the terpsichorean movement, *must* be a musician. He needs far more than a sense of rhythm to enable him to realize his perfected art effort. A sense of rhythm may suffice to correlate motion in tone and motion in the dance, but it is not enough to shed light on the inner relation of the two, to develop their emotional or esthetic affinity. It is this sensitized feeling for the unity of music and the dance, not the surface unity of measure rhythm, but the intimate unity of emotional rhythm, which marks the attitude of the modern interpretative dancer toward music, as distinct from that of the follower of classic tradition, whose view-point still antedates in a measure the French Revolution.

Some time before the New York *première* of the ballet *Sadko*, given last season, the writer was talking with Adolf Bolm about his new creation. The Russian artist shed a vivid light on the dancer's attitude toward his work. He spoke of his preparatory studies of the finny indwellers of the Prince of Monaco's Oceanographic Museum at Monaco, in order to secure dance movements and figures based on a genuine "nature" note, for his subaqueous ballet; he showed various books of Russian legend and fairy-tale, of whose versions of the *Sadko* legend he had been making a comparative study. He touched on details which proved that he had been living with his subject for some time, and then the question of its music was raised. At once Bolm produced a score of *Sadko*, not the orchestral score which the musicians were rehearsing, but a four-hand score which he always kept at hand, as he explained. It was a copy which evidently had been used, and used often, and as he ran through it (beside the piano Bolm has studied violin), it was entirely plain that he knew every note, and not as a mere rhythmic unit either. He was able to develop the entire programme of the ballet out of Rimsky-Korsakov's symphonic poem; he knew its every dynamic, every emotional effect. And, later, watching him at rehearsal, it was plain that every measure of this music was imprinted on his memory. The *Prince Igor* ballet he had made musically his own with the same thoroughness and insight.

Or we may take the case of Mme. Maria Kousnezoff. Here we have a Russian dancer doubled by a Russian prima-donna in one and the same person. In *Traviata*, *Manon* and *Tosca* she delighted Paris audiences during the winter of 1916; and during the course of the same season added additional laurels to her fame as a *danseuse de caractère*.

It was the writer's privilege to watch Nijinsky direct a rehearsal of his ballet *Till Eulenspiegel*, to Richard Strauss's music, a score whose intricacies, though programmatically it is clear enough, none will deny. The Austrian conductor who directed the work had little or no French, which Nijinsky spoke; and the latter no German, and the writer served as a medium for the exchange of ideas. It soon developed that this and that was not as it should be: "There is not enough horn-tone!" said M. Nijinsky when a certain passage was reached—and he was right. The passage was scored for four horns, and only two horn-players had appeared to play. In another place the flutes did not produce the prescribed pianissimo and were kept at it until they did. The entire musical score was thus rehearsed before any stage rehearsal was thought of, and rehearsed with an attention to detail and a sense of musical finish and proportion on the part of the famous dancer which showed how well acquainted he was with every page of its orchestration. It was an admirable display of musical, not mere rhythmical intelligence on M. Nijinsky's part, and one that was entirely convincing. And it is evident that a new note in music, if it be sincere, is remarked by the dancer who represents the modern trend. Leo Ornstein has informed the writer that Léonide Massine, after he had heard the "Wild Man's Dance" and the "Three Moods: Anger, Peace, Joy" played in recital, was so taken with the possibilities their music offered for dance-dramatization that he sought out the composer with a view of obtaining his consent to their orchestration for that purpose. In other words, the musical taste and understanding of the dancer enabled him to judge for himself as to the music he had heard, and its availability for his use.

Naturally the modern dancer, with all his knowledge of music and the sympathetic outlook it gives, is not always infallible in his selection of musical material for dramatic and musical amalgamation. *Midas*, a ballet conceived to a symphonic poem by Maximilian Steinberg, reflects little credit on his musical good taste; the same may be said of *Narcisse*. And who would venture to compare the music of Maud Allan's "Vision of Salome" to that of Florent Schmitt's *Tragédie de Salome*? But when we

think of such errors of musical judgment, we need but recall *Le Sacre du Printemps*, *Petrouchka*, *L'Après-midi d'un faun*, *Schéhérazade*. The music of *Thamar* and of *Cléopâtre* may lay itself open to criticism as regards content, yet it is raised immeasurably above that of Beyer's *Puppenfee* or Marengo's *Excelsior*. And in the repertory thus far established by the Russian Ballet, aberrations of musical good taste are, all in all, infrequent. The music of *La Légende de Joseph*, handicapped by its absurd symbolic program, which forced the composer to attempt to express in tone pseudo-philosophic abstractions impossible of expression, is at any rate far more vital and compelling than the ear-tickling inanities of such older Italian *ballets de spectacle* as *Messalina* or *Sieba*. And if in the *Coq d'Or* of Rimsky-Korsakov the Russians have brought the music into a new and somewhat more or less awkward situation *vis-à-vis* the dramatic development of its story, it should be remembered that they have lent a plausible scenic light, color and beauty of motion to Schumann's *Carnaval*, and have given visual expression to the ethereal charm of some of Chopin's most delightful melodic thought. Nor is it a little thing to have lent freshness and a new vitality to Weber's hackneyed "Invitation to the Dance"—for the Russian dancers who have wedded it to Théophile Gautier's poem in their lyric interpretation, have given its music a novel poesy and glamor.

In the field of "lyric dancing," the dancing of the individual artist as distinct from that of the ballet, or symphonic dance, we find the change in the dancer's attitude toward music clearly defined. Of course, there is much music in use which is of a distinctly inferior kind; but in general the best classic, romantic and ultra-modern composers are drawn upon for material. Individual compositions by Debussy, Ravel, Dukas (one of the loveliest creations in the whole range of the lyric dance is his *La Péri*, a legend of ancient Iran dramatized in the dance by a *danseur* and *danseuse* to a score which is a favorite in the symphonic repertory); by Tchaikovsky, Grieg, Sinding, Sibelius, Glazounov, Dvořák, Liszt, Rubinstein, Johann Strauss, and a host of others; by writers of the more aristocratic types of salon pieces like Moszkowski, Lechetizsky, Poldini—the modern dancer has a wide choice as regards the kind and character of the music to be interpreted in terms of motion.

As might be expected, this bright picture has its shadows. In the case of one distinguished dancer, for instance, who has unveiled for occidental audiences the true inwardness of the hieratic and temple dances of the Hindoo East, the beauty of

her art cannot excuse the paucity of its musical complement. There is a wealth of fine musical material, genuine *impressions d'Orient* by modern composers of high standing which would, even did the dancer choose to consider her music the merest corollary to her dances, give them a more subtle musical color and suggestion; and it is a pity that her art should have to miss that final quality of convincing charm which appropriate music conveys.

Again there is an unfortunate tendency on the part of the interpretative dancer to consider any music labeled with an Oriental title, and having a few "outward and audible" signs of conventional Orientalism, as genuine Eastern music. Luigini's pleasant *Ballet orientale*, for instance, is not truly of the East. A master like Verdi may be able to evoke the Orient in his *Aida* dances, but as a rule the musical bric-à-brac made in Milan is anything but Mohammedan or Hindoo. It comes as a shock to realize that another well-known dancer whose musical taste, as reflected in her dance programs, is ordinarily beyond reproach, should have been satisfied last season to stage an Oriental ballet with music as weak and trifling as that written by a certain Belpazzi.

Perhaps among all the individual lyric dancers none shows such unvarying artistic good judgment in the selection of the music she wishes to express in motion as Isadora Duncan. Wagner, Beethoven, Schubert and Schumann, Gluck, César Franck, Johann Sebastian Bach, Palestrina, Brahms, Grieg and Chopin—catholic good taste is reflected in a choice which avails itself of the art of such masters. Nor will any cavil at Tschaikovsky's *Marche Slave* or the *Marseillaise*, though the selection of Louis Ganne's *Marche Lorraine* and our own "Star-Spangled Banner" for dance development may be justified by patriotic rather than for musical reasons. In many cases there can be no doubt that the programmatic suggestion of a musical composition offers the starting-point of an "interpretative" development. Yet to what degree the dance can and does interpret absolute music is still more or less an open question, and one which we will not attempt to solve.

Every "interpretative" dancer who attempts to express in motion absolute music, can reflect no more than an individual mood, an individual concept. Even where the sincerity of the dancer's art is beyond cavil, the motion scheme is of necessity arbitrarily conditioned by certain outstanding characteristics of the music itself, rhythm, color, tempo, dynamics. Within these

broad outlines must be developed the subtler shades of expression which endeavor to express the psychic content of the composition. As a working-out in motion-rhythms of those elements in a musical work which lend themselves to the purpose, the interpretative dance may be justified, in the case of absolute music, by the tenets of artistic logic. But it can only "interpret" such music from an individual standpoint and no two dancers would have the same concept. And who is to say which, if any version, transmutes intelligibly into terms of motion the inner meaning of the music presented? Where programme music is concerned—using the term in a wide sense—the dancer is more sure of being understood. A definite idea has already been called forth; there only remains its expression. No matter how that expression may vary, the key to its meaning is always at hand. The music of the *Marseillaise* explains itself, and as Miss Duncan interprets it, is merged with her dance. It does not call for commentary or elucidation. But César Franck and Bach—would they themselves be able to say whether or no their music's innermost meaning is properly revealed in its interpretative dance versions?

New light may be shed before so very long on this interesting question, since Nijinsky has in preparation a series of interpretative dance-versions of the music of classic and modern composers—a mimetic and terpsichorean development of its context in which he believes he has found the ideal rendering of psychic and emotional tone values in rhythmic movement. When so great an artist and innovator in the field essays a solution of the problem we cannot help feeling that he may have realized possibilities unsuspected or discounted as impossible of attainment.

The dancer who, at the present day, wishes to attain the higher ranks of the terpsichorean hierarchy must be in some degree a musician, must have that understanding of music's emotional and intellectual content without which his own art of necessity falls short of its full fruition of beauty and meaning. Where this musical apperception is not developed there must needs be a hiatus between intent and perfect realization. And, in a greater or lesser degree, nearly every dancer, speaking in a higher artistic sense of the word, realizes the fact. Though the old academic order still exists side by side with the newer, more vital dispensation, since it represents a merely ocular, and hence more obvious development of the ballet and the *pas seul*, with music as an agreeable secondary concomitant, it lives only because of the disinclination of the multitude to change, especially to change when there is implied even the slightest mental effort toward a

fuller and more subtle enjoyment of beauty. Yet, as before remarked, even the attitude of the traditional dancer toward music has been modified during the past two hundred years. And that of the more independent dancer, of the disciple of Fokine and Isadora Duncan, has undergone a complete transformation. Music has come into its own as a part of the dance curriculum well-nigh as important as the dance itself. Vestris danced "to music," it did not much matter what or whose. Nijinsky, Bolm, Duncan and the rest dance music itself, and had they not "music in their souls" would never have reached that height of artistry in their chosen field which is incontestably theirs. No longer does the dancer regard music as a bondsmaid, a handmaiden subject to his every caprice and whimsey; she has been raised to the dignity of a consort, without whose aid and inspiration he is shorn of half his power, and is unable to make out a convincing case for the art whose possibilities it is his duty to exploit.

BELAIEV—MÆCENAS OF RUSSIAN MUSIC

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN ✓

THE history of Art-patronage discloses that it has not always displayed the wisdom associated with the benefactions of Mæcenas, the Roman knight to whom Horace and Virgil dedicated their works. Dr. Johnson's immortal rebuke to the address of Lord Chesterfield is an indictment which perpetually warns us not to accept patrons at their own valuation.

At this moment, therefore, when we have just discovered that the patronage of music in Russia was formerly one of the few things that compensated for an unthinkable condition of political affairs in that country, and when we are told that the Carnegie British Composers' Trust has based the plan of its activities upon that of Belaiev, it seems a duty to interest ourselves in the Russian scheme, and, before accepting either that or the one which avows its respect for it and the intention of imitating it as far as possible, we ought surely to investigate the original with a view to useful criticism, with the object of ascertaining its merits, and, if there exist any, its shortcomings.

Belaiev's plan was certainly ideal as a plan, and it was wonderfully comprehensive. It is doubtful whether the British or the American musical public has any notion as to its scope, for there appears to exist an idea that Belaiev was simply a non-commercial publisher of native music, that his activities ended there, and that he was the first publisher in Russia to conduct a publishing concern on any but wholly commercial lines. The honourable epithet of Mæcenas in the title of the present article owes its appearance there to the fact that Belaiev was a Patron. That he included publication of native music in his scheme is simply evidence that he was more far-seeing (and perhaps that he was wealthier) than any previous or subsequent musical patron in Europe. The comprehensiveness of his scheme is most easily appreciated by glancing around and taking note of the various efforts of a number of individuals who have, in the past few years, done their utmost to promote the furtherance of native British music. In the domain of orchestral music, for instance, there is the Palmer Patrons' Fund, which was instituted for the performance and publication of new British works, and, more recently, the native symphonic



M. P. Belaiev

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composer has received much encouragement from Mr. Balfour Gardiner. The revival of an interest in British chamber-music is largely the result of the prize-giving activities of Mr. W. W. Cobbett and the concerts of Mr. Thomas Dunhill, whilst in the operatic as well as in the orchestral sphere Sir Thomas Beecham has laboured unceasingly with the aim of achieving a renaissance of British Music. To these now enters the Carnegie scheme for the publication of notable native works.

These schemes are of course complementary one to the other, but there has been no deliberate co-ordination on the part of their promoters; it should be observed, moreover, that, in the bulk, they fall short of the benefactions dispensed by one man alone to Russian music. When Belaiev began his enterprise the Russian revival was already an accomplished fact. Nearly fifty years had elapsed since Glinka had crowned the jejune efforts of his precursors with his opera "A Life for the Tsar", a work of which the style is sufficiently national to have pleased the critics as well as the public not only of Glinka's day but of the twentieth century; recent events in Russia lead one to suppose that this opera is hardly likely to retain, in the future, the place it has occupied for three-quarters of a century as the inevitable "first-night" work of the State Theatre season and as an invariable feature of every festive occasion. Dargomijsky, re-shaping and enlarging the nationalist ideal, had been joined by the famous brotherhood of the "Five", and their somewhat shortsighted initial endeavour to propagate a race of untutored composers had fortunately been accompanied, in the early 'sixties, by the labours of the brothers Rubinstein, who, with the help of the Grand Duchess Elena Pavlovna, had succeeded in founding the Russian Musical Society, together with its two affiliated conservatories in Petrograd and Moscow. Furthermore, Serov had contrived to raise the standard of newspaper criticism and had established it as a scientific, though still a somewhat partisan vocation. There existed in Petrograd, in addition to its Conservatory, a Free School of Music, founded in 1862 by Balakirev, Lomakin and Stassov—an institution which gave annually a series of concerts directed by native conductors, whilst the Russian Musical Society's series were occasionally entrusted to some distinguished visitors.

Native opera was beginning to flourish; Tchaikovsky's "Oniegin" had been produced and Russia was soon to learn from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Snow-Maiden" how delightful a reflection of itself might be seen in national opera. As for the publishers, Bessel had done good work for the nationalists and had evinced a

considerable amount of public spirit in issuing their earlier efforts, such as Dargomijsky's "Stone Guest" and Korsakov's "Maid of Pskov", being severely taken to task—according to an article written by Stassov in 1876—by the Moscow critic, Laroche, who branded Bessel as an enemy of society for his pains; Jurgenson, though somewhat more "businesslike," had served his country well in producing music at a lower price than had hitherto been deemed possible—an enterprise into which he was speedily followed by his competitors. Musical competitions were not unknown, but a method which allowed Tchaikovsky (in 1875) to write the motto of identification on his prize opera "Vakoula the Smith" *in his own hand* was obviously susceptible of improvement. Such then was the general condition of music in Russia when Belaiev appeared on the scene.

Mitrophan Petrovich Belaiev was born at Petrograd on February 10th O. S. 1836. His father, who came from Viborg, was a wealthy timber merchant, owning vast forests both in the Olonets government and on the White Sea coast. His mother was of Swedish extraction. The future patron of Russian music was educated at a German establishment—the Petrograd Reform Church School—at which, in addition to his general studies, he took lessons on the violin, the viola and the piano. Leaving school, he went straight into his father's business and at thirty years of age was taking a prominent part in its management. A natural aptitude for music had meanwhile been fostered by the school tuition and he had joined a German choral society. He was in the habit also of taking part, when occasion offered, in performances of chamber-music, but this pursuit appears to have been relinquished when he went into partnership with a cousin in a timber concern having its headquarters in Archangel, a neighbourhood which, according to repute, is the least likely place in Russia to afford facilities for such indulgences.

It is clear that in 1880 Belaiev was again resident in the capital, for in that year he became a member of the Petrograd Circle of Music-Lovers, then conducted by Lyadov. Its President was Borodin. Here, apparently, was a timely corrective to his exclusively German musical upbringing. Hardly aware of it, he was gradually being drawn into the channel cut for him by destiny. Thanks to the Balakirev Circle, native music had already gained a measure of recognition. A concert of Moussorgsky's music given by the Society soon after the composer's death in 1881 is to be regarded as one of the fruits of the Balakirev propaganda.

Belaiev was now also a member of the Petrograd Chamber-music Society and might, all being considered, have been fairly satisfied with the use to which he was putting his leisure. His figure had become quite a familiar one in Petrograd musical circles. This we learn from the *Memoirs of Rimsky-Korsakov*, a volume which affords a considerable amount of information as to the circumstances which prompted Belaiev to become what he became. On 17th March, 1882, there was performed, at one of the concerts given by the Free School, a symphony which had just been completed by an unknown composer called Glazounov. The enthusiastic audience, we are told, had its curiosity aroused when, in response to its plaudits, there came forward a youth in student's uniform. Some of the audience, it is said, made no secret of their belief that the symphony had been composed by Rimsky-Korsakov, the young man's teacher, who was conducting on this notable occasion. But Belaiev, who was at the concert, thought otherwise, and sought the composer's acquaintance. This he secured through Lyadov.

During the ensuing summer Rimsky-Korsakov was invited to conduct a concert at the Pan-Russian Exhibition in Moscow and he included the new symphony in his programme. At the first rehearsal he was approached by a person whom he had often seen in Petrograd but whose identity had hitherto remained unknown to him. Introducing himself, Belaiev explained that he greatly admired this symphony and asked permission to attend all the rehearsals. Belaiev and Glazounov were already on a friendly footing, and the former's admiration had recently been increased by an acquaintance with two more works—the two overtures on Greek themes, which were produced early in 1883. Meanwhile Glazounov's reputation had been carried abroad by Borodin, and the composer of "Prince Igor" had spoken so warmly of the symphony to Liszt that a performance in Weimar resulted. The composer attended the concert and with him went Belaiev. Continuing their pilgrimage the two Russian friends visited Spain, Africa and finally Bayreuth, where they heard "Parsifal". Wagner's influence upon Glazounov does not date, however, from this time, but from Neumann's performances of the "Ring" at Petrograd in 1889.

During this time a plan had been maturing in Belaiev's mind, and early in 1884 he put forward a proposal to publish the young Russian composer's works. Bessel, in his brochure on the publishing trade in Russia, states that one or two early works had already been issued by a second-rate firm which had been found

for Glazounov by Balakirev. Evidently, it was unthinkable to Belaiev that his friend's work should require to be forced on a publisher. At all events, Belaiev, who was a man of strict business habits, caused a formal agreement to be prepared, and in July it was duly executed.

But the timber merchant now realised that if he undertook the stimulation of the growth of Russian music he would have to abandon the business of felling, if not of selling trees. He turned the timber concern into a company, reverting to the minor position of share-holder, and in June, 1885, opened a music-publishing house in Leipzig. The business was to be entirely non-commercial, and to exist solely for the benefit of Russian music.

This step was followed by another—tentative in itself, but foreshadowing a much more extensive undertaking. Belaiev arranged a kind of private audition of Glazounov's works. It was held at the College of Saints Peter and Paul; invitations were sent to all likely to be interested, and to the newspaper critics. A year later came a public concert of Russian works, held at the Nobles' Club—the programme including a new example by Glazounov: it was his now famous symphonic tableau "Stenka Razin". The conductor was Rimsky-Korsakov, and from him Belaiev received the suggestion of inaugurating a regular series of Russian symphony concerts. The first of these took place on the founder's saint's day, 23rd November, 1886, and to judge by a letter from Borodin (whose first symphony figured in the programme) to his wife, the audience resembled those attending the Free School Concerts—meagre in quantity but enthusiastic.

The size of the gathering may have been a subject of regret to Belaiev, but fortunately the financial aspect of the matter was not one of serious concern to him and his concerts soon became recognised as a permanent institution. He was not satisfied even with these splendid efforts. He had provided facilities both for publication and performance of Russian music: but it seems now to have occurred to him that, having created a demand, it was high time that a supply should be assured. When the Rubinstein's founded their Russian Music Society (in the early 'sixties) it was stipulated in the Constitution of the Society that each concert-programme should contain one Russian work, and it subsequently became manifest that to draw up such a condition was much easier than to fulfil it. Belaiev therefore took measures to prevent a recurrence of this dearth. Unknown to those who were congratulating the musical world on its acquisition of so great a benefactor, he began to make efforts to inaugurate a period of

intensive cultivation. He arranged through an intermediary to award prizes for worthy compositions by native artists, and, seeking to glorify the past whilst providing for the future, he resolved to award his prizes annually on the double anniversary of Glinka's two operas "A Life for the Tsar" and "Russlan and Ludmilla", i. e., on 27th November. Secretly awarded during the Patron's lifetime, these prizes fell in the first year to Borodin, Balakirev, Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Cui and Lyadov.

To the last named, Belaiev had become attracted more than to any other of his acquaintance. A prolonged tour of Russia together in 1887 is, however, the first recorded evidence of close friendship. It may safely be assumed that during these travels many plans were discussed, and the institution of Belaiev's weekly Friday meetings may perhaps have been the outcome. The first of these historic gatherings was held at Belaiev's house on 25th September, 1887, the proceedings including a ceremonial supper during which the host uttered an address of cordial welcome to the assembled company.

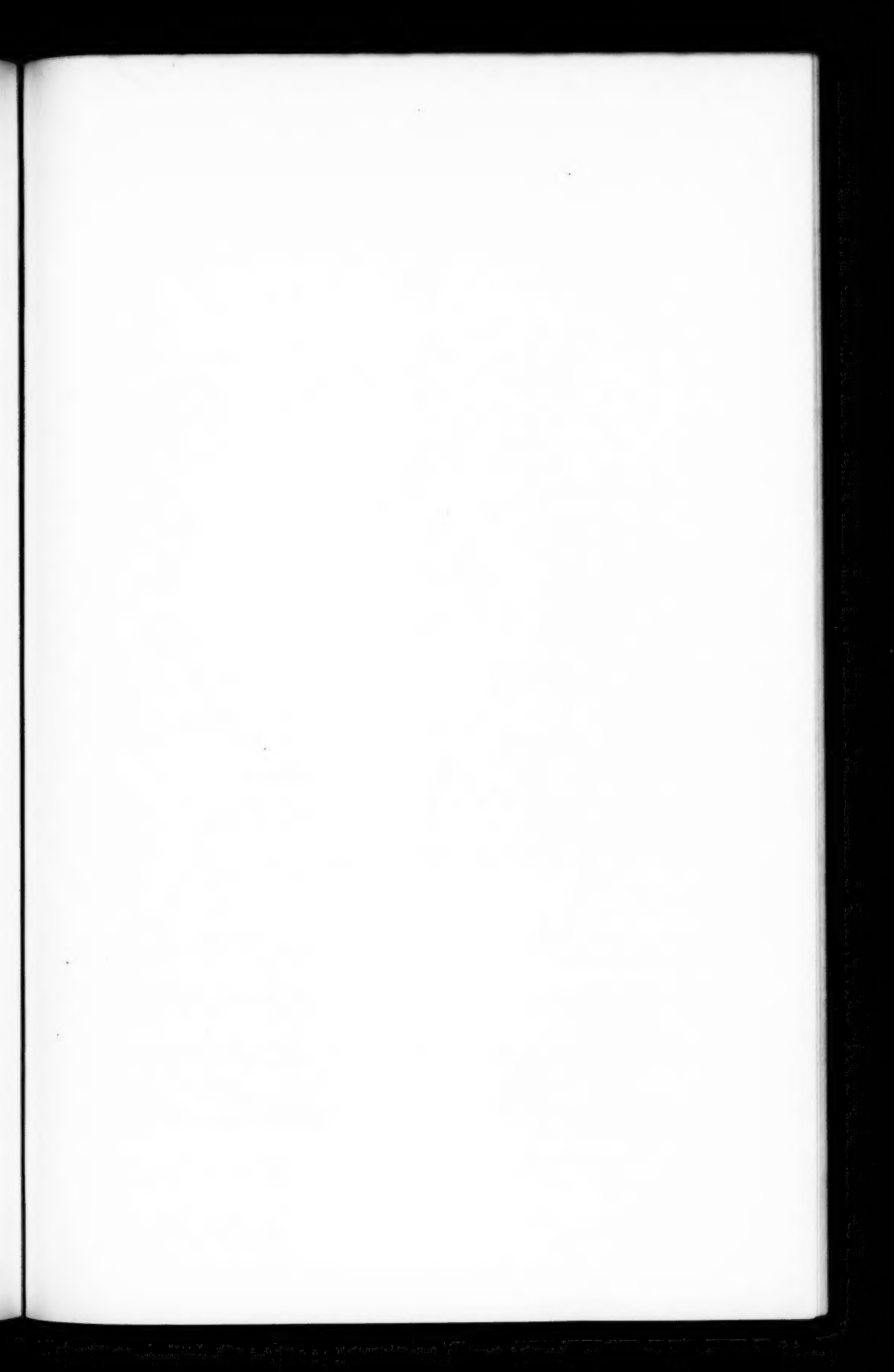
The concerts were meanwhile gaining ground and in 1888 six were given. Glazounov, encouraged by Belaiev, had begun to conduct his own works, and a larger hall had been engaged. In the following year Belaiev supplemented the earlier efforts of that Belgian friend of monarchs and musicians, the Countess Mercy-Argenteau, to bring Russian music westward, by arranging for two concerts to be held at the Paris Exhibition. Belaiev was joined in the visit by Glazounov, Lyadov, Rimsky-Korsakov and Lavrov—then a solo pianist of high repute. The lack of success attending these two concerts is attributed by Rimsky-Korsakov to the modest method of announcement pursued by the concert-giver and also to the absence of any great "star" soloist from the programmes. The Exhibition crowd was not greatly interested in Russian music—hardly knowing of its existence—and could not very well be expected to give this little-advertised event much consideration, especially as all the rival attractions were being "boomed" by means of every possible device. But the French musicians made up for the apathy of the cosmopolitan mob. Belaiev and his friends were entertained right and left and Rimsky-Korsakov's account of the various festivities organized in their honour is itself entertaining in its frankness.

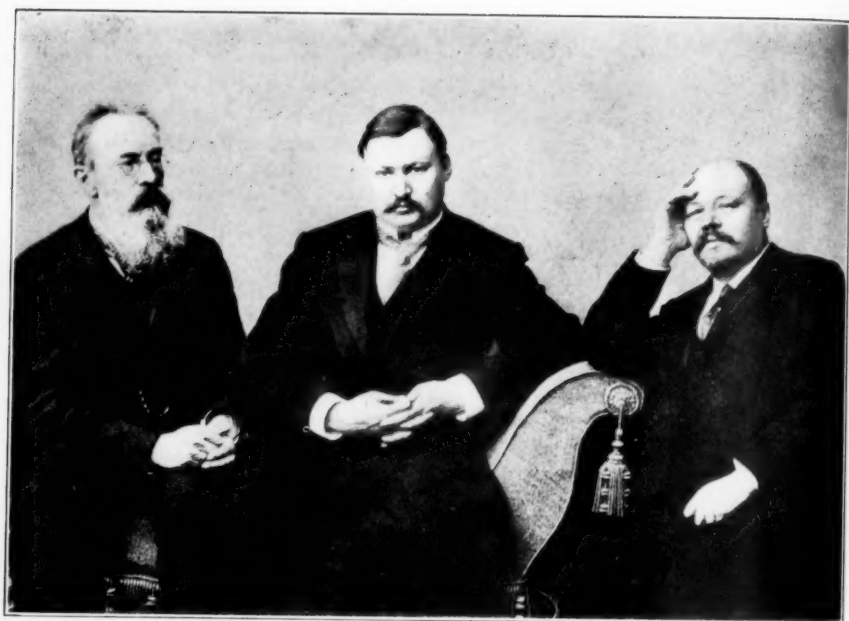
In 1891 Belaiev again increased the sphere of his influence, and to that year belongs the institution of a series of Chamber-concerts. Twelve months later he gave five hundred roubles (£50) towards the foundation of a chamber-music competition under the auspices

of the Petrograd Chamber-Society—the grant subsequently becoming annual. Belaiev, who had already befriended a number of musicians, besides the composers to whom reference has been made, now achieved perhaps the most remarkable of his “discoveries”. In the spring of 1894 Aleksandr Skryabin, a young Moscow pianist and composer, gave a recital in the new capital and its effect upon Belaiev was such as to recall the fascination exercised over him ten years previously by Glazounov’s music.

Belaiev began his benefactions in Skryabin’s case by publishing the first Piano Sonata (in 1895) and, very soon after, he organized a foreign concert-tour in Switzerland, Germany, Belgium and France—a tour which may be described as personally conducted, since Belaiev actually went with his protégé onto the concert platform—calling forth comparison of his burly figure with that of the slender Skryabin. At the end of the tour the composer remained in Paris, where he had been received very warmly by the Press; but Belaiev, although no longer at his side, was with him in spirit. During the winter of 1897, Skryabin received from V. V. Stasov a letter dated November 27th (the already-mentioned Glinka anniversary) in which he was asked to consider the acceptance of an award from a person who desired to remain unknown—“a clandestine lover of the Russian Musical School”. Stasov expressed an earnest hope that the award would be accepted. Only Shcherbachev and Balakirev had ever definitely refused. Tchaikovsky had wavered, being already in receipt of a sufficient income from his operas, but on hearing that a refusal might give pain to the unknown patron, and, moreover, that it might have the effect of instituting an invidious distinction between himself and other composers who had accepted the prizes, he had promptly decided in the affirmative. From Skryabin a consent was also forthcoming, and he duly received the awarded sum of 1,000 roubles. It was the forerunner of a number of such payments.

There is little to chronicle respecting the remaining years of Belaiev’s life. In 1897 he was elected President of the Petrograd Chamber-music Society, to which he had for some time been giving liberal financial assistance. The Friday meetings had now become the resort of musicians from all parts and had also been swelled by a number of new local recruits—many of them pupils of Rimsky-Korsakov. But we have an assurance that the great Patron’s generosity was not confined—as one or two really biased critics have alleged—to the Petrograd nationalist set. Thus, in addition to the occasional visits of Tchaikovsky, one reads of the appearance there, in 1899, of Taneiev, who for many years had





Belaiev's First Committee

been a harsh opponent of the Petrograd group; and if proof were needed of Belaiev's catholicity of taste and eclectic outlook one need only consider the difference between the aims of the mystical Skryabin, whom Rimsky-Korsakov at first regarded as a rather neurotic individual and something of a *poseur*, and those of Taneiev, who was loved most for his bluntness and whose mathematical methods of composition were looked upon somewhat dubiously by Belaiev's intimates. It was in 1900 that Belaiev entered into an agreement to publish Taneiev's operatic trilogy "Orestes"—a step which can hardly have been profitable, in the financial sense, to the firm.

For the conclusion of our biographical narrative we may turn to the correspondence between Rimsky-Korsakov and Lyadov. From the latter there is an epistle in which he fulfils a request made by the secretary of the Belaiev Committee and conveys to his friend the news that their patron is proceeding to his villa on December 20th (1903) and will undergo an operation early in the new year for an ulcer in the stomach. Rimsky-Korsakov's reply states that he has seen the patient, who is in very bad case, and in his Memoirs he records that Belaiev, after temporarily recovering from the operation, died of heart-failure on 28th December at 6 p. m., aged 67 years. From the same volume we learn that its author's commemorative symphonic work entitled "At the Grave" was produced at the first of the Russian Symphony Concerts given after their founder's death.

Belaiev left in all £160,000 to Russian music with a stipulation that the capital should remain intact. Of this, £3,000 was reserved for the use of the Petrograd Chamber-Music Society. All profits were to revert to the capital fund. In his will, Belaiev appointed Rimsky-Korsakov, Lyadov and Glazounov as trustees of the Bequest, giving them the right—like that once possessed by the Russian Imperial House—to appoint a successor. The Board of Trustees sits once a week, sometimes oftener. The benefactions of the Bequest are as follows: The perpetuation of the publishing firm or "Belaiev Edition", the "Glinka Prizes", the Russian Symphony Concerts, the Chamber-music competitions and the grants to needy musicians.

The Glinka Prizes are arranged in five categories:

I. For symphonies and orchestral suites of not less than four parts—and failing these—for ballets, oratorios and operas of not less than three acts: £100 to £150.

II. For symphonies and suites of not less than four parts, symphonic poems, tableaux, overtures, fantasias, rhapsodies, etc., also

chamber-music: trios, quartets, etc., of not less than four parts—and failing these—for ballets, oratorios and operas of less dimensions than I: £50 to £75.

III. For sonatas, suites, concert fantasias, variations, etc., for piano, either alone or in concert, or for other instruments, conforming in dimensions to I. and also for chamber and orchestral or choral works of less dimensions than II: £30 to £50.

IV. For works in dimensions of II. for piano alone, or in concert, or for other instruments, and also for chamber, orchestral and choral works of less dimensions than III. Collections of not less than four songs or romances: £20 to £30.

V. For pieces for piano alone, or in concert, or for other instruments, for songs, romances and choruses which do not come under the earlier categories: £10 to £20.

During Belaiev's lifetime the "clandestine lover of Russian Music" disbursed £6,100 in Glinka Prizes. In the first six years following his death the distribution amounted to £1,800.

Any prize which was refused by the composer to whom it was awarded was to be held available either as a contribution to a memorial or for the institution of a pension in his name. But a refusal debars the composer from enjoying any further benefit of the kind. Between 1906 and 1914, inclusive, prizes were awarded to the following composers: F. Blumenfeld, Vassilenko, Wihtol, Glière, Gniessin, Cui, Medtner, Rakhmaninov, Rimsky-Korsakov, (after retirement from the Board) Skryabin, Sokolov, Spendyarov, Stravinsky, Taneiev, Tcherepnin and Steinberg. The prizes were withheld in 1915—causing a lapse which was severely commented upon at the time.

The Belaiev Edition has issued a vast amount of music, consisting of orchestral, chamber, piano, other solo-instrumental, operatic, vocal and ballet music. All the larger works are also published in four-handed arrangements.

Of the Russian Symphony Concerts ten were to be given annually. There were also to be three concerts of chamber-music. These have been curtailed since the outbreak of war, a matter which has provoked much criticism, as other concerns of the kind have contrived to continue their activities in full.

The Chamber-music Competition is annual. It is primarily for string-quartet, but the Board of Trustees has the right to vary the instrumental definition every fourth year.

The fund for needy musicians is of course administered without divulging the names of those who benefit. No figures were given in the commemorative brochure issued in 1910, but in the report for the year 1914, it was stated that £600 had been divided

among eighteen persons and that the capital reserved for this purpose amounted on January 1st, 1914, to over £13,000.

The benefits accruing to Russian Music from the existence of the Glinka Prizes are sufficiently obvious. That they were successful in encouraging Russians to compose is clear when, after recalling the early dilemma of the Russian Musical Society, we observe that, between 1885 and 1910, a hundred and sixty-five native orchestral works were given first performances at Belaiev's concerts.

As to the publishing concern, this could hardly fail to be regarded by the commercial houses as a species of unfair competition. But it is by no means clear whether such houses had acted with consistent fairness towards Russian musicians prior to the advent of Belaiev. It is claimed for Bessel, for instance, that he took no small risk in publishing the early Nationalist music, and this publisher himself states that Dargomijsky owed the publication of several works "to the rivalry existing between Bernhard and Stellovsky," two well-known firms of that day. Ivanov, the veteran critic of the "*Novoe Vremya*," hints that Bessel did far more for the commencing composer than Jurgenson, and when we read—in Tchaikovsky's Letters—of the latter publisher's annoyance on finding that Tchaikovsky had parted with certain manuscripts to Bessel, we are inclined to give the latter the preference.

We have the testimony of two composers that things were not quite as they should have been, for Lyadov refers in one of his letters to a publisher who had just paid him a trifle for a composition "with the air of having purchased all the Russian music in the world", whilst Rimsky-Korsakov not only recalls that Bessel, to whom he was obliged to turn when the Belaiev Edition was too overburdened to undertake publication of his opera "*Tsar Saltan*", offered him an amount which the composer considered meagre, but states, furthermore, that when Belaiev approached Bessel with a view to acquiring one or two numbers of "*Prince Igor*", which Borodin had foolishly sold separately for a mere song, the price named was £300, or £100 more than the amount offered to Rimsky-Korsakov for the whole of his "*Tsar Saltan*". It is interesting to observe in this connection that Bessel's own reference to this transaction states with a certain satisfaction that "feelings of mutual friendliness were once more established between us", and as Rimsky-Korsakov published three more operas with Bessel before his return to Belaiev with "*Kitej*" (he placed the final work "*The Golden Cockerel*" with Jurgenson) we have not the best of evidence with which to contradict the assertion. Obviously,

Belaiev could afford to be generous with his composers, and that he was inclined to deal handsomely with them is established by the record of Skryabin's astonishment at the munificence of his new-found patron's initial offer, which he could at first hardly bring himself to accept.¹

It has been hinted that there have recently been some expressions of dissatisfaction with the working of Belaiev's scheme. Rimsky-Korsakov himself admitted that there could be no difficulty in picking holes in the Constitution, and this is in part responsible, no doubt, for certain faults which have been found with the administration of the Bequest.

Belaiev described his Bequest as existing for the encouragement of Russian composers. He expressly decreed that the quality of the work was to be the sole consideration when dealing either with the Prize Fund, the publishing concern or the concert scheme. He pointed out that cases of financial necessity were dealt with under another section of the Bequest, and insisted, moreover, that technical capability was not sufficient to constitute worth in a composition, but that evidence of creative inspiration must be present—an utterance which provoked from Balakirev, (who never forgave Belaiev for his success in gathering up the fragments of the older Circle and re-vitalising it) the cynical observation that "clinking one's purse would be more likely to attract spongers than genius". One of the criticisms of which we are bound to take notice, since it aims at the very fundament of the Glinka Prize scheme, is that the meaning of the word "quality" is rather obscured by the imposition of what has been described as a tax in the shape of the condition as to dimensions. It has been argued that a song may well contain as much quality as a four-act opera. But once having grasped the point of contention one is inclined to dismiss it as a remarkable instance of the Russian fondness for indulging in unprofitable argument. Then there is the question of a necessary disparity between the secret awards made during Belaiev's lifetime and those which are allotted by the Committee of Trustees. Must not the standard of quality be of necessity too elastic, it is asked, if it must fluctuate between that of a person having a comparatively small technical knowledge and

¹Mme. d'Alheim, the pioneer propagandist of Moussorgsky in France, complains that when, armed with an official sanction from the composer's family for the translation and performance of some of his songs, she approached the publishers for permission to issue a French version of one number from each of the well-known cycles, for the purpose of propaganda, she received the assent of the Belaiev firm but an unconditional refusal from Bessel, who felt himself called upon, moreover, to refer to a French enactment which, since 1852, had ruled it an offence to publish, translate or perform, without due authorisation, any foreign work, *even in instances where no convention existed*.

that of a committee of experts? And arising out of this allegation there is the point which consists in the circumstance that the same prize has been awarded on two given occasions to a work of such transcendent merit as Skryabin's "Poem of Ecstasy" and to another of far less worth by one whose name it would be invidious to mention. The result of this elasticity, it is contended, is to draw a very wide circle 'round the word "quality"—so wide as to embrace quite ordinary merit. Such defects are difficult to remedy, as is also that which debarb such an active and so esteemed a composer as Glazounov—who is a member of the Committee—from receiving an award. Questions such as these must be regarded as belonging to the domestic variety. Nor, perhaps, has the foreigner the right to interfere in the dispute about the 1914 award list, which contained a few names not considered worthy to have this honour attached to them, and which caused in one writer such a paroxysm of indignation that he was driven to evoke the shade of the worthy Patron whom he summoned (with a choice mixture of metaphor) to appear, armed, in the manner of Peter the Great, with a cudgel, and with that weapon to clean out this Augean stable!

If these matters are hardly our concern, however, we may at least presume to join issue with the critics of the scheme with regard to a more recent cause for complaint. One or two writers have urged that the administration has been carried out in a spirit of partisan or local favouritism. This accusation is manifestly unfair. It is completely refuted, moreover, by the very circumstance that has called forth such volumes of criticism in the past year or so. No reason was assigned for the suspension of the awards in 1915. But it is worthy of remark that the most prominent composers of that year were two former students of the Petrograd Conservatoire whose work could not possibly have been openly neglected by the Board, and it is hinted that it was because their work was regarded in Conservatoire quarters as being dangerously "advanced" that the Board, which was also known to be unable, at least collectively, to sanction it, resorted to this wholesale suspension of activities. This has been described as an evasion of the Committee's responsibilities and a serious indictment of contemporary Russian Music. And in view of the combination of this lapse with the above-referred-to restriction of the Concert scheme, it has been declared that if the Bequest has been provided by its founder against extinction it is not secure against vegetation.

It is easy to believe that Belaiev, who had taken such pains with the contriving of his testamentary document, would have

been greatly disturbed could he have foreseen how much dissension it would arouse, despite its careful wording. It is plain from his institution of the "Friday" meetings that he desired above all to bring about a general harmony—in the social as well as the musical sense—among Russian musicians. There was, it is true, an austere side to the Patron. Rimsky-Korsakov's reference to Belaiev's aversion to a method of advertising to which the composer would readily have lent his sanction is apparently cited as evidence of a certain stubbornness. And the same writer recalls his chief's somewhat harsh attitude towards vocalists. The glitter of the operatic "Star" was powerless to dazzle him and on one occasion Rimsky-Korsakov, as conductor of the Russian Symphony Concerts, was obliged to add a sum to the amount fixed by Belaiev before daring to approach the artiste, who was to be engaged for the interpretation of one of the composer's own works. It is further recorded by Yastrebtsev that the publisher refused to allow the insertion of instrumental "cues" in the piano scores of operas and symphonies, on the ground that certain critics had been known to view their responsibilities so lightly as to sit at home and write estimates of the orchestration of music which they had only heard in their own rendering at the domestic instrument!

But there is no difficulty in establishing the existence of a tenderer side of his personality. His earliest transactions with Skryabin prove that if he tightened the strings of his purse at the approach of a singer there was no lack of open-handedness when dealing with a creative artist. When Belaiev learned of Skryabin's small capacity for business he suggested that he might be introduced to the composer's family and journeyed to Moscow for the purpose. Skryabin's grandmother and aunt, with whom he then lived, were charmed with their charge's benefactor, and the happiest of relations were at once established—the aunt becoming manager to her unpractical nephew. On Skryabin's marriage, which Belaiev, who was no ladies' man, was inclined to oppose, he nevertheless did all he could to make the pair comfortable without disclosing the source of the welcome aid they received.

Again, in his earliest intercourse with Lyadov, Belaiev discovered the composer to be a man of the loftiest ideals and one who had but the vaguest ideas of business matters. Lyadov was a man of singularly retiring disposition and he hated everything connected with money. When he married, Belaiev saw that this state of affairs could not be permitted to continue, and he delivered an admonition. But as the Benedick was a particularly secretive

person and had determined that the atmosphere of professionalism should never penetrate into his domestic life, it was somewhat difficult to ascertain how he was faring. He had not even introduced Belaiev to his wife, and none of the other musician friends ever met her. But Belaiev was not to be denied the privilege. Ringing the bell one day, he concocted so rambling a message for the absent Lyadov, that the servant was unable to grasp its purport and was obliged to call her mistress. The worthy publisher's reputation for intolerance towards women was not upheld on this occasion, and he left the flat with a general invitation, which Lyadov afterwards cordially endorsed.

Lyadov's letters reveal that he did his utmost to resist every effort to aid him financially, but the final chapter of this unusual story is contained in an affectionate letter from Belaiev—delivered after the latter's death—in which he divulged that he had arranged for a pension to be paid to Lyadov, and that if it should be refused, it would be handed to his wife in order that his children might be suitably provided for.

It is easy to believe that such graceful acts were highly appreciated by those on whose private behalf they were performed. But the influence exerted over Russian musical society by the friendly atmosphere which prevailed at the "Fridays" was of course immeasurably greater. And when Lyadov wrote to Belaiev's daughter, during an enforced interval caused by the host's absence from home, that he was feeling much as Robinson Crusoe might, had he been deprived of his Friday, he must surely have been voicing the sentiment of all who habitually played or listened and supped weekly at Belaiev's.

Rimsky-Korsakov has penned a description of these gatherings in which he has embodied an interesting comparison between the proceedings of the Balakirev coterie and of the Belaiev Circle which superseded the earlier organization in the middle 'eighties. The meetings, which during a period following the partial dispersal of the Five and their adherents—owing in a measure to a differentiation of aim due to the growth of individuality in the several composers—had been held at Rimsky-Korsakov's house, were now transferred to Belaiev's. They became more regular, and apparently much more convivial. Works which were likely to prove worthy of publication and public performance were played over by musicians of standing before the assembled gathering of musical, artistic and literary folk, and to judge by Rimsky-Korsakov's account, the *menu* of the supper that usually followed was in no wise inferior to the musical fare. But the

difference between the original Balakirev evenings and the nights (they were frequently entire nights) at Belaiev's consists rather in the type of musician attending them than in the manner in which they were conducted.

The Balakirev Circle, says Rimsky-Korsakov, was composed of musicians whose technique was that of amateurs . . . Belaiev's Circle, on the other hand, consisted of musicians and composers by education and training. The Balakirev Circle was revolutionary and was indifferent to all music previous to the era of Beethoven—the Belaiev Circle esteemed not only its musical fathers, but its grandfathers and great-grandfathers, even unto Palestrina. The Balakirev Circle was exclusive and intolerant, the Belaiev Circle was liberal and eclectic.

The musical pabulum at the "Fridays" ranged, as Lyadov informs us, between the earliest of the classics and the "futurism" of the moment, which at the time of the Patron's death, when the meetings came to an end, happens to have been the music of Debussy. The presence of Stassov, who under the old régime had evinced an implacable hatred of the classics, but who had now become so zealous a convert as to go by the nickname of "Bach", generally implied that one of the later Beethoven quartets would be performed. At the other pole of the musical field stand certain episodes such as that which took place on the occasion when the meal was preceded by a surprise performance of the "B-La-F" quartet (on November 23rd, 1886, the saint's day) by which the host was enraptured, and some odd entertainments in which mechanical musical boxes and puppets—a class of toy for which Belaiev appears to have had a *penchant*—took a prominent part. Even this primitive sort of music was productive of something worthy of publication and Lyadov's charming little piano-piece "Tabakerka" (snuff-box) which is to be rendered, we observe, "*automaticamente*", was inspired by one of these *divertissements*. It is natural that, as the host was able to take part in the combination, the string quartet was the most favoured medium. During the last sixteen years of the meetings the *personnel*—consisting of Gelbeke, Heseckhus, Belaiev and Ewald—remained unchanged. And it is equally natural that the method of immortalising the "Fridays" should have been that of enshrining their memory and providing a perpetual reminder of the spirit which informed these gatherings in a collection of string quartets. This is a function which the "Pyatnitsi", "Vendredis" or "Fridays" suitably perform. If on opening the collection at the first page we jump to the conclusion that Glazounov the "contemporary classicist" must have insisted on being represented by a Prelude

and Fugue, we shall presently see that the atmosphere of the "Fridays" was able to inspire the future *doyen* of Russian music in quite another fashion. The section of the Polka—which bears the generic title of the series and may thus be accepted as the type of "Fridays" music—entrusted to Glazounov, is the jolliest and most boisterous of all, and is thus beautifully contrasted with the more lyrical contributions from Sokolov and Lyadov's characteristically delicate Trio. As for the Scherzo based on themes from Bourgault-Ducoudray's "*Trente melodies populaires de Basse-Bretagne*", this, in recalling the thematic material of Glazounov's Greek overtures (on themes culled from Bourgault-Ducoudray's Collection) drives the memory further back and evokes remembrance of Glinka's "discovery" of the Spanish folk-tune and its subsequent employment by a number of eminent Russians, ending for the moment with Stravinsky. But above all it compels recognition of the fact that when Belaiev's circle celebrated absent friends in this way it repeated the message of Russian music, i. e., that if art-nationalism is desirable for one people it is meet for all.

Belaiev, no less than Glinka, has provided an example of how any race which has innate musical sensibilities may be assisted to establish a national musical individuality.

WAGNER AND NIETZSCHE

THE BEGINNING AND END OF THEIR FRIENDSHIP

By ELIZABETH FOERSTER-NIETZSCHE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

Had Friedrich Nietzsche been permitted to round out his allotted three-score years and ten, the literary world would have united in celebrating the philosopher's seventieth birthday on the fifteenth of October, nineteen hundred and fourteen. This anniversary was not allowed to pass, however, without a tribute from the pen of Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche, the only sister and faithful biographer of the great Nietzsche, who has made a valuable contribution to the voluminous Nietzsche literature by publishing the first sustained story of the historic friendship that existed between Richard Wagner and his one-time enthusiastic young disciple.

It is from this book, "Wagner und Nietzsche zur Zeit ihrer Freundschaft" (Georg Müller, Munich, 1915,) that the following story of the beginning and end of this friendship has been compiled, the translator having acquired the rights to the English translation of the work while on a visit to Elizabeth Foerster-Nietzsche at her home in Weimar during the autumn of 1916.

Hitherto unpublished correspondence between the two friends throws interesting light on the close relations then existing between the young Nietzsche and the Master of Bayreuth, and of no less interest is the material taken from the copious note-books of the philosopher, very little of which appears in the English edition of Nietzsche's works.

Madame Foerster-Nietzsche leaves it to the inquiring reader to investigate the sources of the material used in her book, which is not so easy a matter in view of the fact that Nietzsche, both through the periods of friendship and apostasy, never succeeded in escaping entirely from Wagner's influence and his writings are full of allusions, criticisms, comparisons without number. No attempt will be made here to supply a copious set of foot-notes, but for those readers who take delight in "sifting a business to the bran", it may be of interest to know that the set of aphorisms assembled under the heading of "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth" are not to be found, as might be assumed, in the fourth "Thoughts out of Season", but appear in Vol. X of the Complete German Edition of Nietzsche's works (Vol. II of the Posthumous Works) under the subdivisions: "Gedanken ueber Richard Wagner, January, 1874", and "Aus den Vorarbeiten zu Richard Wagner in Bayreuth, 1875-76."

The aphorisms relating to the "Ring of the Nibelungs" may be found in Vol. XI of the Complete Edition (Vol. III of the Posthumous Works) under the heading "Aphorismen aus der Zeit des Menschlichen Allzumenschlichen," 1875-76-79. A few of these have been translated and appear in Vol. VIII of the Complete English Edition (edited by Oscar Levy) under the heading "Selected Aphorisms from Nietzsche's Retrospect of his Years of Friendship with Wagner, 1878."

The closing aphorism, "Stellar Friendship," has been invested with new interest and beauty now that we know it to be not an abstract tribute, as it would seem to be in its original setting in Nietzsche's "Joyful Wisdom" (Vol. VIII of the Levy Complete English Edition) but dedicated to the memory of the friendship existing between two great souls. In this interpretation, it forms a fitting climax to this touching human document.

CAROLINE V. KERR.

FIRST MEETING

MY brother writes in "Ecce Homo": "From the moment a piano edition of *Tristan and Isolde* appeared (my compliments, Herr von Bülow), I became a Wagnerite".

I must modify this statement, however, as my brother's admiration for Richard Wagner began at a somewhat earlier date, in fact as early as the autumn of 1860, at which time he and two other sixteen-year old boys, by the name of Wilhelm Pinder and Gustav Krug, founded a little society christened by the high sounding name of "Germania", despite the fact that it consisted of only three members.

This society was organized, primarily, for the purpose of acquiring a wider knowledge of the arts and sciences and one of the first steps taken was to subscribe for the "Zeitschrift für Musik", the only journal in Germany at that time which had actively espoused the cause of Wagner and his works. By pooling their modest pocket-money and plunging the little society into debt, the three enthusiastic "Wagnerites" were also enabled to purchase the piano edition of "*Tristan and Isolde*".

This was in the winter of 1862, but no sooner was the coveted treasure in their possession, than the members found themselves embroiled in a discussion provoked by a paper written by Wilhelm Pinder on the subject: "Music, the Daughter of Poetry". Among other things, he said:

"Any effort to effect a close union of the various arts can not be regarded as a fantastic attempt, for even tho' it be denied the genius of one individual to achieve this result, it is, nevertheless, a possibility, provided that one artist is in close sympathy with the other and displays consideration and sensibility in co-ordinating the two related arts. But a genuinely harmonious union of hitherto widely separated elements, can never be attained, and therefore the art-work of the future will ever remain an unrealized ideal."

This standpoint was vigorously opposed by the two remaining members of the society, but unfortunately my brother's views on the subject have not been preserved. Gustav Krug, however, expressed himself at some length in the chronicles of the society

and it is safe to assume that my brother shared his views. Krug wrote:

I ask, why should such an ideal be unattainable? Has not Wagner already shown in his "Tristan and Isolde" and "Ring of the Nibelungs", that he was able to put this theory into practice? Now that music and poetry have become so closely united in these works, should it not also be possible for the singer to become a genuine actor? Have we not the Schroeder-Devrient and Johanna Wagner to bring forward as proof of the ability of a genuinely great singer to possess, at the same time, the qualities of a great actress? The same thing is true of the stage machinery and the *mise-en-scène*. On this point, Brendel observes quite rightly: 'In the earlier operas only the music was taken seriously and all else was, more or less, an artistic lie. Opera, hitherto, has displayed the paradox of claiming to represent a union of all the arts, but in reality of refusing to do justice to the peculiarities of these arts. The art-work of the future is the solution of this paradox. The time has come for all the arts to be taken seriously and for a union in this sense, to be attempted.'

It was at our house that the score of "Tristan and Isolde" was studied, as this music met with lively opposition at the homes of my brother's friends. And I must confess, it did sound frightful as played by Fritz and Gustav; they apparently did not understand how to make the melody stand out from the rich harmonic background, and our good mother, unwilling as she was to interfere with my brother's enjoyment, was obliged to admit that she took no pleasure in this "frightful racket", as she called it. Even I could not get up any enthusiasm about it at first, but finally the boys succeeded so well in bringing out the effects of the hunting horns at the opening of the second act, that I fell under the spell of the music.—"Everyone *must* be enraptured by it", declared my brother, but my mother, who found it necessary to throw an occasional wet blanket upon my brother's enthusiasm, answered:

Not at all, there is no *must* in the matter, and I hear from all sides that this music is repudiated by the most eminent authorities. For example, there is a musical circle in Leipzig which meets at the home of Frau Frege and the members refuse absolutely to listen to a note of Wagner's music. One evening a strange artist, ignorant of this antagonism, began to play something of Wagner's at one of her soirées, when Frau Frege fainted away and had to be carried from the room and the effect upon the rest of the company was also very distressing.

Very reluctantly my brother was obliged to admit that "it would be extremely difficult for Wagner's music to be thoroughly understood and become generally liked."

I should not like to give the impression that my brother allowed himself to be carried away blindly by his enthusiasm.

Such was not the case at all, as is indicated by a letter he wrote to Baron von Gersdorff October 11, 1866:

I have played but little, as I had no piano in Kösen. But I brought along the piano edition of Richard Wagner's "Walküre", about which my feelings are so confused that I do not dare to venture an opinion. The greatest beauties and *virtutes* are offset by equally great shortcomings and direct ugliness. But according to Riese and Buchbinder +a+ (-a) gives 0. The newspapers state that the same composer is at work on a Hohenstaufen opera, and receives an occasional visit from the king, whom he calls in the dedication of the work: 'the noble protector of my life'. It will do no harm for the 'king to go with Wagner' ('to go' in the boldest sense of the word) but with a very respectable life annuity.

But my brother could not always restrain his enthusiasm, and in a letter to his friend, Erwin Rohde, wrote:

This evening I attended the opening concert of the Euterpe Society and refreshed my soul by listening to the Vorspiel of Tristan and Isolde and that of the Meistersinger. For the life of me I can not preserve an attitude of cool criticism in listening to this music; every nerve and every fibre is set in motion, and it has been a long time since I have experienced a feeling of such sustained enjoyment as in listening to the last-named overture.

And again some weeks later, in attempting to console Rohde for some disagreeable experience through which he had been called upon to pass, my brother pointed out the case of Richard Wagner, and emphasized the quality which Wagner and Schopenhauer had in common: "Think of Schopenhauer and Wagner and of the undaunted energy with which they preserved their faith in themselves, amid the 'halloh' of the entire 'cultured' world."

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At last the moment came when my brother made the personal acquaintance of the long-revered genius, and this meeting he describes in a letter written to Rohde, November 9, 1868:

.....When I got home I found a note stuck in my door, saying: 'If you wish to meet Richard Wagner, come to the Café Théâtre at a quarter to four. Windisch.' Naturally, I rushed off to the appointed place, where I found our good friend and learned further details. It seems that Wagner was in Leipzig under the strictest incognito and was stopping with his relatives; the press had not been allowed to get wind of the matter, and the Brockhaus servants were silent as graves in livery.

Wagner's sister, Frau Brockhaus, had naturally taken great pride in introducing her genius to her most intimate friend, Frau Ritchelin (the lucky creature!). Wagner played the Meisterlied for the Ritchelin,

who told him she was already familiar with the music—*mea opera*. Astonishment and delight on the part of Wagner: makes known his royal wish to make my acquaintance, also incognito. I was to have been invited for Friday evening; Windisch, however, explained that it would be impossible for me to get away; thereupon, Saturday was suggested. At the appointed time, Windisch and I hurried off to the Brockhaus home, found the Professor and his family assembled, but no Richard, he having unceremoniously gone out with an enormous hat on his big cranium. But I, at least, made the acquaintance of this interesting family and received an invitation to come again on Sunday evening. During the time that intervened, I seemed to be living in a dream, and you must admit that the events leading up to this meeting, together with the well-known inaccessibility of this unique personality, savored strongly of the romantic. Under the impression that the soirée was to be a large affair, I resolved to don gala attire, and was overjoyed at the thought that my tailor had already promised to have my new suit of evening clothes ready by Sunday. The weather was abominable, alternately rain and snow, and I had no inclination to venture out; Röscher came to see me in the afternoon.....it began to grow dark, the tailor did not put in an appearance. When Röscher left, I went along, looked in at my tailor's and found his slaves sewing busily on my suit; it was to be ready in three-quarters of an hour.

With my mind quite relieved, I went on my way, met up with Kintschy, read the Kladderadatsch, and beamed with delight when I came across a notice stating that Richard Wagner was in Switzerland, but that a beautiful house was being built for him in Munich; while all the time I knew that I was to meet him that very evening, and that yesterday he had received a letter from the little king, bearing the address: *'To the great German tone-poet, Richard Wagner.'*

No tailor in evidence when I got back to my room, so I seated myself with the greatest composure to read the Eudocia dissertation; from time to time, I was disturbed by the shrill ringing of a bell which seemed to come from a great distance. Finally it was borne in upon me that someone was ringing at the primitive old iron gate; this was locked as well as the front door, and I was obliged to scream across the garden to the man to come in through the side entrance; impossible to make myself heard for the splashing of the rain. The excitement communicated itself to the entire house; finally the doors were opened and a queer little man, carrying a parcel, entered the room.

It was then half-past six; the highest time that I should be about my toilet, as I had some distance to go. Right enough, the man had brought my suit; I tried it on, and it was an admirable fit. Suspicious turn in affairs. He presents his bill; I accept it politely; he demands that it be paid immediately. I express great surprise and explain that I can have no dealings with one of the workmen, but only with the tailor to whom I gave the order. The man becomes more insistent, the time grows shorter and shorter; I lay hold of the suit and begin to put it on; the man seizes the suit and tries to prevent me from carrying out my intention; display of force on my part, display of force on his part. Tableau! I continue the struggle, as I am determined, at all hazards, to wear the new trousers.

Finally a show of injured dignity on my part, solemn threats, curses upon the head of the tailor and his accomplices, oath of vengeance; during this scene, disappearance of the man, taking my suit. End of the 2d Act: shirt-clad, I sit upon the sofa, scrutinizing an old black coat and trying to decide whether or not it is good enough for Richard.

.....Outside, the rain descending in torrents.....

A quarter to eight; at half-past I had arranged to meet Windisch at the Café Théâtre. I rush forth into the dark and stormy night, in an exhilarated mood, despite the absence of evening clothes. Everything for the best; even the scene with the tailor's apprentice had something uncanny and extraordinary about it.

We arrive at the hospitable Brockhaus home: no one there but the immediate family, Richard, and we two. Introduced to Richard and say a few deferential words. He inquires very minutely how I came to be so familiar with his works, inveighs roundly against the production of his operas, with the exception of the famous Munich performers, ridicules the conductors, who good humoredly call out to their men: 'Now, gentlemen, it is becoming more passionate!'—'Meine Gutsten, noch ein bisschen leidenschaftlicher!'—W. is fond of imitating the Saxon dialect!

Now I must tell you briefly what happened on this eventful evening—genuine enjoyment of so unique a character that I have not yet been able to get back into the everyday grooves, but am fit for nothing else but to talk to you, my dear friend, and tell you 'wundersam Mär'. Before and after dinner, Wagner played all the important passages from the *Meistersinger*, imitating all the different voices. He is an astoundingly vivacious and high-spirited man, speaks very rapidly, is extremely witty, and very much exhilarated when in a company of intimate friends.

During the evening we had a long conversation about Schopenhauer, and you can imagine what a joy it was to me to hear him say, with indescribable enthusiasm, how much he owed to Schopenhauer, and to hear him called the only philosopher who had recognized the real character of music. Then he inquired what attitude the professors now took towards Schopenhauer; laughed heartily over the Philosophers' Congress in Prague, referring to them as 'philosophic porters.' Later in the evening he read aloud to us from his autobiography,—a delicious scene from his student days in Leipzig of which I can not yet think without bursting into laughter. By the way, he is very clever and witty with his pen.—As we were leaving, he pressed my hand and cordially invited me to come and see him so that we might continue our discussion on music and philosophy. He also commissioned me to familiarize his sister and his relatives with his music, and this I solemnly pledged myself to do..... You shall hear more when I am able to look back upon this evening more objectively and from a greater perspective.....

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In 1869, some months after this meeting, my brother was called to the University of Basel as professor of classical philology,

his appointment being due to a number of excellent scientific treatises and to the strong recommendation of his teacher, Privy Councillor Ritschl. It was not until the Saturday before Whitsuntide, May 15, 1869, that he paid his first visit to Lake Lucerne, intending to spend his holidays in the vicinity of Tell's Plateau. Upon arriving in Lucerne, he debated with himself as to the propriety of presuming upon Wagner's invitation and paying a call at the Villa Tribschen.

Still undecided, he set out on the road along the shore of the lake leading to the romantic little villa, almost hidden from view in an enchanting landscape which lay stretched out at the foot of Mount Pilatus. For a long time he hesitated outside the garden hedge, listening to an agonized discord repeated again and again. Later he learned that this passage was from the third act of Siegfried, where the hero cries: "Verwundet hat mich, der mich erweckt."

Finally he was observed by a servant, who came out to say that Herr Wagner was in the habit of working until two o'clock and could not be disturbed. Upon hearing this, my brother decided to leave his card, whereupon Wagner sent back to inquire whether the "Herr Professor" was the same "Herr Nietzsche" whom he had met in Leipzig. No sooner was this fact established than my brother was invited to remain for dinner, but this, unfortunately, he was unable to do, having promised to meet his friends at Tell's Chapel. The invitation was accordingly postponed until Monday, when he went over to Lucerne early in the morning and spent the first of those enchanting days with Richard Wagner and Frau Cosima, which were to be veritable oases in the desert of his solitary life....I must explain here that my brother did not feel at home in Basel, and was doubly appreciative, therefore, of the cordial welcome always awaiting him in Tribschen.

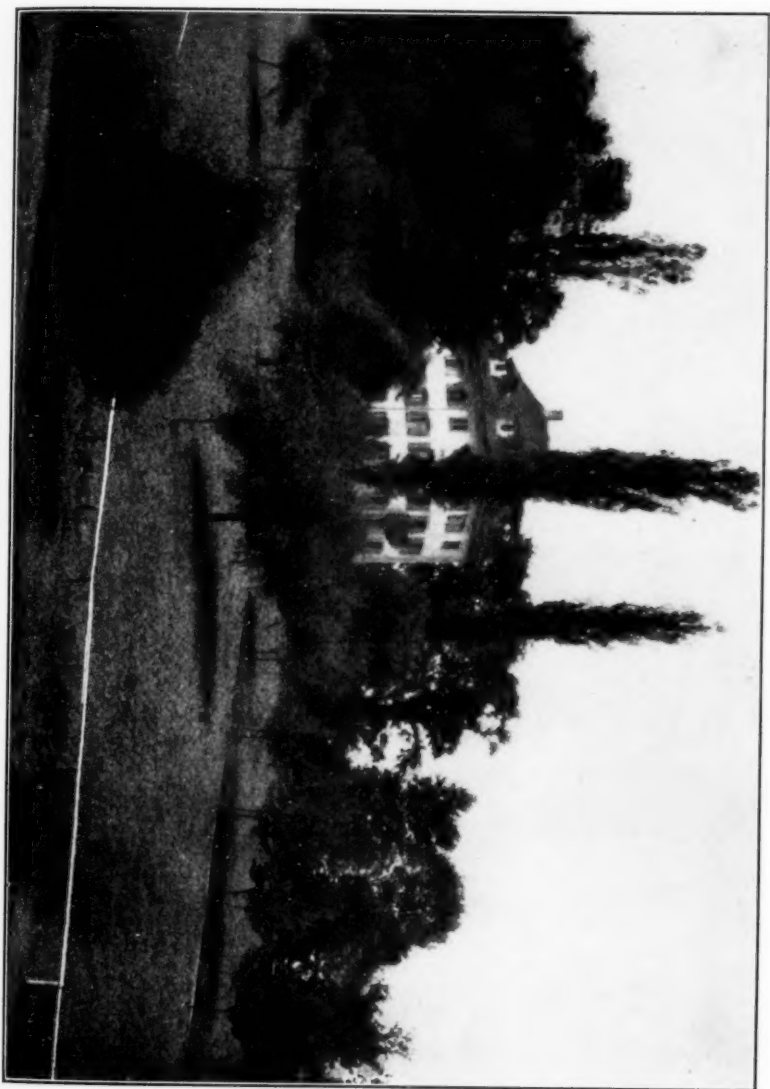
Here follows the first of a long series of letters which my brother exchanged with his new-found friend:

Friedrich Nietzsche to Richard Wagner.

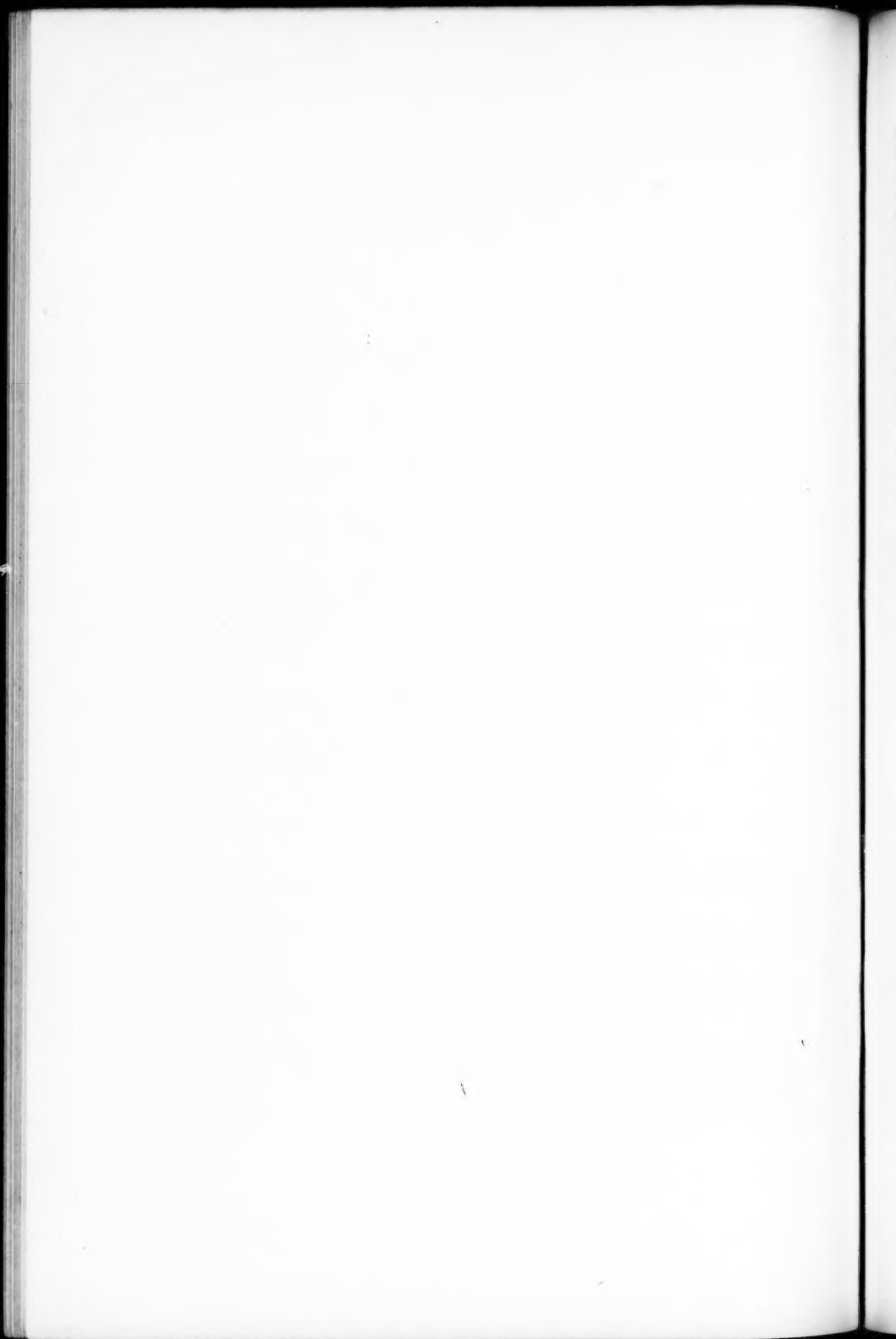
BASEL, May 22, 1869.

Most honored sir:

It has long been my intention to express, unreservedly, the debt of gratitude I owe to you; in truth, the highest and most exalted moments of my life are closely associated with your name, and I know only one other man, and that man your twin brother of intellect, Arthur Schopenhauer, whom I regard with the same veneration, yea more, as *religione quadam*. I take especial pleasure in making this confession to you on this auspicious day, and even do so with a certain feeling of pride. For if it be the fate of genius to be *paucorum hominum*, for the



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time being—these *pauci*, nevertheless, have every reason to feel highly honored, by virtue of the fact that it has been vouchsafed them to see the light and to bask in its warmth, while the larger public still stands shivering in the cold. Moreover, this ability to take delight in genius is not a thing that falls lightly into the laps of these few, but rather is the result of a valiant fight against the most powerful prejudice and antagonism; having fought this fight successfully, they come to feel that right of conquest has given them a special claim upon this particular genius.

I have made bold to count myself among these *pauci* since realizing how incapable the world is of comprehending your personality or of feeling the deeply ethical current by which your life, your writings, and your music is permeated—in short, of sensing the presence of an atmosphere of a more serious and more spiritual attitude towards life, of which we poor Germans have been robbed overnight, as it were, by every conceivable sort of political misery, by philosophical nonsense, and aggressive Judaism.

It is to you and Schopenhauer that I owe my ability to hold fast to the vital seriousness of the Germanic race and to the deepened contemplation of our enigmatical and perplexing existence.

How many purely scientific problems have been elucidated for me by dwelling on your own singularly lonely and unique personality! This I should have preferred to have said to you face to face, just as I should like to say all that I have been obliged to write in this letter. How gladly would I have been with you to-day in your lake and mountain refuge, had not the wretched chains of my professional duties bound me to my Basel dog-kennel.

In closing I beg of you to remember me to Baroness von Bülow, and remain

Your most faithful,

most respectful disciple and admirer,

DR. NIETZSCHE,

Prof. in Basel.

At the beginning of June my brother wrote as follows to Erwin Rohde:

I am very happy in my friendship with Richard Wagner and spent Whitmonday at his charming country home with him and the intelligent Frau von Bülow (Liszt's daughter). The latter also invited me to come over and surprise Wagner on his birthday, but I was obliged to make a virtue of necessity and say 'No.'

Wagner is really everything one could expect: an extravagantly rich and noble nature, an energetic character, a fascinating personality, of the strongest will-power, &c. But I must call a halt; otherwise I shall find myself singing a pæan.

Richard Wagner to Friedrich Nietzsche.

LUCERNE, June 3, 1869.

Valued friend.

Accept my warmest thanks—if somewhat belated—for your beautiful and significant letter.

Had I wished to have you pay me a visit before receiving this letter I now urgently repeat the sincere and spontaneous invitation which I extended to you when we parted in front of the Roessli.

Do come—you only need send me a line in advance—for example, come Saturday afternoon, remain over Sunday and return early Monday morning; every day-laborer can dispose of his time to this extent, and all the more should it be possible for a professor.....Now let us see what you are. My experiences with my German countrymen have not been very pleasurable. Rescue my wavering belief in that which I—together with Goethe and a few others—call German liberty.

Cordial greetings from your faithful

RICHARD WAGNER.

My brother hastened to accept this invitation, but as he was obliged to leave the house very early on Monday morning, he did not learn until later that a son, named Siegfried, had been born during the night..... Both Wagner and Nietzsche regarded this as an auspicious omen for their newly-formed friendship. In writing to Rohde of this visit to Tribschen, Nietzsche said:

I was again the guest of Wagner for two days, and felt myself astonishingly refreshed by the visit. He embodies everything that one could wish; the world has not the slightest conception of his greatness as a man, and the singularity of his nature. I learn much from my intercourse with him; it is like taking a practical course in Schopenhauer's philosophy—this sense of nearness to Wagner is my only consolation.

Not Wagner alone, but Frau Cosima also took every opportunity of showing her friendly feeling for my brother, and again writing to Rohde, who was at that time pursuing his philological studies in Italy, he said:

I, too, have my Italy, to which I can only flee on Saturdays and Sundays. The name of my Italy is Tribschen and I already feel quite at home there. I have been there four times of late, and in addition, a letter flies over the same route almost every week. Dearest friend, what I learn and see, hear and comprehend there is indescribable. Schopenhauer and Goethe, Æschylus and Pindar still live; I give you my word for it.

But my brother was not solely receptive; he took *his own* world with him to Tribschen. Among other things, he sent Wagner his inaugural address on the "Personality of Homer", which was thus acknowledged by Frau Cosima:

This evening, between Goethe, Schiller and Beethoven, we also read your treatise with great interest, and now you may seek not only your Æschylus, but also your Homer in Tribschen. You will find him working vigorously and steadfastly. Are you not going to publish this little book? You could surely sow it upon other soil with great profit....

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS

Upon my brother's return to Basel at the beginning of the year 1874, he was met by the disturbing news that the Bayreuth undertaking was on the point of failure. The news came from Gersdorff, who was most unhappy and pessimistic about the whole affair. How my brother passed this miserable period of suspense, we learn from a letter written much later to his friend Rohde:

I have been in a desperate frame of mind since the beginning of the new year, but was finally able to rescue myself in a truly remarkable manner. I set to work to investigate the reasons for the failure of the undertaking, in the most cold-blooded manner, and in so doing learned much and arrived at a better understanding of Wagner than I have ever had before.

I confess that I was frightened when I read this statement, and said to my brother: "Were you really able to look at the matter so coolly at that time?"—"Not always," was his reply, "it was only now and then that I forced myself to look the truth squarely in the face."

In his note-book of this period appears the sentence: "In my student days, I said Wagner is a romanticist, not of the art in its zenith, but in its last quarter: soon it will be night. Despite this insight, I was a Wagnerite; I *could* not do otherwise, but I *knew* better."

There was nothing my brother desired more passionately than to find some one whom he could revere, and he, therefore, allowed himself to be carried away by Wagner's splendid energy and superb works (*Meistersinger* and *Tristan and Isolde*) to a point where he was willing to ignore everything in Wagner's art with which he was not in sympathy. Despite the fact that my brother invariably treated Wagner with the utmost courtesy and respect, there must have been times when he unconsciously betrayed his inner doubts and antagonism, and on such occasions Wagner was given to making suspicious remarks, which had the effect of increasing my brother's inner conflict.

These scruples, however, he confided to no one, and it was not until the year 1874 that he seemed to have fully sensed this lack of harmony in their tastes and to have formulated the reasons for this. It is quite characteristic of my brother, that altho' he suffered inexpressibly by the threatened failure of Wagner's plan, he did not give way to endless lamentations and reproaches, but went courageously to work to investigate the reasons for this lack of success.

He forced himself to examine the facts coolly and soberly, and thus endeavor to find a solution for the failure of the undertaking in the very things he himself had thought and felt, but had hitherto loyally suppressed out of love and admiration for Wagner. No stronger proof has ever been given of my brother's sincerity and uncompromising love of the truth; he took up the challenge of his conscience, tho' it meant the shattering of one of his most beautiful illusions.

The notes he made at this time seem to have been intended for publication, but I can not think that he seriously entertained the idea, despite the fact that the headings of chapters and a large number of aphorisms would seem to indicate that he had in mind a book the title of which he used later for his fourth "Thoughts out of Season—Richard Wagner in Bayreuth."

- I.—Reasons for the Failure. Above all, the antagonistic element. Lack of sympathy for Wagner. Difficult, complicated.
- II.—Wagner's Dual Nature.
- III.—Passion, Ecstasy. Dangers.
- IV.—Music and Drama. Parallelism.
- V.—Presumptuousness.
- VI.—Late Manhood. Slow Development.
- VII.—Wagner as Author.
- VIII.—Friends (Arouse fresh suspicions.)
- IX.—Enemies. (Awaken no respect, no interest.)
- X.—Antagonistic element explained: perhaps eliminated?

"Wagner endeavors to achieve the renaissance of art by proceeding from the only existing basis, namely the theatre. Here a really large public would be reached, which would not have to pretend an interest, as in concerts and museums. This public is very crude and as yet it has been demonstrated an impossible thing to obtain a mastery over theatreocracy. Problem: Shall each of the arts remain isolated and segregated? Herein lies Wagner's significance; he endeavors to tyrannize with the support of the theater-going masses. There is not a shadow of doubt in my mind but that Wagner would have succeeded had he been an Italian. The German has not the slightest conception of opera, and always regards it as something imported and un-German. In fact, the German refuses to take the theatre, as a whole, seriously."

"There is something humorous in the whole situation: Wagner can not persuade the Germans to take the theatre seriously. They remain cold and unresponsive—he flies into a rage, as if the salvation of the Germans depended upon this one thing. Now, all at once, the Germans believe themselves to be more seriously occupied and they regard it as an amusing fanaticism to see anyone devoting himself so religiously to art.

Wagner is not a reformer, for everything remains just as it always was. Everyone in Germany has always been accustomed to taking his

own affairs seriously, and therefore only laughs at any one claiming the distinction of being the only seriously-minded person.

Influence of the money crisis.

General uncertainty of the political situation.

Doubts as to the wise leadership of Germany's destiny.

Period of art agitation now over (Liszt, &c.)"

"A serious nation will not allow all levity to languish, hence the attitude of the Germans towards the theatrical arts.

Chief thing: the significance of an art such as Wagner represents does not fit into our social and economic conditions. Hence the instinctive aversion to an undertaking that is considered untimely.

Wagner's leading problem: Why is the effect lacking when I feel it so strongly? This impels him to a criticism of the public, the state and society. He places the artists and the public in the relation of subject and object—absolutely naïve."

"One characteristic of Wagner's: lack of discipline and moderation, carries everything to the extreme limit of his strength and feelings.

The other outstanding characteristic is a born talent for the stage, which has been diverted from its logical course and turned into the next best channel: figure and voice are both lacking, and he does not possess the necessary modesty."

"Wagner is a born actor, but like Goethe a painter without hands. His gifts seek and find other mediums of expression.

Now think of all these impulses being brought into harmony!"

"Wagner brings together all possible effective elements at a time when popular taste is dulled and demands extremely coarse and vigorous methods. Everything is employed—the magnificent, the intoxicating, the bewildering, the grandiose, the frightful, the clamorous, the ecstatic, the neurotic: Prodigious dimensions, prodigious resources.

The unexpected, the extravagant splendor, creates the impression of opulence and exuberance. He knows what our age still likes: but he still idealizes 'our age' and thinks too highly of it."

"Possessing himself the instincts of an actor, he wished to imitate mankind only in the most effective and realistic manner: the highest passions. For his extreme nature sees only weakness and insincerity in any other methods. Painting for effect is an extremely dangerous thing for artists. The intoxicating, the sensual, the unexpected, the ecstatic, the being-moved at any price—frightful tendencies!"

"Wagner's art unites everything that still has charm for us modern Germans—character, knowledge, everything is united. He makes a tremendous effort to assert himself, to dominate, and that at a time antagonistic to all art. Poison as an antidote to poison. All exaggerations are directed polemically against powerful anti-art forces. Religious and philosophic elements are called to his aid, there is a yearning for the idyllic, everything, everything."

"One thing should be remembered: Wagner's art speaks a dramatic language: it does not belong in a room, *in camera*. It is the language of the folk-epic, and even in its noblest passages, is not intelligible without being greatly exaggerated. It is meant to be heard from a distance, and to weld together the chaos of the masses. Take, for example, the Kaiser March."

"Wagner has a dictatorial nature; he overlooks many circumstances, does not occupy himself with small matters, but disposes of things in a grand style and is, therefore, not to be judged by isolated details—music, drama, poesy, the state, art, &c. The music is not of much value, neither is the poesy, nor the drama, and the dramatic art is often only rhetoric—but taken all together it is one great whole."

"HE HAS THE FEELING FOR UNITY IN VARIETY, and therefore I regard him as one of the world's culture-bearers."

While my brother was unburdening his heart after this fashion, he suffered intensely from the fear that Wagner would never be able to carry out his great project. When he, therefore, learned of the success of the undertaking, despite all obstacles, he considered it nothing short of a "miracle" and wrote to Rohde: "If this miracle be true, it will, nevertheless, not upset the result of my investigations. But let us be happy and make it a feast-day, if it be true."¹

THE BAYREUTH FESTIVAL (1876)

I wish that a benign fate had kept my brother away from the Bayreuth festival, so that he might have clung a little longer to the belief that he was to find there the fulfillment of his most beautiful dream. In a few words, he expresses his feelings:

I made the mistake of going to Bayreuth with an ideal in my breast, and was doomed to suffer the most bitter disappointment. The preponderance of ugliness, grotesqueness and strong spices thoroughly repelled me.

I shall not attempt to describe here the external happenings of the Festival of 1876, as these have been told elsewhere, and in any case it was not these tragi-comical occurrences, having no direct connection with the performances, which so disheartened my brother, but the inner conflicts which arose between Wagner and himself, as well as between the art-works and the audiences.

First of all we must ask ourselves the question: What did Nietzsche expect from Bayreuth both for himself and for other

¹*Translator's Note.*—It was in this frame of mind that Nietzsche wrote his fourth "Thoughts out of Season—Richard Wagner in Bayreuth." Despite his strong inner scruples, this work was an expression of loyal feeling and a confession of faith in a long-cherished ideal. But knowing the inner conflict through which he was passing at the time, it seems somewhat grotesque that the work should have been regarded as a dithyrambic by Wagner himself, who upon receiving it wrote to Nietzsche:

"Friend!

Your book is tremendous!—

Where did you learn so much about me?

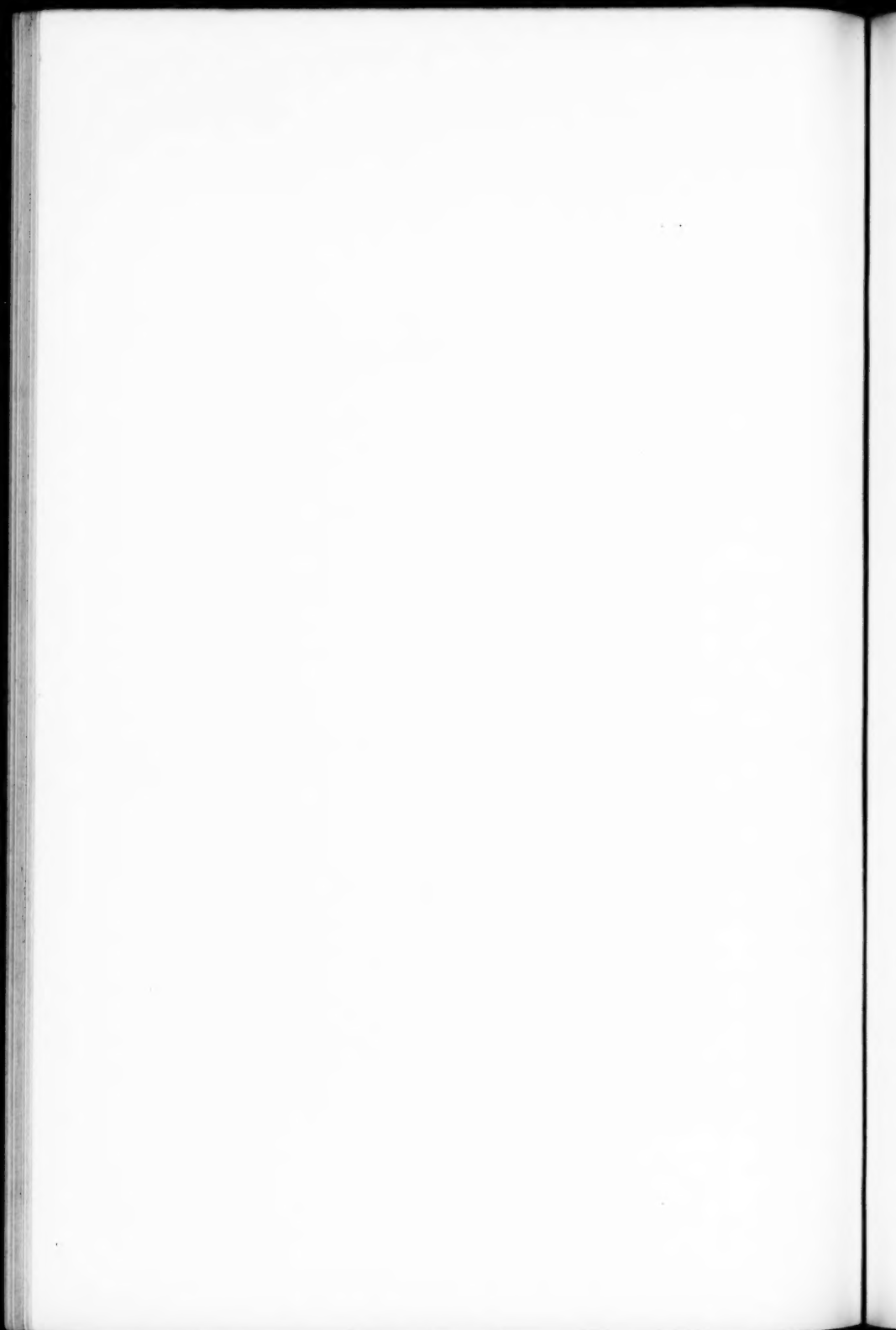
Come to us soon and accustom yourself to the impressions by listening to the rehearsals!

Yours,

RW."



Friedrich Nietzsche



like-minded natures? No better answer could be given to this question than a passage from his fourth "Thoughts out of Season":

Bayreuth signifies for us the morning sacrament on the day of battle. No greater injustice could be done us than to suppose that it is only the art of the thing that we are concerned about; as if this art were to be looked upon merely as a means of healing or stupefying us, and thus ridding our consciousness of all the misery about us. In this tragic art-work at Bayreuth, we see rather the struggle of the individual against everything which seems to bar his path, with irresistible necessity, with power, law, tradition, conduct, and the entire established order of the universe. There can be no more beautiful life for the individual than to hold himself ready to sacrifice himself and to die in the fight for love and justice. The look vouchsafed us from the mysterious eye of tragedy neither lulls nor paralyzes. Nevertheless, she demands tranquility so long as her gaze is fastened upon us; for art does not serve the purposes of the war, but is merely for the rest-pauses before and in the midst of the conflict—for those moments when, looking back, yet dreaming of the future—we seem to understand the symbolical, and experience the same feeling of relaxation as that caused by a refreshing dream. Day dawns and the fighting begins; the sacred shadows disappear and art seems very remote; but her sweet consolations hover ever over the fighter.

My brother, as will be seen, made the mistake of expecting to meet an assemblage of kindred spirits in Bayreuth, all looking forward to the Festival as a consecration for their whole lives. That such an unique audience was possible had been proven at the ceremonies of the corner-stone laying in 1872.

On that occasion, the elect of Europe had come together, all of them idealists who had been working for years for the success of the Bayreuth idea, and now stood on the threshold of the consummation of that idea. To them Wagner could say, as the corner-stone was lowered into the ground:

May this building be consecrated by the spirit which inspired you to listen to my appeal, and gave you courage, despite the prevailing scepticism, to have the fullest confidence in me and my undertaking; by the spirit which could speak directly to you because it found a response in your own hearts; and by the German spirit, which jubilantly shouts to you across the centuries its youthful morning greeting.

Of this earlier body of listeners, my brother had written:

In Bayreuth, the spectators themselves are worthy of being seen. A wise, contemplative sage, passing from one century to another, for the purpose of comparing the cultural movements, would assuredly find much to interest him here; his sensations would be those of a swimmer who suddenly comes upon an unexpected warm current, of an entirely different temperature from the surrounding water: he would say that this warm current must have its origin in other and deeper sources. Just

so, all those participating in the coming Bayreuth Festival will be regarded as men born out of season, whose explanation and justification must be sought elsewhere than here and now.

My brother failed to take into consideration the widely differing conditions existing at the Festival of 1876 and the earlier one of 1872. At the preliminary event, the participants were all invited guests, known to Wagner and his co-workers as persons of like ideals and aspirations. On the other hand, any one able to pay the sum of 900 Marks for the twelve performances was free to come in 1876, and the result was that Bayreuth became the rendezvous of the customary "first-night" audiences from the larger centers—people, for the most part, who came to be seen and to boast of having been present. Thus it was not the rare souls of 1872, but this new and objectionable element which gave the cachet to the Festival of 1876, and this was the case, unfortunately, not only on the "Festival Hill", but also at Wahnfried, where my brother came in contact with people who had not the vaguest idea of the ideal lying at the bottom of the undertaking. In fact, it seemed as if this ideal was being lost sight of by the chief personages concerned, and hence the bitter words written by my brother later:

It was not only that I became convinced of the indifference to and the illusory character of Wagner's ideals, but above all I saw and felt that even those most closely concerned in the success of the undertaking no longer regarded the "ideal" as paramount, but laid stress on quite other things. Added to this was the sorry, tiresome company of "Patrons", of both sexes, all very much enamored with each other, all very much bored, and unmusical to the point of excess. *Katzenjammer*. . . . It seemed as if the entire leisure rabble of Europe had met here and everyone was free to go in and out of Wagner's own house as if the entire Bayreuth undertaking were a new and fascinating kind of sport. And as a matter of fact, it was scarcely anything more. This class of rich idlers had found a new pretext for idling—this time a "grand opera" with obstacles. Wagner's music, persuasive because of its concealed sexuality, was found to form a new bond of union for a social class, in which everyone was bent upon following his own *plaisirs*.

I do not mean to say that there were not numbers of refined, highly intelligent persons present, but they were entirely lost sight of in the flashing brilliancy of this world of elegant toilettes and splendid jewels. . . . It is easy to understand how my brother was affected by this introduction of the "human, all too-human" element, and many years later he wrote:

Anyone who had the faintest idea of the visions which even at that time had flitted across my path, will be able to judge of my feelings

when one day I came to my senses in Bayreuth. It was just as if I had been dreaming....Where was I? Nothing seemed familiar to me, not even Wagner himself. It was in vain that I turned the leaves of memory. Tribschen—remote isle of bliss; not a shadow of resemblance. The never-to-be-forgotten days of the corner-stone laying, the small company of the elect which celebrated the event, all persons who were far from lacking fingers for the handling of delicate things: not a shadow of resemblance.

I recall one evening when we had given our seats to relatives, as the performances had proven so exhausting. Our guests had just taken leave of us, and the streets were filled with the noisy crowds on their way to the Festival theatre. Carriages rattled by on their way up the hill, returning in a slower tempo, until at last an almost uncanny silence spread over Bayreuth. We discussed a multitude of things that lay remote from our thoughts, until I finally ventured to say: "How strange that we two should be sitting alone at home on the evening of a festival performance." With a peculiar intonation, my brother replied: "This is the first happy hour I have spent since we came." I knew that he was deeply moved, but could not trust himself to put his feelings into words.....

Nothing was more distasteful to him than to be obliged to discuss his latest work, "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth". One day a very discerning woman said to me: "Why does your brother dislike all mention of his last work?" When I repeated this remark to him, he said with some passion: "Why can not people let these old stories rest?" to which remark I gave astonished answer: "But, Fritz, the work only appeared five weeks ago." "It seems like five years to me," was his only reply.

Later, he made a careful comparison between the two works, "Schopenhauer as Educator" and "Richard Wagner in Bayreuth", and discovered to his great joy, that the third "Thoughts out of Season" represented the first step towards his own emancipation.

The Schopenhauerian spirit drove me to scepticism towards everything I had previously respected, cherished and defended (even towards the Greeks, Schopenhauer and Wagner) towards genius, sacred things—in short, the pessimism of knowledge. By this devious route, I came out on the heights where fresh winds were blowing. The dissertation on Bayreuth represented a pause, a falling back, a breathing spell. Then, for the first time, I realized that Bayreuth was no longer indispensable—to me.

Bayreuth no longer necessary to him! It will not be an easy matter for the world of to-day to realize what this meant to my brother. But far greater than the disappointment he felt in the

Festival audience was that caused by the art-work itself. He sensed nothing of the long-anticipated revelations, nor of irresistible fascination in the music of Wagner, but only the depressing confirmation and justification of his inner doubts and scruples. But I shall here let my brother speak for himself, by quoting a series of observations he made later on Wagner's art as expressed in the "Ring of the Nibelung."

This music is addressed to inartistic persons; all possible means are employed by which an effect may be created. It is calculated not to produce an *artistic effect*, but one operating upon the *nerves*.

Wagner has no genuine confidence in *music*; in order to invest it with the quality of greatness, he calls to its aid related emotions. He tunes himself to the key of others, and first gives his listeners an intoxicating drink, in order to lead them into believing that they have been *intoxicated by the music itself*.

His soul does not *sing*, it *speaks*, but always in highly impassioned accents. Naturally, tone, rhythm and gesture are the primary essentials to him; the music, on the other hand, is never quite natural, but is a sort of acquired language, with only a limited vocabulary and *another syntax*.

Just listen to the second act of the "Götterdämmerung" detached from the drama. It is inarticulate music, as wild as a bad dream, and as frightfully distinct as if it were trying to make itself clear even to deaf people. *This volubility with nothing to say* is distressing. The drama comes as a genuine relief. Can it be interpreted as praise to say that this music is only intolerable when heard alone (with the exception of intentionally isolated passages)? Suffice it to say, that *this music, taken apart from the drama*, is a perpetual contradiction of all the highest laws of style governing the earlier music; he who becomes thoroughly accustomed to it, loses all feeling for these laws. But has the drama, on the other hand, gained anything by this adjunct? A symbolical interpretation has been added, it is true, a sort of philological commentary—which places restraint upon the inner free fantasy of the imagination—it is tyrannical. Music is the language of the explicator, who, however, talks all the time and gives us no breathing spell. Moreover, he uses a language so complicated that it, in turn, demands an explanation. He who has mastered, step by step, the drama (the language of the libretto) then transformed this action in his mind's eye, then studied out the symbolism of the music until he has gained a perfect understanding of its intricacies—will then be prepared for enjoyment of an uncommon character. But what an exacting task. It is quite impossible to do this, save for a few moments at a time, simply because this ten-fold intensive application of the eye, ear, intellect, and feeling—this highest activity of all the senses, without a corresponding productive reaction—is far too exhausting....Only a very few are capable of such application; how, then, shall we explain the effect that this music has upon so great a number? Simply because they give it only *intermittent attention*—that is to say, they are unreceptive for whole passages at a stretch, listening now to the music, now to the drama, or watching the progress of the stage action—

in short, they are *dissecting* the work. But by so doing, the type we are discussing is destroyed; not the drama, but merely a moment of it is the result—an arbitrary selection. It is just here that the creator of a new genre should be on his guard; the arts should not always be served up together,—but he should imitate the moderation of the ancients, which is truer to human nature.

The length of the work is at variance with the violence of the emotions aroused. This is a point upon which the author, himself, can not be considered an authority; having taken a long time in the construction of his work, he has gradually accustomed himself to its length. It is *quite impossible* for him to put himself in the place of the receptive listener. Schiller made the same mistake, and the pruning-knife had also to be used on the works of the earlier classicists. Apparently, Wagner wishes to create an *art for all*, which explains his employment of coarse and refined means. And yet he was bound by certain laws of musical æsthetics, namely by moral indifference.

Wagner's Nibelung cycle, strictly speaking, are *dramas to be read* with the aid of the inner fantasy. Highest art genre, as it was with the early Greeks.

Epic motives for the inner fantasy; many scenes—for example, the dragon and Wotan—lose very much in effect when visualised.

We have no point of contact with wild animals displaying sudden paroxysms of sublimated tenderness and wisdom. Think of Philoctetes, by way of contrast.

Wotan, in a rage of disgust: let the world go to wrack and ruin.

Brünnhilde loves: let the world go to wrack and ruin—

Siegfried loves: why bother himself about the means of subterfuge. (Wotan like-minded).

How it all disgusts me.

Certain tones of an incredible realism, I hope never to hear again; if I were only able to forget them (Materna).

Wagner has made the dangers of *realism* very acute. An effort to employ the terrifying, the intoxicating, &c., *for its own sake*. But there is an undeniable wealth of material.

Paroxysms of *beauty*: scene of the Rhine Maidens, flickering lights, exuberance of coloring, like the autumnal sun; nature in her varying phases—glowing red, purple, melancholy yellows and greens, all running into each other.

I utterly disagree with those who were dissatisfied with the decorations and stage machinery at Bayreuth. On the contrary, far too much industry and ingenuity was applied in captivating the senses, and expended upon material which did not belie its epic origin. But the *naturalism* of the *attitudes*, of the *singing* compared to the orchestra. What far-fetched, artificial, and depraved tones were to be heard there. What a travesty upon nature.

Several ways are open to musical evolution (or *were* open, before Wagner's influence made itself felt); one of these was an organic creation in the form of a symphony with a drama as pendant (or mimicry without words?); and then *absolute music*, to which the laws of this organic creation were applied, and Wagner used only as a stepping-

stone—a preparation. Or again, to out-Wagner Wagner, *dramatic choral music*. *Dithyrambic music*. Effect of unison....

The trend of evolution has been disastrously interrupted by Wagner, and the path can not be regained. I had visions of a drama "covered" with a symphony. A form growing out of the Lied. But the opera, the effect, the un-German, drew Wagner irresistibly in another direction. All possible resources of art here brought to the highest climax.

We are witnessing the death agony of the *last* great art; Bayreuth has convinced me of this.

It must not be forgotten that all this criticism was directed against the Nibelung Tetralogy and its author, and not against Tristan and its creator. At that time, Tristan had practically been relegated to the background, or made the object of scathing criticism by some of the most fanatic Wagnerites. Even in Wahnfried, Tristan was seldom mentioned, and due courtesy and respect was also withheld from that noble woman, Madame Mathilde Wesendonck—as all the world knows, the direct inspiration of the work. Had Tristan been the work chosen for performance at the first festival, it is quite certain that my brother would have felt quite differently towards the entire undertaking.

Having gone this far, we may well go still further and ask: Was Wagner himself a disappointment to my brother? Once when asked this question, my brother answered: "I no longer recognized Wagner, or rather I realized that I had been cherishing in my mind, an ideal portrait of the Wagner I thought I knew." Mournfully, he wrote in his note-book:

I must bear the fate of all idealists who see the object of their adoration tumbling from its pedestal. Ideal monster: the real Wagner shrinks away to nothing.....My mistaken estimate of Wagner has not even the merit of individuality, as many others have said that the picture is a correct one. One of the characteristics of such natures is the stupendous gift of deceiving the painter, and we are apt to commit an error of justice as much by our good-will as by our ill-will.

After the first rehearsals, my brother left Bayreuth, or it would be nearer the truth to say that he fled to Klingenwald in the Bohemian Forest, there to write down these harsh verdicts. He returned in time for the first cycle—on my account, he said—but if the truth were told, because he wished to confirm his impressions and convince himself that his judgment was final. But the strain upon his nerves was so unbearable, that before the cycle was finished he took his departure from the old Franconian town, which had been the scene of such heart-breaking experiences.—"Ah, Lisbeth, and *that* was Bayreuth"! he said to me as he bade me good-bye. His eyes were filled with tears.

LAST MEETING

.....Nietzsche and Wagner were to meet once again, this time on the high cliffs where Sorrento smiles down into the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. Here they met and for a time it seemed as if the sky of their friendship were as cloudless as the one bending above this "garden of Paradise." The Bayreuth Festival was never mentioned, as Wagner had strictly tabooed this subject owing to the enormous deficits with which the festival had closed, and it may well be imagined that my brother was only too anxious to avoid so painful a theme.

I can not think that the two were ever able to revive the Tribschen mood; on the contrary, the meeting was marred by a painful incident to which my brother refers again and again, in his private correspondence.

It was on the last evening they were together; my brother and Wagner took a long walk along the coast and up the hill from which the famous view is to be had of the bay, the coves and islands. The day was beautiful, the air soft and mild, and a certain melancholy in the coloring which betokened the approach of winter. Wagner called it "a farewell mood." Suddenly he began to talk of "Parsifal" and to my brother's great surprise, he spoke of it not as an artistic conception but as a religious experience. Perhaps Wagner felt that a "Stage Consecrating Play" conceived and composed by so pronounced an atheist as Wagner was known to be in his Tribschen days, and all through his life, would be regarded as inconsistent. My brother's amazement can, therefore, be imagined when Wagner began to speak of his religious feelings and experiences in a tone of the deepest repentance, and to confess a leaning towards Christian dogmas.

For example, he spoke of the enjoyment he found in the celebration of the Holy Communion—meaning of course, the unadorned ceremony of the Protestant church. Had he referred to the picturesque ceremonies of the Catholic church, by which artistic natures are always deeply impressed, my brother would have had less reason to doubt his sincerity. (Many years ago I met a highly-intelligent Catholic priest, with whom I discussed Parsifal. "We do that much better", he said with a sweeping gesture as if brushing Parsifal on one side.) My brother had the greatest respect for sincere, honest Christians, but he considered it quite impossible that Wagner, the avowed atheist, should suddenly have become a naïve and pious believer. He could, therefore, only regard Wagner's sudden change of heart as

prompted by a desire to stand well with the Christian rulers of Germany, and thereby to further the success of the undertaking. My brother was strengthened in this belief by Wagner's own statement, when, upon referring to the unsatisfactory attendance at the first festival, he exclaimed angrily: "The Germans do not wish to hear anything, at present, about gods and goddesses; they are only interested in something of a religious character."

While Wagner was talking, the sun sank into the sea and a light mist came up, blotting out the fair scene. This atmospheric change seemed to have awakened Wagner to the change that had taken place in my brother, and he asked: "But why are you so silent, my friend?" My brother evaded the question, but his heart was full of anguish at what he considered this pitiable subterfuge on the part of Wagner. It was this that he had in mind when he wrote: "It is impossible for me to recognize greatness which is not united with candour and sincerity. The moment I make a discovery of this sort, a man's achievements count for absolutely nothing with me, for I feel that everything he does is based upon insincerity and that he is only playing a part."

Had Wagner frankly said to my brother: "In this age of Christianity and heightened religious consciousness, there is a great temptation for the artist to put these feelings into musical form;" or had he said with his accustomed roguishness, "Now I am going to translate the feelings of the age into music!" my brother would have understood his motives perfectly and been in full sympathy with his artistic plans. But this make-believe on the part of Wagner, this pretense of having suddenly become a naïve, pious Christian, was more than my brother could stand. It seemed inexpressibly sad to him that Wagner, who once proudly held out for his principles against the hallo of the entire world, should now weakly yield to the spirit of the age and repudiate all his theories of life.....It was not until much later that my brother was able to discuss this last painful meeting with Wagner. If we ask ourselves what really happened on this last eventful evening, we can only find one explanation. Two passionately cherished ideals stood suddenly opposed to one another: on the one hand, the Catholic-romantic Parsifal, implying negation of life—on the other, the powerful figure of Siegfried, god-like, transfigured and the personification of life affirmed. To my brother, Wagner had always personified this latter ideal. What a bitter disappointment! My brother felt that he and Wagner had met for the last time, and the "paradise" of Sorrento was to live in his memory

as the place where he took farewell of the most beautiful dream of his whole life.

In his note-book are to be found echoes of this unhappy period and yet with much of the bitterness eliminated by the recognition of the salutary effect of the awakening....

I feel as if I were recovering from a long illness. I think of the sweetness of Mozart's Requiem with inexpressible delight.

The "Ode to Joy" (May 22, 1872) was one of the highest emotional moments of my life, but it is only now that I feel myself in this 'course.' "Frei wie seine Sonnen fliegen, wandelt, Brüder, eure Bahn." What a depressing and artificial festival was the one of 1876.... But later it was the means of opening up to me a thousand springs in the desert. This period was invaluable as a cure for premature development.

Now the significance of antiquity and Goethe's judgment have fully dawned upon me; *now, for the first time* I have gained a clear view of the realities of human life; I luckily possessed the *antidote* with which to counteract the effects of a deadly pessimism.

.....Soon after we returned to Basel, Wagner sent my brother a beautifully bound copy of "Parsifal", and this we read with strangely mixed feelings. In a letter to his friend, Baron von Seydlitz, dated January 4, 1878, my brother writes:

Parsifal came into my house yesterday, sent to me by Wagner. Impressions after the first reading: more Liszt than Wagner, spirit of the counter-revolution; the whole thing is too religious for me, bound as I am to the Greek and the human; nothing but fantastic psychology; no flesh, and much too much blood (namely, in the Communion scene); moreover, I do not care for hysterical hussies. Much that the inner eye tolerates will be unendurable when transformed into action; just imagine our actors praying, trembling and going into paroxysms of ecstasy. Furthermore, it will be impossible to represent effectively the interior of the temple of the Holy Grail, or the wounded swan. All these beautiful sensations belong to an epic, but are not to be visualized. The language of the drama, moreover, sounds as if it were a translation from a strange tongue. But the situations and their sequence—is that all not the very highest poesy? Do they not represent the highest challenge to music?

In the phrase "more Lizst than Wagner", my brother intended to convey the impression that Parsifal was primarily a concession on the part of Wagner to the catholic instincts of his wife, the daughter of Lizst.

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It is not my purpose here to publish notes and critical comments indicating my brother's later thoughts and feelings, but I can not refrain from quoting a passage from a letter addressed to

Peter Gast, under the date of January 21, 1878, in which my brother speaks of the Parsifal music independent of the dramatic content of the work:

Recently I heard the Vorspiel to Parsifal for the first time (in—*Monte Carlo!*) When I see you again I should like to tell you just what I understood by it. Quite apart from all irrelevant questions, (such as what purpose this music *can* and *shall* serve)—but considered purely from an æsthetic standpoint, has Wagner ever written anything better? The subtlest psychological explicitness and consciousness in regard to that which it is his intention here to say, to express, to impart; the shortest and most direct form of expression; every nuance of feeling worked out to epigrammatic form; music as a descriptive art and as distinct as a design in relief emblazoned upon a shield; and, finally, sublime and extraordinary feelings, experiences, emotions of the soul submerged in music, which do all honor to Wagner—a synthesis of circumstances which will seem to many, even superior persons, as being of a judicial severity, of “a superiority” in the most terrifying sense of the word, of a degree of knowledge and perception that cuts through the soul like a knife—and of boundless sympathy with that which is here seen and judged. Only in Dante do we find anything comparable to it, but nowhere else. Did ever a painter portray a glance of love, so melancholy as Wagner has done in the last accents of his Vorspiel?

My brother was unquestionably the greater sufferer in this romantic friendship, which meant much more to him than it possibly could have meant to Wagner. When the master met my brother, he was already an old man whose creative activity was nearing its close, and consequently, a friendship with Nietzsche was nothing more than an episode of his declining years and one having no appreciable effect upon his future. But it was entirely different with my brother; when his orbit crossed that of Wagner he was in the first flush of his youth and strength, and to this friendship he dedicated his most beautiful hopes and dreams, as well as an enormous amount of time and intellectual strength. He placed Wagner upon a pedestal far transcending anything human, and found his highest consolation in so doing; his thoughts had always been concentrated upon the perfection of the human type and he believed to have found in Wagner, the highest specimen of manhood. Now his idol lay in ruins at his feet—the idol who tyrannically wished to prohibit any other intellectual tendency than his own, now enfeebled by age and weakness. Looking back upon this painful experience, my brother cries out in very anguish of heart:

I shuddered as I went on my way alone; I was ill, or rather more than ill, I was weary—made so by the inevitable disappointment in all that remained to kindle enthusiasm in us modern men; weary at the

thought of all the power, work, hope, love, youth, flung to the winds; weary from disgust at the effeminacy and undisciplined rhapsody of this romanticism, at the whole tissue of idealistic lies and enervation of conscience, which here again had won a victory over one of the bravest souls, and not least, weary from the bitterness of a harrowing suspicion that from now on, I was doomed to *mistrust* more deeply, to *despise* more deeply, and to be more deeply *alone* than ever before. For I had no one but Richard Wagner!

Is it possible that Wagner suffered in like measure and only concealed his true feelings from a sense of pride? He, at least, could hope to replace my brother from the ranks of his gifted and enthusiastic young disciples, whereas my brother was condemned to soul-solitude. Wagner's real feelings have never been divulged, but he gave me a glimpse into his innermost thoughts when I went to Bayreuth in the summer of 1882 to be present at the first performance of "Parsifal". Wagner asked to see me alone, and after speaking of his 'swan song', said softly: "Tell your brother that since he went away and left me, I am quite alone." This was said six months before his death, at the period of his highest renown, with the entire musical world at his feet. Upon hearing this touching message of farewell, my brother wrote one of his loftiest aphorisms: "Stellar Friendship" (From "Joyful Wisdom", Vol. X, Levy Edition).

We were friends and have become as strangers. But it is best so, and we will neither conceal it, nor draw a veil over it as if we had any cause to be ashamed. We are two ships, each of which has its own course and its own goal; we may cross each other's path and celebrate a feast-day together as in the past—at such times, the gallant ships lay in one harbor and under one sun, as if they were already at their goal and had but one goal. But then we were driven apart by the inexorable power of our missions, into far distant seas and under strange skies, and perhaps we shall never meet again—or perhaps we may meet but fail to recognize each other, so great will be the change that has taken place in us. *The law governing our lives* has decreed that we live, henceforth, as strangers; just by that shall we become more sacred to one another; just by that shall the thought of our friendship become holier. The stars, apparently, follow some immense, invisible curve and orbit, in which our courses and goals, so widely varying, may be *comprehended* as so many little stages along the way—let us elevate ourselves to this thought. Our lives are too short and our powers of vision too limited to permit us to be friends other than in the sense of this lofty possibility.—Therefore let us *believe* in our stellar friendship, even tho' we are doomed to be enemies here on earth.



